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Acta Victoriana

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On a Gorgeous Sunset

Upon the altars of the western hills
Day's dying fires burn with a ruddy glow;
The crimson clouds, a silent reverence fills,
Standing around in meek obeisance low.
All Nature is atune, and God and Man
Merge into one deep, wide Infinity;
And in the solemn hush, the Years' long plan
Unfolds, with promise of what is to be.
The Primal Harmony, by Discord torn
And rent asunder, lives, revives again—
To rise from writhing agonies outworn
And roll in strength to God its home—Ah! then
Will fade not, but will ever grow more broad—
Yon burst of glory and bright glimpse of God!

ALFRED LEROY BURT, B.A.

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A Mountaineer's Paradise

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVI. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1912.

No. 1

A Bundle of Uncertainties and a Sunset

VIOLA L. WHITNEY, '13.

"Hurrah! here we are!" shouted Bob gleefully.

And sure enough we were launched straight into the most bewitching creek that was ever hidden from the eye of man. We had been picnicking on an island in Oecmie Bay, New York, and having amply satisfied the cravings of the inner man by five o'clock, with nothing to do till sunset, which was magnificent, viewed from this spot, we decided to explore what seemed to us nothing but a vast lily pond, with water-stars twinkling at us from their broad beds. We soon reached the pond, and after laborious paddling, in which we were literally pulling up the lake, we perceived a tiny opening almost grown over with bulrushes. With much clever manipulation of hands, oars and paddles, we finally managed to pull through, and found ourselves in a creek which soon exhausted our entire list of rapturous adjectives, and left us spell-bound.

Every little wrinkle on the surface of the water had an alluring little twinkle all its own. The tall, haughty bulrushes drew proudly back from our contaminating human touch, but the water-lilies nodded up to us a shy welcome. Away in the distance, up in the sky, rode the fleecy, billowy cloud-fleets, white against the dark green of the patriarch oaks. It was deliciously, beguilingly silent and lonely—"a beckoning solitude." The world seemed dim and far away. One almost forgot there was a world.

"What an ideal place to hide," said I; "I wish I were a fugitive from justice."

"I wonder if Tom Smith has found it out," said Eve.

"Who is Tom Smith?" I asked. I had been in Yankee-land only two weeks, and had not yet met all the celebrities.

Bob is on the detective corps in New York, and he put on his best professional air as he proceeded to enlighten me somewhat regarding the history of the above-mentioned Smith.

"He is rather an interesting scamp," he said, "and his life would make an excellent ground-work for a story, if one could take the trouble to learn the details. He attended Harvard, I think—the cleverest chap in his year, and a grand sport—rich, too, they say. He was expelled in his senior year—had the D.T.'s or something. His father disowned him, and he went straight to the devil. He was connected with the Burton bank robbery, and lodged in Manfred jail, in a little tourist town up the bay. You can see the lights from the cottage."

I nodded.

"Well, he was set at the task of white-washing the fence around the jail-yard. He evidently thought he could make a better job at white-washing his clothes, and he did, too. He whitened that striped suit of his with so fine a flourish that he was thought to be a summer tourist as he coolly walked down the street, and out of town. He might have personated a king by the look of his picture in the local papers. Once seen, that face, with its fiery black eyes, and that black curly head with its aristocratic poise, is not forgotten. Pretty 'dumm' police system up here," finished Bob, scornfully. "I wish they had some of our New York gang to teach them a few things."

"And where is he now?" I asked.

"Stealing chickens, probably. He has not been seen since he left town, but the farmers around here are losing their poultry in a most mysterious manner. Say, wouldn't it be fine sport if we should catch him here," added Bob, as he clicked his handcuffs in his pocket. He always carried them in case of emergency, he said. "But he was a pretty clever villain, eh?"

"Oh, man," said Eve, who had been reading Pascal, and was inclined to be dramatic: "what a 'mere bundle of uncertainties' thou art! Nicht wahr?" nodding at Bob, who was looking at the clouds, and deigned no reply.

But the charms of that creek soon breathed over us a spell

in which Tom Smith, handcuffs and mere man were alike forgotten, as we rounded bend after bend, each one a little more curved, a little more bewitching than the last.

We liked to follow the slim, blue never-wets skim over the broad surface of the lily-leaves, and peep through the rushes to catch a glimpse of the wee water-wrens.

Bob was most entertaining. He is a poet in his way, and he kept us amused by pointing out new beauties, hidden from the prosaic mind, and added illuminating, imaginative touches of his own. Curve after curve was passed in delicious rapture. Gradually the bulrushes were disappearing, and wooded slopes rose to our view. Away up the hillside we could hear the baa! of the sheep, as they wound along their narrow foot-path one by one, and the joyous cackling of hens came to us from down the valley. The kling-klank of the bobolink, and the answering call of the oriole, his brother elf, reminded us that we were entering again "the river-married fields" of civilization.

Eve suggested that we must go back or we would miss the sunset.

"Just one more curve," I pleaded. "That little water-lily playing peek-a-boo round the corner looks as if it knew of secrets around the bend;" so one more curve we took.

Bob gave a long, low whistle, and his eye grew keen as that of the hunter who tracks his prey.

For there, just around that bend, sitting on a tree which had fallen across the stream to make a natural bridge—nonchalantly picking the leg of a chicken, sat the handsomest man I ever saw. He might have been a prince fresh from fairyland, in spite of his very much soiled quondam white suit, with his curly head, black fiery eyes, and aristocratic poise. He eyed us suspiciously a moment, then, as our boat reached him, he rose to depart, but his foot slipped, and this "bundle of uncertainties" landed in the centre of our boat. It was not an awkward tumble. He fell like a prince, but before he could pick himself up Bob had the handcuffs on him, in spite of our reproachful glances, which should have withered him on the spot. Tom Smith was caught, and Bob was jubilant. As for our "catch," he was sitting gracefully in the stern of the boat, whistling "Melisand" with a plaintive cheerfulness.

The sun was scurrying down the western sky, and the curves on the homeward road seemed endless. In our hurry we bumped into every bend as we passed.

"If you would remove these useless encumbrances, I might assist you in steering," came from the stern.

Bob looked at the sun as it shone through the tree-tops' green lattice, at the slim bulrushes bending their stately heads for an evening drink, then down through the still water where weeds of centuries were standing—grim witch-sentinels, with shaggy fingers ready to clutch and pull down a poor human—and then unlocked the handcuffs, and handed Tom Smith the paddle.

We were a silent party. The charm of that creek had cast a spell over us, and had woven a web around our tongues. It was pleasant to listen to the drip, drip, dripping of the oars, and the little gurgling sounds under the boat, as we passed the sleepy baby water-lilies, nodding a drowsy good night.

Tom Smith steered us out of the creek as though he had cruised in those waters all his life.

An idea occurred to Bob.

"Where did you leave your boat, Mr. Smith?"

Our captive looked up. "My name is not Smith."

I was glad. Tom Smith is such a plebeian name.

"What is it, then?" asked Bob.

"Immaterial!" haughtily; then, after paddling a while—

"My name is Fool, the Chief of Fools."

"Thank you," said Bob, dryly. "I think I have seen some of your clan in my travels."

"You were asking the whereabouts of my craft," reminded this chief of a large tribe. "I was obliged in my hasty and unpremeditated journey with you to leave it in a safe hiding-place. The birds and sheep tell no tales, and I shall need it later."

And he steered us out through the tiny aperture, out of the lily-pond to the bay—right into the glow of one of those marvellous sunsets upon whose gates prosaic mortals can only gaze, and wonder vaguely what is beyond.

Bob was quoting:

“Long had I watched the glory moving on—
O’er the still radiance of the lake below.”

Our captive seemed wrapped in the sunset clouds.

“*Puis se dresse un palais,*” he quoted. “Do you see the palace up that shining golden path, with a purple light to guide the way. And at the end the silver castle called ‘Ideal,’ with its turrets, bronze and ruby and gold—and there at the window, tantalizingly calling us on, is the unattainable princess. “Do you see it?” he asked, eagerly.

Bob was following with his imaginative mind keenly alert, and we were all conjuring up new visions of glory in those radiant, varying clouds—a fairy island, alive with glittering forms, a lake of glimmering gold with fleecy swans majestically floating over, a——

Splash! It seemed a desecration. Down tumbled castles in hurried ruins, and we looked around. Our sunset painter was gone, leaving a circle of pink ripples behind.

Eve and I heaved a sigh of relief.

Bob seized his oars frantically, and I grabbed the discarded paddle to steer the boat around. I always was a clown at steering, and now I was wildly executing a Chinese puzzle, while Bob was muttering oaths of stupendous proportion under his breath, and trying to turn the boat with my negative assistance. Finally we had the boat turned eastward, and pulled hard in the direction of a curly black head. We were still some distance from the shore when that irrepressible “bundle of uncertainties” climbed gaily up the bank, waved his hand in dripping salute, and with an “Auf wiedersehen!” he was gone—“back to his chickens,” as Bob bitterly remarked later. At the moment he was silently thinking unutterable things, and mechanically turning the boat homeward.

“Pascal was right,” announced Eve finally.

And no one contradicted her.

The Ideal and the Real

ETHEL M. GRANGER, '15.

When I first received an acceptance of my application for the position of teacher in a summer school in Northern Ontario, I began immediately to picture to myself the ideal beauty and simplicity of my summer. The letter of acceptance had, without regard for such minor matters as form or spelling, informed me that my boarding-house was right on the shore of a beautiful lake, and that, although there were only four pupils, they had "got to get larnin," and a teacher was a "needcessity," even though there was very little work for her to do.

Imagine, then, what blissful dreams of peaceful ease and contentment a dreamer could weave out of that grand scenery and those four zealous pupils eager to "get larnin." I pictured the people up in that hardy north country—somewhat rough and ignorant, perhaps, but honest and kind-hearted, strong and true. I saw myself, after school hours, boating on the lake, sitting peacefully on the shore with a book, idly roaming the quiet country roads, or wandering through the majestic forests. When one or two unfeeling realists tried to bring black flies and mosquitoes into my picture, I turned from them with the disdain a dreamer always feels for such trivial realities.

A week later, I had occasion to remember their realism with lessened disdain, as, having left railroads and all beaten tracks far behind, I was being rowed up a creek and across a lake to my boarding-house. The scenery was indeed ideal; the creek wound in and out among rocks and wild rose bushes; and, as we emerged from it, there lay before us a long narrow lake whose still waters reflected the rocks and trees of the shore and the small densely wooded islands with which the lake was studded. Now, I suppose, you are imagining me drinking in this perfect beauty and rejoicing that my dreams had come true. Why was I not? Alas! for the frailty of man, that a little flying creature, not half an inch long, which merely buzzes around his head and rests for a moment on his hand or on his nose, can set all his nerves tingling and so arouse his bad temper that he claws the air right and left in his vain endeavor to cap-

ture his insignificant foe, and is ready almost to tear the flesh where the little creature has lodged. Oh! the scenery was divine; but who thought of looking at it through a cloud of mosquitos? And the evening air was still and balmy, but who could know any calm or quiet, with the constant song of a thousand mosquitoes in his ears?

When finally the boat landed, I thought my troubles were surely over. A good night's rest and freedom from mosquitoes seemed to me, just then, the greatest boon in life. Are you shocked that, amid such divinely beautiful scenery, my highest ambition should be to get into a quiet room and sleep? My ideals were becoming lower, I will admit; but even yet they were so high as to be unattainable.

At my boarding-house, which was in darkness, a "smudge" had been built at the door, that the smoke might drive away the mosquitoes. Evidently screen doors or windows had never been heard of there. My heart sank. Mrs. Smith, the mistress of the house, lit a smoky lamp, which revealed to me a medium-sized room containing a stove, a cupboard, and two or three chairs. In the corner near the stove some chickens were roosting, and one was still walking about the floor picking up crumbs. On the bare table was a loaf of bread and a knife; on the stove sputtered some fat pork, whose odor filled the room; on the dirty floor, in every corner, was a heap of ragged clothes or newspapers; and, amid it all, the suffocating smoke and the hum of the mosquitoes nearly drove me frantic.

I asked to be shown immediately to my room. "Surely," I thought, "they will have made an effort to have *that* clean and comfortable." In all my dreams, up till now, the question of cleanliness had never once entered my head. But when the woman opened the door of my room, I recoiled in dismay. The bed, placed lengthwise in the room, fitted in tightly between the two walls; a wooden box, intended for a washstand and squeezed in beside the head of the bed, occupied the space the bedstead left in width; and there remained a space about a foot wide and two feet long, where the door opened. A piece of dirty white cotton tacked to the window, served as a blind, and the bedclothes were far from white. The stuffy air had an odor which

almost forbade breathing, and, amid it all, was still the maddening hum of mosquitoes.

I shut my door—perhaps with a slight bang—and threw myself on the bed in such despair that I cared not what became of me. Mosquitoes sang me a lullaby, and caressed my hands and face; but, except that now and then I bestowed an angry, impatient slap on my hands or head, I paid no attention—I was in the depths of despair.

After an almost sleepless night, I arose and went out to a breakfast of bread and fat salt pork. I was offered a drink of the milk that was in a can out of which I had seen Mr. Smith drink, and a smeary tumbler was brought forth in my honour. I declined it.

I had only two pupils in the tiny log school-house that morning, but I resolved to keep myself too busily employed to leave time for thinking. When I found that it took one boy half the morning to add three short columns of figures, my ideas of four earnest, eager, hard-working pupils underwent a rapid change.

A dinner of more fried fat pork, with a few potatoes swimming in the gravy, eaten to the tune of the mosquitoes' hum, did not improve my spirits or my temper, and I do not wonder if the verdict of the pupils that night was that the new teacher was cross.

I had been told that the mosquitoes were "not bad" outside in the daytime, so I hoped to enjoy a little peace after school was dismissed. Taking a book, I went and sat on a rock which jutted out from among the trees into the water. It was a beautifully clear, sunny day; the crystal lake sparkled and rippled in the sunlight; the sound of the water lapping on the rocks was soothing music in my ears. No mosquitoes seemed near; my spirits began to revive, and my ambitions were ready to soar again, when the call to supper made me realize that I was ravenously hungry. As I reached the house, Mr. Smith said, "I see the black flies have been after you, teacher."

"No," said I, blissfully unconscious, "I haven't felt any."

I went to my room to put away my book, and, happening to glance in my tiny mirror, saw, to my horror, three small streams of blood trickling down my neck. Shuddering, I wiped

them off, and discovered three bleeding bites—the work of the black flies. I went out to supper, but, at the sight of the bare table, the dirty-looking dishes, and the inevitable fat pork, my ravenous appetite fled in disgust.

After dark, when mosquitoes had gathered louder and more vicious than ever, I was advised to take a tin pail, containing a smouldering fire, into my bed-room, that the smoke might drive them out. That night, I was smothered to sleep in smoke and in silence. Not a mosquito buzzed. It was not long, however, before I awoke, with a vague sensation of annoyance, to hear one mosquito shrilly humming around my head. After two or three vigorous but fruitless slaps on my forehead and nose, I succeeded in silencing the creature forever, and was just composing myself to sleep once more, when a buzz, first faint and far off, then louder and nearer, announced the approach of another tormentor. Then came another, and another, until I gave up all thoughts of sleep, lit my lamp, and prepared for a battle. It was then that I discovered another foe, beside the mosquito, who had been annoying me—a round, reddish, crawling creature, which sneaked from underneath the bed-clothes, or crept stealthily down the walls, and which made creeping shudders run up and down my spine. If you know not this animal, seek not to know it. I make no more disclosures. May you always remain in blissful ignorance.

I slept no more that night, nor for several nights following. Now I was no longer an idealist. My airy castles were all in hopeless ruins. I could only wish intensely, with vain regret, that I had paid more attention to the timely warnings of the realists. In place of my beautiful dreams of magnificent, inspiring scenery, and a charmingly restful, simple life, I had only a great, despairing longing for some clean food, a clean room, and sleep.

For the benefit of any tender-hearted readers who are lamenting my fate, I will say that, when I had been there almost two weeks, I received a telegram summoning me home immediately. I left the place, not with joy—I was no longer capable of such a feeling—but with a dazed sensation as of one suddenly escaping from a horrible dungeon.

The Land of Evangeline

As for other ordinary mortals, the land of Evangeline had a profound fascination for me. In obedience to the spell, I directed my travels eastward this summer towards the province of Nova Scotia and the country made famous by Longfellow.

A more pleasant trip could scarcely be imagined. Taking advantage of Canada's magnificent system of waterways, we made our journey completely by water. From Toronto to Montreal we viewed the beauties of the grand St. Lawrence, gliding past mansions which appeared more like Norman castles than summer homes. As the guide-book says, the rapids are reached just before coming in sight of Montreal. Our boat arrived at this great Canadian seaport just thirty minutes before we were to leave for Quebec, and the following part of the journey was made at night.

As we awoke in the morning and poked our heads out of the port-hole to see where we were, what a sight met our eyes! Hundreds of feet above us towered the citadel of Quebec. Ponderous cannon shoved out their noses from imposing stations. Beneath the citadel lay the Chateau Frontenac. Huddled around the wharves were many kinds of water craft. Quebec was explained by a French-Canadian cab-driver who knew very little French and less English, and his romances were made all the more entertaining by his wild gesticulations. The sight of a college professor upon the Dufferin Terrace made us feel that we were seeing something worth while.

Our boat for Halifax left at ten in the evening, in order that the Saguenay with all its splendor might be ascended in the daytime. No one was late for breakfast the next morning. Nor was much of the Saguenay unseen. As far as Capes Eternity and Trinity our little vessel glided up the smooth waters of this majestic river. On either side of us hung cliffs of mighty grandeur. But our destination was Halifax, and we sped along. The fogs and mists of the Gulf of St. Lawrence held little fear for us. We drew alongside at Gaspe right on time. It was Sunday morning and a drizzling rain was falling, but we managed to find our way to a Methodist church while our vessel was unloaded. Although it was after church time

no one had put in an appearance but the pastor and choir, so we had the honor of being the congregation. Our stay was, however, short, and the boat's whistle called us away. The next stop was Charlottetown, where we spent an enjoyable morning driving around this old-fashioned town. We were surprised to see no automobiles, but on asking the reason were informed that they were prohibited on the island, because they frightened the farmers' horses. To enforce this regulation the tillers of the soil had a majority in the provincial legislature over their town



The Willows by the Well

friends. These land trips were greatly welcomed, since the water had been too rough for most of our shipmates.

Halifax was reached early the next morning, and we found ourselves on terra firma once again. We were directed to a beautiful spot, "Birchdale," on the north-west arm of the sea, which we made our headquarters. We had planned to see Halifax before setting out for the surrounding country, but the fates were against us.

Halifax is noted for its market and public gardens. At the former, white people, Indians and negroes sold their wares. A usual sight was afforded us when an old negro drove past

with an ox hitched to his rickety old wagon. By Monday we were on the trail to the land of Evangeline.

Most travellers entrust themselves to "The Flying Blue-Nose," Nova Scotia's "crack" train, to reach Grand Pré. By the time this important station draws near, the train, which starts from Halifax a tolerably well-appointed passenger train, has probably been transformed into the "way freight," with a passenger car in the rear. We went on to Wolfville, a larger town three miles down the line, where we might have a better chance of getting some sight-seeing vehicle.

We did not need to tell our chauffeur that we came to see the Land of Evangeline; he knew. We did not like being asked if we were Yankees, who were classed by him as those who "had Evangeline's country on the brain." One of our party wishing to get a glimpse of some of the great orchards in that district, we took a short run past several of the largest farms. These range in size from two hundred and fifty to two thousand acres of trees. Apples of rare kinds that find their way to the markets of the world are there, and yields of wheat and oats and rye which exhale the richness of the earth. Far away looms Blomidon, a sentinel on the Basin of Minas. Bliss Carman has pictured all the beauty in his fine poem, "The Valley of the Gaspereau," with the loving touch of one who was born in this fruitful land:

" Then the orchards that dot, all in order, the green valley floor,
Every tree with its boughs weighed to earth, like a tent from
whose door
Not a lodger looks forth,—yet the signs are there, gay and
galore,
The great ropes of red fruitage and russet, crisp snow to the
core,
Can the dark-eyed Romany here have deserted of yore
Their camp at the coming of frost? Will they seek it no more?
Who dwells in St. Eulalie's village? Who knows the fine lore
Of the tribes of the apple trees there on the green valley floor?"

When one finally makes up one's mind to leave all this loveliness and drive towards Grand Pré, what other loveliness is the reward! Smuggled in a valley, quietly asleep, lies the village of

Grand Pré. I yearned to walk its paths and think of the tale of Evangeline. As I descended the hill alone, for my friends had motored back to Wolfville, I tried to picture to myself the old Acadian village. Nothing of the ancient community remained, but devout tourists take much delight in the sites pointed out to them as marking some street or old homestead. The smithy of Basil Lajeunesse is distinguished by an old tree, and stony hollows in the ground do duty as landmarks for the house of Father Felicien and for the village church so famous in Acadian history.

I entered the village store. After waiting five minutes, I called, and in response an old man ambled out of some hidden corner. I asked for a copy of the poem, "Evangeline." After some difficulty he found the article required and made the sale. But another spot needed satisfying, and to my enquiry as to how long his chocolates had been in the store, he replied, "Them's the freshest." I bought some, and, book in hand, sauntered down the old road the Acadians took to the sea. On the way a farmer passed with his wagon. He smiled with an air which said: "Another of those silly Americans." But far in the distance I had spied my destination. Here is an avenue of hoary willows, said to have been planted by the French, that look as if they might indeed have waved above the heads of Evangeline and Gabriel, and, most important of all, there is Evangeline's well, with an old-fashioned well-sweep, from which tourists slice off little chips as mementos, unaware of the fact that the well-sweep needs to be renewed every few years owing to the ravages of these same tourists. This is all there is to tell of the once flourishing French settlement. A little bit sad the land seems, in spite of its strange beauty, as if the air still vibrated to the wailing and woe of the women as they saw perhaps a father, a husband or a son marched off for embarkation upon a vessel which was not to hold themselves.

As I neared the grand old willows I did not wonder why—

"Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft sweet air the Basin of Minas
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows were riding at
anchor."

A calm tranquility seemed to pervade the whole country side. Under the willows and near the well a herd of cattle drowsily munched their mid-day meal. After taking a close view of the well, but not slicing a chip off the sweep, and bringing my kodak into commission, I made for the willows. Selecting a comfortable spot, I drew the copy of *Evangeline* from my pocket and began to read. It was indeed hard to settle one's mind on the book. First I wished to have another look at the well (also to taste another chocolate); then to gaze across the Basin of Minas and think of its wonderful tide; and finally to dream of *Evangeline* and *Gabriel*. I must have dreamt too long, for I was rudely awakened by the whistle of my train rapidly approaching the station of Grand Pré. I had just time to run across and board her as she stopped on her way to Halifax. As we pulled out it was with lingering eyes that I gazed upon the beautiful Land of *Evangeline*, fast fading from view.

R. B. D., '13.

Prof. George John Blewett, Ph.D.

DEAN WALLACE.

An Address at the Funeral Service in the Chapel.

To-day we who so loved our departed colleague, Dr. Blewett, are too stunned to give adequate expression to our feelings or a proper estimate of his abilities, character and achievements. Our thoughts stagnate, our words refuse to flow.

But this we know assuredly, that "there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

He was still a young man and a young professor; but many who were much his seniors in years and in academic experience felt with delight the wizard spell of his literary touch and the profound inspiration of his majestic thought. He was already a force to be reckoned with in the philosophic world, and he seemed to have but begun a great career of almost world-wide influence. He was our joy and pride and crown of rejoicing.

To each of us his sudden taking off comes with the crushing sense of sore personal loss. We not only respected and admired and trusted him, but we loved him. To some of us he had been pupil, and we had for him the proud affection of a father toward a highly gifted and successful son, who is at the same time an intimate and valued companion and helper. To others he was a brother. His modesty was equal to his ability, an almost virginal shrinking from obtruding himself upon the attention of others. He was a colleague easy to work with. It was impossible to know him and not to love him.

The loss to our College and the University is irreparable. There has been no second *Géorge Paxton Young*. There will be no second *George John Blewett*. Others will do well, but none can do what he would have done. We were thankful for him and proud of him. We felt that he would make his College and his University favorably known throughout the reading world. When his first book appeared, that exquisite piece of literary and philosophic work, "*The Study of Nature and the Vision of God*," one of the prominent English reviews said truly that such men and such books did more to make Canada great than all her marvellous material progress. The loss we mourn to-day is not only personal, not only academical, but in the truest sense national. He was the greatest of all our native Canadian thinkers and writers on philosophical subjects. In him there was an exceedingly rare combination of profound insight, skilful argument, lucid exposition, and winning poetic beauty of style. Men to whom philosophy is in general the synonym for dullness and heaviness and weariness, can read with pleasure that splendid first chapter of "*The Study of Nature and the Vision of God*," in which Dr. Blewett draws out so charmingly his comparison of *Newman* and *Wordsworth* as types of two tendencies of thought.

He possessed a remarkably keen power of criticism. The weak point in a statement or theory he could pierce most deftly and delicately. He did not use a sledgehammer to crush an egg, and he did not need to, for he had other weapons. My first acquaintance with this particular form of his ability was gained at my own dinner table, when Dr. Blewett was but recently come to *Victoria College* as an Arts student. Several students were

with us that evening. Next to Blewett sat a splendid specimen of physical manhood, as large as Blewett was small; and the large man, in all the flush of his recent degree, was indulging in some very large philosophical assumptions and statements, in the elaboration of which he was engrossing the conversation. At last the small man looked modestly up at the big man, the undergraduate at the graduate, and asked a short, simple, courteous question. But it was not answered. The bubble was burst. The loud talker was silenced.

Dr. Blewett was not only critical but constructive. He did not rob men of an old faith without helping them to a better. He knew what honest doubt means. During his undergraduate years he passed through an agony of inquiry. He was absolutely honest, he followed his convictions, "he would not make his judgment blind." He doubted radically enough to ultimately come to very clear and firm convictions, which became to all his after-life "the master light of all his seeing," convictions as to the meaning of Reality, the relation of God to the World and to Man, the place of Jesus Christ in the Universe as the Revelation of God and Mediator between God and Man.

And he had the ability to make his convictions very real, powerful and persuasive to others. In his College lectures, his addresses and sermons—unfortunately very rare on account of the weakness of his voice—and most permanently in his books, he presented to his hearers and readers a most fascinating and most reasonable statement of the relation of idealistic philosophy to the Christian religion. Physically and intellectually his step was light and elastic. There was nothing heavy or clumsy in his gait. He knew exactly what he wished to say, and he said it in words which exactly fitted the thought. His style was rhythmic, musical, poetic but not sentimental, vigorous, manly, stirring, with all its sweetness.

Dr. Blewett's character was very noble, absolutely free from meanness, pettiness, arrogance; intensely devoted to truth and duty; full of a gentle courtesy which disarmed even those whom he opposed, but brave and uncompromising in advancing what he considered to be right. His whole life was a heroic struggle with physical weakness and with a natural timidity which without a strong will to overcome it might have caused him to shrink back from his work.

Very evidently his strength was in God. They said of him at Harvard, where his untimely death will be sincerely mourned, that in his presence they felt in the presence of a saint. The unseen things were the real things to him. In everything he saw God. In his latest book he deprecates all vandalism in the treatment of nature and natural resources on the ground that they too are part of the manifestation of God. As of Spinoza, so of him it might be said that he was "a God-intoxicated man." He certainly, in the broadest sense of the term, was a mystic. To him the essence of religion was in the inner life with God.

Who that has bowed his head during the last six years in this chapel at College prayers can ever forget how Dr. Blewett led us to God in prayer. He was certainly the philosopher on his knees, far from the stereotyped phraseology of devotion, looking up directly to God, the all-loving and omnipresent Father, for the solution of all our perplexities—"in whom we live and move and have our being;" but a philosopher on his knees with a full sense of responsibility to God, with a keen feeling of human sin and sorrow, and with a humble, grateful confidence in the grace of God in Jesus Christ for life and peace and all things. As we rose from our prayers the music of his simple, well-chosen words lingered in our hearts, and we felt inspired to an optimistic outlook upon the world—"God's world after all"—and to a cheerful courage in the daily task and common round of life.

But, while in the most Christian sense a mystic, Dr. Blewett was no Pantheist and no Quietist. A gentle soul, he encouraged strenuous endeavor; a simple Christian, he had a keen appreciation of science, art, and literature. In all the legitimate developments of human life, he saw the manifestation of God. His mysticism, moreover, did not make him indifferent to Christian doctrine. The oecumenical creeds were of intense interest to him. As he says: "The oecumenical theology is old; and from the beginning was inevitable. The greatest of the apostles could not be blind to the significance of the new life that was in them; in their Lord they read the eternal constitution of the world." He taught that we shall think best and most nobly for ourselves when we fol-

low on along the lines laid down by the great thinkers from Plato to Kant and Hegel. Evolution rather than revolution was his method of commending modern thought. The new is most likely to be true when it is the legitimate development of the old. Reverence for all great thinkers and systems colors all his writing. But in the end, by the aid of them all, he comes to his own noble and independent system of thought.

He parts company with extreme men of his own general school in his emphasis on the reality of freedom, responsibility and sin, and on the value of history, historical personalities and events as manifestations of God.

Let us be thankful for the farewell message which he has left us in the noble volume so recently published on "The Christian View of the World." The reading of this exposition of philosophy and religion will give relief to many a troubled mind and inspire many a life to the highest endeavors.

And now he is gone. It seems as if too soon—too soon for him, with still so much to do, and so much so well worth while; too soon for us, for we long for his companionship and we feel perplexed at the prospect of carrying on the work without him. "But man has forever." And while "God buries his workmen He carries on His work."

And so we leave him with God; tenderly, lovingly, hopefully we leave him with God.

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would
triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Some Impressions of Present Religious Conditions

One striking aspect of religious conditions to-day might be called *professionalism*. In the application of this term it is not necessary to distinguish between *institutional* and *personal* uses of the word religious, for it applies to both. It seems that the perfecting of organization, and the accompanying division of duties, may be likened to a process of vivisection. It cannot last. And with the coming of a formalism, or professionalism, as I have chosen to call it, life has gone. So, again and again, the true prophets reluctantly were compelled to begin reform from without the institution. It may be very difficult to remain free from the stereotyped ways of ritualism, class eccentricity, and fixed vocabulary, but these ways lead to ineffectiveness in some degree at least. They are ways of retreat from the theatre of life, as it is. Therefore, some young men decline to be religious leaders. Again and again when religious institutions have reached places of outward strength and commanding influence, history has shown how the inner magnetism has been lost. In attaining strength they yielded up their power.

The late Prof. James, of Harvard, said that every religion in its day of power was a homeless Arab of the desert. When the settled abidingness of outward sufficiency comes, devotion dies. Men are concerned, perhaps, with the *eidolon* to the utter exclusion of what it should represent, and, as we have said contact with life as it is becomes only a memory.

The writer believes he is right when he states that to-day many men are repelled because of a vague unreality about temple, liturgy, musical forms, devotees, priests. Call it, if you will, the professionalism of religious life.

Again, the willingness to sacrifice is largely wanting in our day. One is forced to admit that the magnetism of religious life is exerted through such a willingness. Lately I read the description, by an eye-witness, of scenes in the bare cell of Savonarola, the poor Florentine monk, and in the gorgeous palace of Caesar Borgia, the profligate Pontiff. In the narrow cell, a poor monk wept, prayed and planned his labors for the

redemption of the city. By his sacrifice men were drawn. The Pope, a mere voluptuary, did much to defeat the Popish institution, because where men see not sacrifice for the sake of a principle, they know that they will not find the virility of a living faith. Yet, perhaps, never was the tendency to bewail the sacrifices demanded by Christianity so great as it is to-day. Many people in the business of life complain that Christianity is not adaptable to the conduct of life's business.

This is true in private and in the martial courts of the nations. Mammon rules too much in the former, Mars in the latter cases. And, moreover, men are kept from places of religious leadership, which they will admit they should take, were it not for the sacrifice entailed.

Even for a brief moment religious claims are not allowed to interfere with those of the so-called "business" life. One hears much of gifts for the evangelization of heathendom, and doubtless some have sacrificed nobly, but such is not a general truth. The same journal which reported recently gifts of two and one-half millions to mission work, announced that the tobacco bill of these same countries for the same year was nine hundred millions.

A religious leader, thoroughly up-to-date, well versed in sociology, recently told the writer that above everything else he felt a need of men who, well-trained in religious study, and entirely devoted in life, would enter business and put the claims of religion first in every transaction. Twenty such laymen would be, for even the large city in which he lived, a force that would inspire and attract men. Perhaps men give sacrifices quite largely to-day to atone for lapses and failures, but such are not acceptable in the religion by which men live.

Now, if any are interested by what I have said, some would urge me to say one of the aspects of religious conditions to-day that compels notice is intellectualism, in whose atmosphere religion dies. Heightening culture, we are told, causes religion to pass because the mysticism so necessary to it is driven out. But I refuse to agree with this. A certain form of mysticism may be expelled, but there comes another form to him who is true to his whole experience, and in the wholesomeness of this new form, the common round of duties done in thoroughness

and truth is fraught with inspiration. The place of sacrifice becomes apparent in the vision of religion, as the seeking for a God, who is the centre of our life, and in "thinking His thoughts after Him."

The age in which we live is not, as a rule, charactered in intellectualism. Rather there is a dearth of independent thinking. We need men of vision to lead us, and more true intellectual effort, so that religion be set in proper relief. By this shall our generation be freed from those evils which I have noted above. And he who goes with an allegiance to the truth, finding inspiration in the common way of life, will give inspiration by common word and work. Mankind will receive his message into their heart of hearts.

Perhaps Tolstoi was not wrong when he said Christianity is the most natural way for men to live.

Mountaineers' Guide—For Freshmen and Such

CLYO QUARLES.

Books tell us that the dangers of mountaineering are from the following sources: bad storms, hidden crevasses, slipping on ice slopes or over rock cliffs, avalanches, falling stones. That this information is entirely inaccurate must be obvious to the least intelligent. Indeed, I have noticed it myself; and, to correct the misapprehension under which mountaineering books may have placed some readers, I feel it my duty to outline the actual dangers that are to be encountered in the mountains.

Sleeplessness, sleepiness, hunger, boots, rope, and the ice-axe are what really present the most formidable dangers to the Alpineer. Sleeplessness is going to bed at twelve o'clock and getting up at two in the morning. This is all the more terrible in that it cannot be avoided—somebody else is sure to wake and call you, unless you get cold first when the blankets have slid off, and you call him. Such an extremity can be avoided only by taking chloroform or breaking off the mountaineering habit at the start.

The second danger that a climber encounters is that resulting from sleepiness. To one who has seen his neighbor on the rope fall asleep on an ice slope inclined at an angle of sixty degrees, or take a snooze while clinging to an inch of rock with one hand and searching for more holds with the other hand and both feet, the acuteness of the second peril need not be insisted upon. But for those who have never observed such a mishap, let me narrate the following impressive instance.

We had left our camp in a lonely valley at daybreak, and had spent all morning toiling up vast walls of storm-riven rock. On our way down from the summit, it was necessary to descend a very long chimney whose walls had been coated by the keen air with a film of ice. As it was impossible to climb down with hands and feet, we prepared to lower one another down by the rope. I turned the rope once around a rock, then slowly and cautiously payed it out and let my friend X. Y. Z. down through the dangerous fissure. My muscles ached as I payed away, waiting for the signal announcing X. Y. Z.'s arrival upon a safe ledge below. The moments passed—the length of rope was exhausted—no signal came. I shouted—no reply. A horrible fear seized me, and I commenced to pull in the rope. Slowly it came, swinging like a pendulum, till at length, with a mighty effort, I raised the body over the ledge and gazed with beating heart at the inanimate form of my friend. He was asleep, and actually snoring in the very jaws of an appalling catastrophe in which he ought to have had the very liveliest personal interest. The next time we climbed that mountain, we brought an alarm clock in X. Y. Z.'s rucksack.

Extreme peril is to be encountered from the pangs of hunger. Of course, as a Christian Scientist, I know that it is not in the pangs themselves, which are really only imaginary, that the real danger lies (we are not dealing here with imaginary dangers), but rather in those acts which the mind, prompted by the imagination, induces one to perform. For instance, on the long, exhausting snow fields of Mount John Smith, so aptly named by the Canadian Geographical Board, one of my companions swallowed so much snow in an ill-directed endeavor to quench his thirst, that he froze inside, and it was only by quickly eating a large quantity of rope that his internal organ-

isms were sufficiently exercised to generate enough heat to thaw him out. As this entailed the loss of most of our rope, several of us were forced to travel unroped over a névé where crevasses were abundant, and hidden by fresh snow; so that it is not surprising that my unfortunate companion was suddenly precipitated into the jaws of a dark chasm. It was with exceeding difficulty that we rescued him—indeed, not until we had with great trouble made a temporary rope of shoe-laces, knapsacks, handkerchiefs, ice-axes, camp bacon, and a string of tea frozen as we poured it from the bottle, were we able to rescue our friend from a horrible accident. I shudder to think of the dangers to which hunger may lead.

To people who have never used their feet, the dangers resulting from boots may not seem very serious; but I hope to convince the majority of my readers that, far from being rare and insignificant, the dangers from wearing mountain boots are of the most frequent and appalling description. Mountain boots are like spiked steam rollers flattened out. This will of course suggest the peril involved in stepping on oneself. Moreover, it will be seen at once that where the feet go, there the body goes also; whether it be off a log into a glacial torrent, or over a three thousand foot precipice on to Cambro-Silurian slate. The object of the spikes is two-fold: first, to elevate the sole sufficiently above the snow to prevent cold feet; second, to counteract the decreasing at high altitudes of the effect of gravitation, and thus to save a man exhilarated by the low atmospheric pressure from leaping completely off the planet. But in the lower altitudes, the spikes do nothing but catch on roots and upset one into the wet bush. Herein lies a great danger, for on such occasions I have known men to use such language as to blast utterly careers of great personal achievement and usefulness to the community at large.

There is yet another class of perils involved in mountaineering, still more deadly than any of those preceding; these are such as inevitably result from the use of the rope. I remember very well that awful night when we brought young Jones home with a broken shoe-lace. From the crowd of blanched faces about him, gleaming wet in the lantern light, an old guide stepped forward.

"Did you have a rope?" was the old man's solemn question.

"Yes," replied our guide, sadly, "we had a rope. I carried it over my shoulder all the way." A murmur of sympathy came from the gazing crowd. That explained it all. Yes, indeed; in the face of our rope, no blame could be attached to our guide. He had done his best, like the brave man that he was—but he had a rope, and what could a man do against such odds?

Sometimes, to divide the responsibility, the rope is tied to each member of the party. This is as dangerous as when the guide carries it alone, for the result is usually as follows: While climbing a steep arête of rotten rock, when one member of the party slips, he pulls everybody off the rocks with him except the guide, who, by obstinately refusing in his bewilderment to let go of the rock, pulls the whole mountain-side over with an echoing crash,—and it takes hours to blast the party out. Or while traversing a glacier, one of the novices drops into a deep crevasse, dragging everybody after him, except the guide, as usual, who carries the lunches, and who, with that stupid pertinacity common to his kind, instead of graciously going down with the others, endeavors to pull them up to him, with the result that the rope breaks, and the party is left without food in the cold ice until the guide has gone back to camp for a two hundred foot rope to let down a basket of provisions. One of the saddest accidents I ever saw, and, alas! only one of many like it, occurred on a steep snow slope among the mountains of Timbuctoo. A party of climbers were returning home in the evening, tired out after a big climb, and, to save time, started to glissade. The last man on the rope, a fine fellow of great promise, had the rope wound several times about his right leg to secure it firmly. Suddenly, he never knew how, his right foot began to move more swiftly than his left foot could follow, and in the confusion that ensued he was thrown violently upon his back. With great presence of mind, he swung his axe into the snow, but it struck ice a few inches underneath, and slipped from the hard surface. Again and again he strove to stop himself, but in vain. With an ever accelerating speed, he slid downwards, sweeping all before him, even the guide. With the velocity of a projectile he swept down that terrible slope on his rucksack, gathering a revolving motion of the body that

swept his feet in rapid circles about his head, till with a crash of broken glass he landed wrong side up on the rocks at the bottom, with a strong aroma of alcohol most noticeable to those whom he dragged immediately upon himself. But for that accident caused by the rope, the flask would have remained undiscovered, and his reputation untarnished.

Now, harrowed reader, we come to the last and most fearful of all the dangers that beset one in the mountains—the ice-axe. How many strong men and women have I seen leave camp cheerfully in the morning with ice-axes, and return at night from the mountains more dead than alive, more sleepy than hungry! The ice-axe is not a human instrument—it is Satanic. Its thirst is for blood, its cunning is infinite, its agility fiendish. From the trail in the valley to the snow peak in the sky, it is diligently scheming to keep one's life in perpetual peril. It seizes the trees as one passes and throws one violently backwards; it sinks suddenly in the moss and precipitates one upon one's knees in the marsh; it slips on stones when its support is most needed and hurls one over the cliffs. It glides from one's grasp at the top of a long snow slope that has just been ascended and slides a thousand feet to the bottom; or sticks at the top when one has started to glissade down, and leaves one helpless to stop till the bottom is reached hundreds of feet below. Like an over-affectionate dog, it intrudes its cold snout where one's hand is seeking a small grip on the rocks. It catches in a crack below when you are going up a cliff, so that you must descend a hazardous step to loosen it; it catches again when you are going down, and "all the king's horses and all the king's men" can't lift you up high enough to get it free again. It punctures holes in the boots, it tears the clothes, it bites the hands. It behaves with such diabolical ferocity at all times and places that the easiest climbs become difficult and dangerous, while the hard climbs become so hazardous that life is rendered but an agony of apprehension. In brief, the distance between this world and the next varies inversely as the square of the strength of one's ice-axe.

I could give many instances of the dangers of ice-axes, such as that of the man whose axe lagged some yards behind him while both were glissading down the snow, and then, gathering

momentum, came at its victim with such deadly aim that it would inevitably have transfixed him if his boots had not chanced to be where one might have expected his head; or that of the gentleman whose axe, tied to his right wrist, maliciously seized so firmly a crag above while the two were descending alone, that the man hung there for twenty-four hours with his feet dangling in the sky, until a search party came up from the valley and found him half dead for want of a smoke, because his tobacco was in his right pocket where the left hand could not reach it. But space does not permit me to lengthen the list of these harrowing adventures. Moreover, the effort of recalling such incidents is a great strain on the writer, and the perusal of this kind of literature may produce an unhealthy excitement in the minds of young Freshmen.

My advice to climbers, then, is this: Sleep all you can, but not too much; never get hungry; don't wear boots; avoid the rope; and beware of the ice-axe, for at its end "it biteth and stingeth like a serpent."

Picnics

As to the word, it is of doubtful origin—but as to the custom, it is as old as mankind, and as inextricably mixed up with him as his third eye, his power of ear-movement, and the gill slits some of him wear in their extremest youth. Picnics as a custom are a survival of the most primitive style of life, a relic of ages pre-palaeolithic, an indelible trace of the time when man was first let loose. And while in the course of an ascending evolution, man has developed in every other thing—in pienenics it is a disputed point whether he is subject to reversion, or whether they must be added to the two prime instincts. We hold to the former, believing that it was never intended that man should do so useless a thing instinctively. And we are confirmed by our observation. During the past fifteen months we have had to do with exactly twenty-six outings, and we have found not a few persons in whom pienenics have produced complete atavism. When anyone, however innocently, even hints in their

presence that "it would be nice to have a litte picnic," their lips begin to work convulsively, and their mouths water for a little bit of the speaker's pancreas, to chew. Surely it is time we laid aside a practice which produces such horrible results.

Of course there are those who hold determinedly to the *laissez-faire* and who contort into its defence abilities worthy a better cause. So is it with picnics. The custom has many defenders among the unenlightened. The truth of the matter is, picnics are a form of the most ancient heathen worship. The objects are two totem poles, such as held up the dome of Gaza's temple, but Samson is at work. Both of these pillars were worshipped before the flood, and have as strong a hold on public veneration as ever. The one has been called "NEE-DUV-AREST," and the other NEE-DUV-ACHANGE. It is wonderful how the names have stuck.

The form of their worship is as foolish and false as any other totemism. In the olden days, as now, the devotees worshipped their shrines *in absentia*. Taking a long look at the totems to get a good after-image, they rushed out helter-skelter, over the dusty deserts to a place where a few trees were planted (there have to be trees for picnic and lynchings), where they plunged immediately into a list of amusements (?) In a mad purpose of human sacrifices they chased one another around and around the clearing, and the marvel that any were found to play at this game is no greater than the marvel we feel at the so-called sensible folk, who engage in the same barbaric manoeuvres at picnics. Willing to trust the fates, they stuck their knives into the ground, blades up, and took a flying leap amongst them. That some of them after their jumping limped for days, and some could not walk at all, was no more a bar then than now. But by far the most popular enjoyment was a sort of partial suicide, participated in by all, and consisting in the marring, with knives and lancets, of a good deal of their exteriors. To-day, the practice has attacked our interiors. The devotees of the same totem-poles consume great quantities of ice cream cones, peanuts, popcorn fritters and candy. These are given a thorough treatment of ginger ale, lemon sour, cream soda and other kinds of "pop", the purpose of which is to render the conglomeration of a consistency somewhere between leather and granite. Its

effect is to flay the mucous lining successfully and permanently. Its general symptom is the same snarling venom which spouted from the prehistoric man, after a day spent worshipping the two "NEE-DUV'S."

Now, a parchment, long ago, had been found at the top of these pillars, bearing two polysyllabic words, and said to be directions for the worship. Many men have tried to decipher them, but blinded by the popular craze, they have none of them succeeded. Transcribed the words are "GOAT-OOB-ED" and "LI-YIN-AHAM-MOC," but no man desiring to pay his respects to the totems seems able to understand them, and so picnics survive.

Picnics are divided into three classes: bad, worse and worst. Bad picnics are those which include ten persons or less. They necessitate rowing, four in a boat, about ten blisters up some smelly creek, in the opposite direction from a drink, then getting one's feet wet landing, and spending two hours doing odd jobs with one hand and slapping mosquitoes with the other. They are generally confined to the most intimate of our friends, to whom we may speak our minds freely, and do not often end in homicide. Worse picnics are those in which from eleven to fifty of the human species enter upon the broad way to the picnic grounds. They are always held at a distance to which each male must carry his and her own lunch, parasol and raincoats. Not many infants are required, and only a few small children. Generally each adult has THE idea as to what the whole party should do, and it is quite a remarkable event if twenty per cent. do not sulk or disappear. The supply of good temper lasts till lunch is nearly served, then it takes wings like a dove, and flies away and is at rest for a week or more. When an engagement has lived through two such events, there is proof positive it was made in heaven, but many are savagely, viciously, eternally—for the time being—all "bust up." As a preventive of social life, only one thing is worse than worse picnics, which is—worst picnics.

Worst picnics are simply atrocious. Their size (from fifty-one up) demands an attempt at something very special—and gets it. They must be held as far away as seventy-five cents will pay a return fare. Preferably the trip is by boat, because

the weather has so much to do with the day's enjoyment, and there is nothing so dependable as the weather—Yes! a sail is so enjoyable, when the only chairs available are worse than the ones we keep in the woodshed to bring into the parlor to stand on when we fix the window-blind. No! there's nothing quite so exhilarating as a boat trip, when the room all around the railing is taken up and you have to sit in the centre and enjoy the picturesque millinery, the stirring chit-chat and the bracing fumes of a second rate cigar—by all means go by boat.

The day before the worry commences. By eleven p.m. every man's hand is against every wife's, and the kiddies have been spanked asleep. Everybody turns out at something to five, and a mad rush is made to the window—a glorious sunrise—no need for umbrellas or raincoats; this is followed by a mad rush into habiliments, through breakfast, and off to the wharf. Mad rushing causes many nervous hot boxes. Very few parties go down serenely. Then the boat is never where you thought it would be. Last year it was right over there. This year—you go to the second gate to the right, turn to the left beyond the second pier, cut across behind three warehouses, and find you have come in the wrong direction. When you do find the boat and your tickets (tickets beat earthworms for self interment) and get on board, of course everybody else has got there first. You seize the first chair you come to, and—give it to a lady with five children. You get one of the last lot of camp chairs and give it to another lady with six children. Then you go down and watch the engines and smell the hot grease, and for the first time wish you were at home. A nice swell from the east reminds you that you are out on the rolling deep.

But a truce to particulars. The sunshine grows sick and dies. Having lured you from home and waterproofs, its usefulness is over. The sky gets sullen, then gloomy, then tearful. Everybody sits on everybody else in the cabin. You disembark in the rain. At a meeting it is decided not to run off the sports. When this news is spread thoroughly, and everybody has gone to seek a drier spot, the sun comes out and everything steams—including yourself. The ground is soggy, the air muggy, the flies "awful"—you are just plain mad.

Finally, half an hour before the return journey commences, old Sol gives up, and the clouds gather themselves for an all night's rain. Alas for muslin dresses and gaily flowered hats—alack for the new suits, bought on the one-dollar-per-week plan, guaranteed all wool, double shrunk. A new cause for bashfulness has appeared, and they retire in all directions—the muslin dresses cling like a garb of spider webs.

When the boat has cleared the dock, the swell from the east, full grown, does its fine work. It raises you swiftly towards where the rain is coming from, then with a swoop and a jerk reminds you, "Sad is our portion here below." The quick turn at the end gets the mass of salted peanuts, ice cream cones and ginger ale revolving at a rate gradually gathering centrifugal force. In the meantime you r-o-l-l away up and r-o-l-l-l away down. Your stomach stays in the same place relatively to the horizon—that is, it goes down when you and the boat go up, and comes up when you both go down. If the boat would only keep still for just a moment till you could have one good swallow, but it *will* roll up and it *will* roll down. Suddenly you wish you were dead. You don't know or care where the thought came from, but you wish you were dead. Why, oh why! didn't you die before you left home this morning? You go to the side of the boat to—wonder. You thrust your head out into the rain and—wonder why. A gallon of water from the deck above lights on the nape of your neck, but you don't notice—you are too busy—wondering why you didn't die this morning. After you have been wondering for what seems like six hours, you find that forty minutes have slid by out of a three hours' voyage. Cheered by this knowledge, you cease wondering about why you didn't die. You decide to do it now. You find some nice, hard, wet place on which to stretch out, and then you proceed to die. You have almost succeeded half a dozen times, when the boat gives an extra lurch and you have to begin all over again.

And, all the time it's raining. You walk out of the boat into an ambient *hydro* sphere, but it doesn't make any difference. You step into water half way up to your knees, and only feel a mild interest—your boots were full before. Your clothes stick all over, but it's so long since they didn't, you don't mind. The cars are fifteen minutes apart, but you don't feel aggrieved.

You slop up and down the sidewalk and leave a trail like a fly newly rescued from the cream jug, but you don't mind. You are all wet. The water trickles off your chin on to the pavement in a steady stream, except when you yawn, then it runs down inside, but it doesn't matter, you are saturated. In the walk from the car you think about sponges, dish-cloths and mops, and when you get home you undress in the bath-tub, but you don't mind.

The morning after you and the world are enemies to the death. Its inhabitants are savages, with a sweet smelling blood. You wish you lived in China, where they decapitate folk a score at a time. You would be the headsman, and drink the gore. The only man you don't want to slay is the man who ran the picnic, and for him any kind of death is too good—but if you could only get your teeth into his liver while he was yet alive. Alas! a complete atavism.

The only thing other than a social cataclysm which can save the situation is that some enterprising manufacturer should place on the market a collapsible picnic box, containing an umbrella, a raincoat, a pair of rubbers, anti-seasick tablets, a folding bed, a complete change of raiment, and provisions for three days, guaranteed against water, fire or rust, hip-pocket or hand-bag size—price two-bits.

But till this comes, picnics will continue a bar to true civilization, and a galling reminder of the pre-Noahites and their folly.

The Women's Literary Society asks for the co-operation of all enthusiastic women students of the College, that this organization, which officially represents the Victoria women, may this year attain a success worthy of its high calling. New students are specially invited to make use of the Society as a means for getting acquainted. Upon everyone is urged the importance of training in business methods, facility in public speaking, intelligent appreciation of topics of live interest to the student body, and a general literary culture outside the scope of the University curriculum. All these acquirements are inevitably expected of the college woman, and these the Literary Society hopes, with the hearty support of its members, to cultivate. That is why "*We believe in the Lit.*"



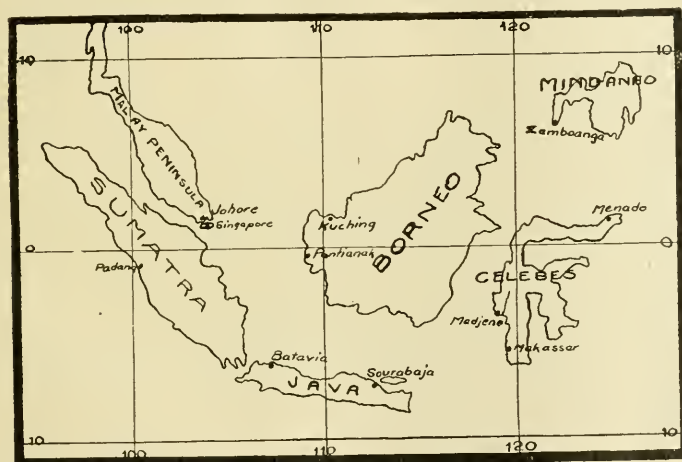
Exploring for Rubber in Celebes

W. H. EASTLAKE.

DURING the three weeks' wait in Makassar for our steamer we turned our attention to Dutch. The only Dutch we learned at this time with any degree of perfection was the ability to consume *gin pahits* (gin and bitters). Our destination was Madjene, a small town on the central western coast of Celebes, situated about 3 degrees south, where we had heard of the occurrence of *getah* (rubber), the object of our quest. We also heard that the head-hunters living in the mountains of that district, though warlike and savage toward their seacoast neighbors, were more or less friendly to the white man, particularly if he happened to be carrying a six-shooter. A few *catties* (Chinese unit equal to about 1 1-3 pounds) of black tobacco and some red and yellow *sarangs* helped to gain their friendship.

The particular district we were to cover consisted in a semi-marshy strip, some forty to sixty miles wide and one hundred to two hundred miles long, lying between the mountains and the coast, and drained by two or three fairly large rivers. Very little was known of it, for no white man except an army captain and a few Dutch soldiers had seen any of the country. However, many things pointed to it being a rubber country, for the natives all knew what *getah* was and told of plenty of it to be found in a certain direction. The Contrôleur (Dutch civil officer) corroborated this, and so we decided at once to get into the particular region in question, some sixty or seventy miles from Madjene, and estimate as far as possible the quantity of rubber that could be taken out if the natives could be induced to hunt and collect it.

Our plans were discussed with the Controleur, whose information was first hand (from the natives) and could be relied upon, as far as the latter can be. In addition, we had to have his co-operation and permission in everything so that our project might be a success. We finally decided to follow a government road for about forty miles, which led to a village or *kampung* on the Tjampalagian River. The advantage of this course was twofold. Our provisions and camp outfit could be taken as far as this *kampung* by boat, and through the kindness of the Controleur we were able to get ponies, with which we could go overland. In addition, we had an escort in the person of a native



policeman, mounted. Accordingly, our "boys" and what additional natives we needed for the expedition started ahead of us by boat, carrying provisions for three or more weeks and our camp outfit.

The next day we started off on horseback at six a.m. for our village and had the good fortune to arrive there on scheduled time, shortly after one o'clock—just before the hottest part of the day. Our ponies, though not much larger than a burro, held out wonderfully well.

We had expected the "boys" with the provisions to be at the village first, but they had not yet arrived, and after our long ride

we were very hungry. On the invitation of our guide, who had soon located some *makan* (food), we joined him in a luncheon consisting of bananas and cocoanut water. Both were of superior quality, and to anyone with a tropical thirst the latter delicacy is particularly enticing—it being even superior (during the mid-day) to a whiskey and soda, especially if there is no ice. A peculiar thing about cocoanut water is the fact that when taken fresh from the nut it is always quite cool.

During our pipe of black tobacco after our heavy mid-day meal we were introduced to and held an interview with the native chief, to whom our policeman had carried a message from the Dutch Controlleur, *Tuan Puteh*. He wore a khaki coat and a pair of elaborately patterned pyjama trousers, the combination being a mark of wealth and distinction. He received us in a very friendly manner and was quite conversant with Malay, a most unusual thing this far inland. It was quite probable that he had some pure Malay blood in him. None of his aides or subjects knew a word of Malay, and so our only companions in conversation for the rest of the day were the chief, our policeman and a Chinaman who had strayed up the river to trade rice, cotton sarangs and tobacco for copra, dammar, rotan and anything else he could get that was marketable.

Toward evening we began to get anxious about our camp outfit, and on enquiry from the chief about the paddling up river we learn that the latter was in flood and that it was impossible, in his opinion, for any *prau* (boat) to come up. However, he sent one or two boats down stream to look for our load of provisions. In the meantime we saw all sorts of visions of a night out in a tropical jungle without a mosquito net and the going without food except bananas till the next day.

The chief saw our difficulty and informed us that a certain new house not yet completed or not yet occupied was at our disposal for the night. The palm leaf thatching would keep the dew off us, but it would not keep off mosquitoes.

As the sun began to fall the women of the village began in ones and twos to saunter off toward the river, carrying a piece of bamboo on their shoulders some six or seven feet in length and about four inches in diameter. We viewed this rather happy procession with considerable interest, and to satisfy our natural curiosity strolled along the path to the river bank ourselves. The

performance before us was certainly one not to be forgotten. The women, who for the moment had set their "stick" (of bamboo) up against a tree or a boulder and discarded their sarang, their only article of clothing, and which can be best described as a cotton sack with the bottom cut out, and which they put on much as a man tucks a bath towel around his waist on the way to the shower, were taking their evening bath. Some of them were very able swimmers and divers. Several were engaged in washing their husbands' or children's *sarangs*, and others who had finished their evening bath were filling their "stick" with water in which to cook their rice and for drinking purposes. Up river about a hundred paces the males of the village were going through the same bathing performance. From a small dock or platform of bamboo on the bank some of them did some really excellent diving.

By the time the sun was just about on the horizon we had decided that it was to be our fate to sit up all night and smoke or sit around a smudge to keep the mosquitoes from carrying us away. No canoe was in sight, and some natives who had walked up some distance along the river reported that no *prau* had been seen.

Twilight in those regions is very short, and twenty minutes after the sun had dropped from view it was quite dark—the cloudless sky was not at all favorable for a pretty sunset and there was little to interest us except mosquitoes, who with their busy hum were foretelling the pleasant evening before us in their company.

It was the second day before our outfit arrived, and after having a "real meal"—some canned meat and boiled rice with coffee—we started off on one of the native trails toward the mountains which lay some fifty to one hundred miles to the north-east. We had in our company the chief of the village and two or three of his men besides our three coolies and two "boys." Two days' tramping through the jungle, making probably ten miles a day, brought us into country that we believed to be typical of the whole area. Here we camped permanently for a few days and began to examine the trees and lianas. From the kind of land and the proximity of the island of Celebes to Borneo, we had anticipated finding vine rubber, and we were not disappointed. Huge lianas, which, on being tapped, gave a latex yield-

ing on coagulation a very fair quality of rubber, were plentiful. Some of them at the ground and for twenty or more feet up, were five and six inches in diameter, but most of them were from three to four inches. These latter are somewhat smaller than the vines usually tapped in Borneo, but on taking a whole vine, say 150 feet long and three to four inches in diameter at the ground, we obtained nearly a pound of good quality "Borneo" rubber.

The natives with us had no idea whatever of tapping a vine properly or in such a way as to get the maximum latex. Some of them had collected some rubber not very long before, but had done it by hacking the vine at the base and coming back the next day to pull off the dried pieces of rubber. The Borneo method, though completely destroying the vine, yields much more rubber, and that was the method we adopted in finding out how much rubber per vine could be got.

Briefly it is as follows: the vine is pulled down out of the tree and cut into lengths of from eighteen inches to three feet and laid horizontally on a small platform, underneath which are laid fern leaves or any kind of large leaves, so arranged as to run the latex to one side and into a vessel, usually a bamboo stick. In some species of vine the sap itself is sufficient to coagulate the latex. The commoner and better methods are the addition of salt or sea-water, or boiling, or both. In some places the bitter sap of other trees or vines is used as a coagulant. The salt method or boiling—both invented and used by the natives themselves in Borneo—seems to sterilize the rubber and break up proteins or nitrogen compounds which have deteriorating effects on the rubber unless they are removed completely by mechanical means, washing on corrugated rolls.

A noticeable feature about the Celebes forest was the extreme scarcity of animal life. The only mammals we saw were a few monkeys, which were of the tail-less kind and were black. No snakes at all were encountered, and the books on the island and the natives both say there is none. Bird life was numerous, but of no great variety. I think we distinguished only three or four species, noticeably an orange-crested cockatoo similar to but larger than the well-known Australian sulphur-crested cockatoo. They are considerably larger than a Canadian crow and are quite white but for their crest, which I should describe as a dark orange color. A species of dove about the size of our pigeons was quite

common, and when we were able to shoot one we had a very choice dish.

After spending a week in the vicinity in which we had camped, during which time we had collected some forty or fifty pounds of rubber and other gums from the various vines and trees to be found in that district, we returned to the village, where our policeman with our horses was waiting for us. From there we returned to Madjene by horseback.

The week that remained before our steamer was due was spent most pleasantly at tennis on the Contrôleur's beautiful concrete court and at wining and dining at his bungalow during the long evenings. During these evenings his wife, a most charming woman, entertained us in part with sonatas on the pianoforte, while our most worthy host related interesting anecdotes of his life as a civil officer in various parts of the Netherlands and India. Thus charmed with our hosts, it was with genuine regret that we said good-bye as we boarded our steamer for Makassar.



ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

The Anglo-Saxon is traditionally conservative. This statement, although it is sufficiently hackneyed and time-honored to leave room for a degree of doubt as to its accuracy, may serve to explain the survival of one institution that has almost, if not quite, outlived its usefulness. We refer to the editorial. With the passing of the great personal editors passed the power and hence the value of the editorial page. "Then," asks some devotee of consistency, who does not swear by Emerson, "why not have the courage of your convictions and omit them?" Alas, gentle critic, we are Anglo-Saxon.



ACTA exists for the students of Victoria, graduate and undergraduate. It aims, in its different departments, to reflect the various aspects of college life, to aid in the development of undergraduate literary talent, and finally, it aspires to retain its honorable position among college publications. In order that

this three-fold result may be obtained, the co-operation of every Vic student is needed. If you must absolutely decline to exercise your creative talent or your ability as a chronicler or essayist, you may still fulfil your duty to your own journal by taking a sympathetic and practical interest in it, by helpful suggestions to the staff, by aiding the Locals and Personals editors in their search for information, and in many other ways that will suggest themselves. If, however, you feel in the faintest degree the warmth of the sacred fire within your spirit, by all means let us have the opportunity of testing its genuineness. Thus you will enable us to realize our second ambition, and, if you will remember that your work for ACTA is worthy of your best effort, you will also render more easy the attainment of the third ideal.



Dr. Blewett

While the world of thought has been made poorer through the death of Dr. Blewett, Victoria College has suffered a personal and irreparable loss. To the loving tribute by Dr. Wallace, which appears in this issue, and which voices the regret of his fellow thinkers and the grief of his colleagues, we can only add that its feeling of sorrow and sense of loss is shared by those whose relations with him were those of students, who had felt his powerful influence, both intellectually and spiritually, in the lecture room and in the private conference, and who hence shared the pride in, and personal esteem for, a strong teacher, and a great and good man.



The Freshmen

ACTA hastens to seize this first opportunity of officially welcoming the new-comers to our halls. Our welcome may not be so demonstrative and affectionate in appearance as those of others, but it is none the less real and cordial, and may very

possibly be more disinterested. Still, the welcome of no group is entirely disinterested. Each professor is on the look-out, like the old Dominie, for a "lad o' pairts," who will display a peculiar genius and fondness for his especial department. The staff, collectively, is hoping against hope that this incoming class will be an "all-star cast," which will recompense it for its disappointment in every other year. Our athletic chiefs are going about critically watching promising freshies for indications of future campus prodigies. We have already confided our hopes. Then, there are others, all with intentions thoroughly beneficent. There are two extreme types of freshmen, and the normal generally possesses some of the characteristics of one or both of these types. The first is the man who comes up from Hopkins' Corners, as their most splendid contribution. He has been president of the Epworth League, and manager of the local soccer team, and is generally regarded at home as a man who will startle Toronto first, and later, will move the Empire. The second type is represented by the sterling man, who has worked his way up, without the advantages of his more luxuriously cradled brother. He is generally going into theology. Victoria welcomes both these types, for she believes she can do them good.

The local lion will very naturally come up here with an enlarged idea of his relative importance. As a matter of fact, he is generally a rather able man, with a slightly exaggerated opinion of himself. Besides several institutions about the college whose purpose is the treatment of this mental disorder, the whole course of college life and influence tends to eradicate, or at least, mitigate it—if the man is worth while. Hence, we welcome the pride of the township. The second type is apt to place a very low estimate on the conventionalities, and to despise them as superficial, if not as so many forms of hypocrisy. It is Carlylian in its hatred of sham, and it tends to confound sham with the formalities of polite intercourse. This is the type which the social side of Victoria can help, if he will allow it, by removing from his mind a prejudice which cannot but seriously narrow his sphere of usefulness, and nowhere more than in the ministry.

May we suggest one more field for the exercise of college spirit? When you do your purchasing, do not forget to take a look over the advertisements in Acta. Among them is one which merits attention from our students. We refer to the advertisement of the Book Bureau, under the management of Mr. W. C. Graham. He assures us that all he asks is that students would give him an opportunity of demonstrating why they should patronize home institutions.



In our next issue we hope to make an announcement with regard to the prize essay and short story competitions.

Young Women's Christian Association

Come to the Y. W. C. A. and give it the best you have. Let the other girls of the College have the benefit of your friendship and the inspiration of your best thoughts and aspirations. Come and share with us the pleasure of meeting notable people from all over the world who are here at different times for the very purpose of stirring our imagination, broadening our sympathies, and quickening our zeal. The society will reveal to you new possibilities in your life, and offer you opportunities for service. Our aim is to lead every girl in the College into close and vital relationship with Jesus Christ. Come and experience the joy of helping to accomplish this.

“We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.”

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

The Personals Editor earnestly requests contributions from graduates and friends of the College who may have any items of news which would be of interest to ACTA's readers. The permanent secretaries of classes, and in fact all graduates, are urged to consider themselves *ex officio* reporters to this department and thus make it as interesting for graduates as "Locals" is for undergraduates.

The Class of 1912

We are indebted to the secretary and two or three other members of the year for the following list of the addresses and pursuits of their classmates. Unfortunately a more complete list cannot be obtained at the present date.

Miss E. A. Austin is out West, teaching school.

Miss B. M. Barry is at home at Niagara Falls.

Miss H. F. Farley is attending "Faculty" at Queen's.

Miss K. B. Ferris is at home at Campbellford, Ont.

Miss E. E. Kelly is at her home in Thorold.

Miss M. E. Lowery is at her home in Toronto.

Miss E. V. Phillips is teaching in Alberta.

Miss L. Porte is at her home at Picton, Ont.

F. G. McAlister is making good use of his ACTA experience. He is now on the staff of the *Toronto News*.

The following are registered at "Faculty": Misses Adams, Baker, Byram, Hamer, Johnston, Kenny, Locklin, Middlebrook, Shorey, and Stapleford.

W. C. Graham is back at College for theological work. He is also running the college Book Bureau, the most up-to-date book store in the city.

The following K.C.'s in embryo have registered at Osgoode Hall this fall: F. A. A. Campbell, Hugh Beatty, K. B. MacLaren, H. E. Manning, W. W. Evans, H. Guthrie, A. H. Plant.

D. T. Gray and R. M. Edmanson are with law firms in Edmonton.

E. F. Johnston is preaching at Espanola, Ont.

M. M. Whiting has gone to Japan. He was married before his departure.

A. E. Black is preaching at Thessalon, Ont.

D. H. Connor is with a chartered accountant's firm in the city.

G. M. Dale is continuing his studies in the faculty of medicine.

H. W. Manning is with the Canada Life Assurance Co.

A. E. McCutcheon is teaching at Albert College.

H. W. McIntosh is preaching down East.

W. B. Wiegand has a sessional appointment in the department of chemistry.

J. R. Brown and E. Davidge are preaching in the West.

F. N. Stapleford, H. D. Taylor, E. A. Chester, W. F. Dixon, T. B. Edmunds, H. Holgate, H. O. Hutcheson, J. M. Keys, W. J. Lloyd, H. L. Roberts and A. G. Young are back at college for theology.

J. A. E. Montgomery, '11, is back for B.D. work.

J. M. Bishop is registered at S. P. S.

E. C. Hunter, '11, is back in the city, having been appointed assistant pastor at Elm Street Church.

We are sorry to lose F. M. Quance, '14, who is going to complete his course at Alberta College.

"Rev. Robert Pearson, of Red Deer, Alta., is in Toronto on a short visit. Mr. Pearson is known in the West as 'The Sporting Parson,' being a leading figure in amateur sport, and president of the Alberta Athletic Association."—*Toronto Daily Star*. Mr. Pearson graduated from Victoria in 1904.

The Faculty

Chancellor Burwash has left for a visit to Edmonton, having been granted a year's leave of absence. Dr. Burwash has been connected with the College for fifty-four years, and for twenty-five of these as Chancellor, a period which has seen remarkable expansion and progress at Victoria, due in a great measure to Dr. Burwash's untiring work. ACTA wishes him an enjoyable holiday and complete restoration to health.

Hon. Justice J. J. MacLaren, M.A., LL.D. will be acting President during Dr. Burwash's absence.

Prof. A. E. Lang has been granted a year's leave of absence and will spend the winter in Germany.

Dr. F. H. Snow and Messrs. C. E. Auger and C. B. Sissons have been appointed Associate Professors.

G. E. Evans, B.A., '12, has been appointed instructor in preliminary Greek.

We welcome to the college this fall Prof. W. H. Greaves, M.A., who has joined the faculty in the capacity of Associate

Professor of Public Speaking. Prof. Greaves graduated in theology from Boston University, and in public speaking from the Currie School of Elocution. During the last two years he has been teacher of elocution and instructor in English at Queen's University, Kingston. He will have charge of the work in elocution in the Faculty of Theology, and hopes also to be able to give some instruction during the summer months to those who are unable to attend the regular lectures. Those who heard his lecture on "The Vocal Interpretation of the Bible" at the Theological Conference were strongly impressed not only by his fitness for this work and the inspiration of his words but also by his manly and attractive personality.

Marriages

PATTERSON—BARTLETT.—In the early part of June, Miss Bartlett, daughter of Rev. S. T. Bartlett, Toronto, was married to Mr. George S. Patterson, B.A., B.D.

COOMBS—PELTON.—On Aug. 28, the marriage was solemnized of Miss Elizabeth Jean Pelton to Mr. F. E. Coombs, B.A., '07. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. L. L. Lawrence, B.A. Mr. and Mrs. Coombs are now residing at 158 Delaware Ave.

BROWN—McCRAE.—Two members of '07 were united in the bonds of matrimony when Miss Maud McCrae became the wife of W. T. Brown, Ph.D. Miss Eva McCrae was maid of honor, while the groom was supported by his brother, F. S. Brown, '14.

HENDERSON—GRAHAM.—In the early part of the summer Miss Helen Graham, B.A., '08, was married to C. D. Henderson, B.A., '06.

HINCKS—MILLMAN.—The marriage of Miss Mabel Millman to C. M. Hincks, B.A., M.B., of the class of '05, took place on September 25, in the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Hincks will reside at 46 Hampton Court, Avenue Road.

News of the marriage of S. W. Eakins, '04, N. E. Bowles, '03, and B. H. Robinson, '11, has been received, but the time, the place, and other particulars could not be ascertained.

To all these couples ACTA offers congratulations and best wishes.



Deaths

Early in September occurred the death of Mr. T. H. Bull, B.A. ('57), K.C., a former student and a loyal friend of the College.

Exchanges

The only October number which has come to hand as yet is that of the *O. A. C. Review*. Its articles are for the most part of a technical nature, but it also contains some good "Locals" and short verses which seem to show that it has many contributors among the student body.

The editor also acknowledges the receipt of the following journals, with apologies for omissions: *The Oxford Magazine*, *The University of Ottawa Review*, *The University Monthly*, *The Acadia Athenæum*.



Athletics



Before any mention is made of college athletics, something must be said regarding those of the whole University. Any man who thinks he has the slightest chance of making a place on any of the Varsity teams either in Rugby or Soccer should get out and try. No man who can catch a place on the Firsts or Seconds should play with Victoria College. Try for a place on the Thirds at any rate if you play Rugby. You will still be eligible for the Mulock Cup series. The same principle applies to Soccer and Track, and indeed to every form of University athletics. If you are a track man enter in the University athletic meet as well as in that of Victoria. Don't forget that University athletics are more important than those of the College.

Rugby

During the last three years Victoria has been three times in the finals for the Mulock Cup, emblematic of the University Interfaculty Championship. This is in itself a good record. Three years ago Victoria won the cup, while in the last two years she was defeated only by the narrowest of margins. So if we are to keep up our reputation it is up to us to win the cup this year. Over half of last year's team have left us, so Captain Duggan will be looking to last year's Seconds and to the in-

coming Freshmen to supply the deficiency. Many a man thinks that he cannot play Rugby, and that if he could he would not like it. If this is the way you are looking at it, borrow or steal a suit and get out and try. The chances are that you will like it, and will play a good deal better than you expected. If you do not make the team the first year you try you probably will in the near future. It is far better to get out yourself than to stand on the side lines and see someone else play the game for you. A rooter is all right in his place, but a man who can or who at least tries to play the game is far better. We count on the Seconds to get the First team into shape, and it is on the Second team that the recruit can learn the game. The only way is to try. If you want any more information on the subject speak to Captain Duggan or Manager Burt. They will be very glad to assist you.

Soccer

The exhortation in favor of Rugby applies equally to Soccer. If you prefer Soccer to Rugby get out and play. You can probably do something at either one or the other. Victoria has always done well at Soccer. The days are not far gone when we always won the Intermediate Interfaculty Soccer Championship. Let us hope that they will soon return.

The New Athletic Building

That which first attracts the attention of the student is doubtless the building in course of erection on the site of the old alley board. The Victoria College Skating Rink would be doomed financially this winter if better accommodation for the public were not being put up. The new building, which will be completed before the rink opens, will provide dressing rooms on the ground floor to the public, while upstairs there will be a basket-ball floor which will serve also as a place to play hand-ball in winter.

Handball

The theologists are doubtless sighing over the scenes of demolition in the neighborhood of the old alley boards. They shall not, however, have long to wait, for the present moment gives good promise of an early completion of the new courts. With two new double courts and a floor that will not be in a continual state of disrepair, Vic's national game will surely flourish.

Tennis

During the past two years tennis conditions have been far from favorable. Buildings operations cut off the last two of the old courts. This year, however, the old courts are in shape again, and while the new handball court is destroying one of the new courts north of the campus, we shall have three courts at any rate. The tournament to be run off this fall, consisting of open and handicap singles, men's and mixed doubles, will be in charge of Mr. A. P. McKenzie.

The Play Spirit

"The glorious thing about life," says Dr. Gulick, "is that the great work is play. The wars, the heroisms, the discoveries, the constructions have all been engaged in by mature men in the play spirit." It is this play spirit which we, as college students need to cultivate. Joseph Lee has divided the periods of play into: Dramatic—largely solitary, self-assertive—rather quarrelsome, and the Loyal period which we trust we have reached, and in this stage, characterized by loyalty, a new, impelling force urges us on. "Not for self, but for Victoria." is the motto of this new game in which the individual, dominated by the true play spirit, thrilling with devotion for her *Alma Mater*, completely forgets herself.

Much of our best training along these lines is derived from league games. Fortunate are we to belong to a league such as

exists between Toronto University and the affiliated colleges of St. Hilda's and Victoria, which brings us in contact in the spirit of play with the students of our sister colleges.

We are privileged at Victoria in being able to participate in all the best sports for girls. Their success this year depends on you and me. Tennis, needing no word of recommendation, comes first, and we hope that those who have been enjoying this delightful sport during the summer will keep in practice till the fall Tournaments are over, and then join in the paper chases—those glorious runs up hills and down dales, over which all who attend are enthusiastic. Basket-ball is simple, and its fun can be enjoyed at the start, but even more so as it progresses. Then come the hockey games, which, with the added stimulus of an inter-year hockey cup left by '12, afford hopes of many splendid matches on our cherished rink.

V. C. A. C. needs you, and you need the stimulus of indoor and outdoor exercise. Get in the play spirit, and feel a new sense of the joy of life, and a bent towards optimism.





Freshman, to Mr. A. L. Phelps.—“Can you tell me where Webster St. is?”

Mr. Phelps—“I don’t know, I’m sure.”

Freshman—with a knowing nod.—“I see you’re fresh, too.”

Street vendor, calling, “Bones! Bones!”

Miss Hay, ’14—“Tell that fellow I’ll be out in a minute.”

Mr. Auger, to the English class of ’14.—“Now, I’m not going to take you over the First Quarto. It’s an interesting study for scholars, but——”

(Further speech was not necessary to illuminate this suggestive pause.)

This space is reserved for Miss Hubbell.

Senior, in May—“I know I’ll get a B.L. in French.”

Miss Tucker, ’15.—“Is that a higher degree than B.A.?”

Miss Snider, ’13 (enjoying Muskoka brand of ice cream near Elgin House.)—“I wonder what all these black specks are anyway.”

Miss Spence, ’13, with sudden inspiration—“Oh, I guess it’s tutti frutti ice cream, and these are the seeds of the fruit.”

Miss Snider, ’13—“I have a stone out of my Vic. pin, but I leave it out so I can always tell my own.”

Miss Edwards, ’14 (sententiously)—“Well, there is a silver cloud to every lining.”

Miss Going, '14, on board the steamer—"Setzen Sie sich!"
Miss Flanders, '14 (disgustedly)—"Get seasick yourself."

Miss Merritt, '13—"She ain't no nice lady."

Miss Hung, laughing heartily—"I think it so queer to hear such funny English."

Mr. Auger to English Class—"You know, it wasn't the intention of a man like Hamlet to cry over skimmed milk."

Miss Morgan, '14—"Miss McAuley sleeps fifteen hours per diem—per usual. These are the only two Latin expressions I know, so I like to use them."

LOST—Yellow Collie Dog on Friday, May 24th, named Paddy, wearing roll collar; reward. J. H. Mullen, Annesley Hall, Queens Park. 'Phone N. 2924. *Anyone detaining after this notice will be prosecuted.* (Chatham papers please copy.)

An early one on Mr. Wise—

The small sister of one of the Seniors was playing school. On her register the name of Mr. Wise figured prominently. When asked the reason why, she answered in innocent surprise: "Why, don't you know? I had to have someone who was always late."

Freshman at reception, "Can you give me four?"

She—"I think one would be enough."

He—"I mean No. 4."

Echo of the scrap.—

Phrenologist—"Dear me, your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a chauffeur?"

Subject—"No, a freshman."

The Student's Lament

Broke, broke, broke,
I'm left without a cent,
My very last quarter has just been paid
To the student government.

O well for the millionaire's child,
As she pays for the ACTA's news,
I can't afford to take it, so
My neighbor's I'll peruse.

And the many societies come,
And their many claims present,
But Oh! for a sight of my vanished wealth,
And numberless nickels I've spent.

Broke, broke, broke,
Though the first of the month it be,
But the money's worth of the dues I've paid
Will never come back to me.

Taylor, Sr.—“Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Hamil, also a scholarship man.”

She never saw a city, she was raised in a vegetable garden.
Miss Clark—“She's a dead beat, isn't she?”

Miss Flanders—“Do you remember the time everybody got under 20 in Latin?”

Miss Clark—“Do you remember the time everybody got under an umbrella?”

Freshmen are invited to send in any little jokes they know of, especially those on themselves.

P. S.—It is requested that full explanations be attached, so that they will be intelligible.

Sophette (during a promenade at the Y. Recept.) "Isn't this dreadfully slow?"

Unwitting Freshman—"I'm sure I don't know. I never had one before in my life."

Freshman's Soliloquy

To be or not to be,—that is the question.
Whether I'm to be distinguished, and I question if I am,
Or extinguished, but that's out of the question.
I'll be distinguished, but how?
Ah, there's the rub.

There are many more items which would, no doubt, be of interest to many, but the insertion of these will be postponed until Locals Editors have had time to increase the insurance they carry.

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ACTA VICTORIANA



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“How profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs.”

55

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVI. TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1912.

No. 2

Thought's Place

Hast thou a strong, true thought?
Give freely to life's toilers on the way,
That they may meet the burdens of the day,
And bear them bravely as brave spirits may;
For so God's work is wrought.

Clothe thought in gracious guise;
Though true as truth itself it may be kind;
Though strong as life, 'tis thought's fine cords that bind;
Though firm as rock, let timid spirits find
Thy great thoughts sweet as wise.

Give thought its royal place;
Thou art as are thy thinkings, and thy power
To uplift and to comfort is the dower
God gives thee with the growth of every hour,
That He alone may trace.

C. S.

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

BY ARTHUR P. MCKENZIE.

Two rows of polished black teeth flashed in a smiling interrogation—an interrogation that was intended to be arch and coquettish. The buxom mistress of the little tea house looked across at the young foreigner. Under her hand floated a number of small melons in the cool overflow of a bubbling artesian well. She awaited his selection.

“Yes, mistress; the little yellow one, please.”

Deftly she picked it out, cleaned and sliced it with a few quick motions, and served it to him on the matted floor in a small lacquer tray.

A grateful breeze tinkled the bright glass ornaments hanging among the bead curtains. Beyond this rainbow veil passed the afternoon crowd on its way to the beach. The festival of the Storm God, or the great Matsuri—to use the native Japanese appellation—is popular, and the surrounding rural community upholds it enthusiastically, trudging in on foot to the little seaport town when the days of the carnival held in honor of our worthy divinity come around once more, with the burning August sun.

The little tea house was full. The full tide of conversation had ebbed slightly at Lloyd’s entrance, now it flowed high again. A group of wiry seamen, brown and weatherbeaten to the last degree, were discussing noisily the merits of various champions of the wrestling ring, now as always a favorite sport with the fisher-folk and the peasantry. An argument over a ricebag-lifting contest held the interest of another group, which centered about a student and a young farmer.

“Kato of Pine Point Bay can lift a bigger ricebag than anyone on the coast,” averred the young farmer.

“Never mind,” truculently answered his opponent, an alert young fellow in white figured cotton, a towel dangling from his sash, and a student’s cap set jauntily back on his head. “No question about it at all. Wait till he meets Saburo from the city this evening. He can toss Kato’s bags across the street with one hand.” He emphasized his statement by an energetic puff at his “Pinhead.”

Others were engaged in a scrutiny of the young foreigner. This they did with the native frankness typical of the peasant class. "A good-looking fellow," remarked a withered old farmer approvingly. "His eyes are very pale," commented his companion." "They are all like that," volunteered a young sailor in an off-hand manner that conveyed the impression that foreigners were his daily business. "Some of them have red hair," he added. This piece of news having fulfilled its mission, they fell to discussing his age.

"A contest must be on to-night," thought Lloyd, listening to the babble of voices, and smiling to himself at the more personal remarks.

He and Murata, a friend and student from one of Tokyo's many colleges, were again spending part of their summer holidays in the picturesque little village of Matsunoura, among the foothills of the coast range, nearly a day's tramp from the seaside. At Awajima, the little seaport town, the Storm God is propitiated with much joyous noise of drums and gorgeous processions. Does he not hold dominion over the clear blue waters of the sea? May not his terrible servant, the south typhoon, sweep roaring up through the straits of Tsushima at any moment? All this the fisher-folk, and those of the little coasting junks feel vaguely, though they may not express it in so many words; and so he is escorted from the edge of the waters, by a lengthy and not too solemn procession, and brought to the great temple once a year where he receives much attention and honor, and on the seventh day he is accompanied back to the unfathomed deeps till another year shall have passed over the heads of men. But for those seven glorious days sake flows free and all the town opens its hospitable doors to feasting and merrymaking. The little river mouth is crowded close with the junks from the home town, decked out in an infinite variety of flags and bannerettes, their unpainted sides polished white by toiling cabin boys, ropes neatly coiled and sails carefully folded. The streets are bright with ward and guild banners set off by the brighter colors of large paper lanterns. The care-free multitude presents its happy, inquisitive face everywhere. The temple yards are filled with gaudy booths and insistent side-shows, while on the broad, raised verandahs of the shrines

themselves children hold high carnival with monster drums, beating up a veritable pândemonium, guaranteed to dispatch speedily enough any imprudent and malicious demon to the gloomy regions whence he came.

Murata, strong, kindly, and cosmopolitan, would have enjoyed comparing notes with him over this scene, this warm primitive afternoon; but Murata was temporarily laid up with a bad head. Then Lloyd remembered the primary object of his visit to the little tea house.

"Does the mistress know where Maruyama, the sailmaker, lives?"

Yes, the mistress did, and if the gentleman wished, her boy would show him the way.

An hour before, while strolling along the beach a hearty voice has accosted him. A powerful hand was laid at the same instant on his shoulder, and turning he had recognized his friend of the previous summer, the old sailmaker, who had made him a foreign sail after much solemn deliberation over his curious foreign notions.

Most certainly Lloyd must come to his house and taste his poor hospitality, this very afternoon. Why, he had never yet done him the honor to favor him with a visit, except at his shop. It was scandalous, absolutely scandalous. He must come and taste some sake, and have a bath. "Hey, would not a hot bath be pleasant this dusty afternoon?" Yes, he must come. Lloyd promised smilingly, and the big frank voice was lost in the babble of the cheerful crowd, which talked, called, and shouted, to the clatter of many hundred clogs, knocking melodiously on the smooth pebbles.

He had been half hoping for this opportunity. . . Hanako—he would see her again. He had not seen her often. Occasionally she had been at the shop, and sometimes, by special request, she had accompanied her father when he took an afternoon off and went for a sail with Lloyd. The vision of her, sitting quietly in the boat and watching him shyly, had stayed with him longer than he had thought possible. Throughout the busy winter at the capital he constantly caught himself longing for the summer and the blue bay of Awajima, and perhaps—

most of all for another sight of her dear little face, and the pleasant sound of her voice. So he half confessed to himself.

He finished his melon and rose to go. A little round-faced, close-cropped lad came suddenly forth from behind the curtains, doubtless propelled by a maternal hand. Lloyd smiled.

"So you are to take me to the sailmaker's, eh?"

The boy nodded vigorously, watching the strange white man furtively. It was just as well to be on one's guard with these people. They did strange things sometimes.

Out into the street went the two, Lloyd, tall and athletic, his sensitive face kindling with pleasure as he noted the gay coloring and the bright happy faces, the small bullet-headed youngster stepping sturdily along at his side with an air of grave importance. For three years he had lived among these people and the witchery of the land was full upon him. The gorgeous opulence of life, the primitive throb and thrill of it, drew him strangely. The changing skies and the verdant fairy hills, like the hills of no other land in all the world, covered with mysterious pines, and rushing upwards in undulating luxury of towering summit and beetling crag, all delighted and captivated him. He had come to gather new experiences, materials for tales that were as yet unwritten. Now, at last, he felt as though he were on the threshold of a true knowledge of this most charming and clever people.

At last, after a tortuous itinerary through curious little streets that savored strongly of dried fish and tarry rope, where pleasant matrons turned from their tasks to look admiringly at his tall figure and fine complexion, they found themselves before the sailmaker's house. The donation of a small piece of silver sent Jiro happily homeward. This duty performed, Lloyd turned to enter the "genka," or outer porch.

From within issued sounds betokening much bustle and busy gaiety. As he stooped to invade the "genka," a burst of noisy laughter greeted him. He stood for a moment at the end of a long-closed court, that ran through the house, bounded by an outer wall on one side and the raised and matted floor on the other. A small screen separated him from the parlor which overlooked the little garden. The light paper doors had been taken out of their grooves to allow the air free play through

the house this warm August afternoon. Almost immediately the screen was pushed back by a slender white arm, and the polite greeting that he had been shaping in his mind ready for utterance, seemed to stumble suddenly and unaccountably on his tongue. Before him, on the raised floor, knelt a vision of Japanese girlhood, exquisitely lovely—full of that grace which is peculiarly Japanese. A roguish smile still sent dimples flashing in and out at the corners of her mouth. Her face was of that soft, full oval, that one finds sometimes in the most beautiful of modern Madonnas. Her pale, delicate complexion was rendered almost ethereal by a glorious crown of jet-black hair. It was Hanako—more beautiful than ever. The deep, lustrous black eyes were opened wide in surprise. Instantly, however, a smile of recognition and pleasure played about her lips, and as he began to speak a lovely blush played lightly and transiently over her throat and cheek.

How glad she was to see Roydo San again,—the foreign name was hard for her to master. Would he please come right in, and she would call her father.

A moment later Maruyama San's hearty voice repeated his name, and then the owner himself filled the doorway. Unfeignedly glad to see his young friend, he slapped him jovially on the shoulder and bade him enter.

"Roydo San" quickly slipped off his shoes and stepped up on to the cool-matted floor.

"You know our custom in Matsuri time," chatted the sail-maker, as he conducted his guest to the parlor. "We keep open house for all. These are some of my friends from the coasting junks. I shall feel honored if you will meet them."

A group of bronzed seamen sat in a circle on the floor. Their loose cotton kimonos were thrown away from their shoulders, and mighty arms and massive chests glistened with recent bathing. Out of small flat cups they drank sake, and devoured at intervals quantities of raw fish, sliced exquisitely thin, and served with hot relishes. A delicious coolness pervaded the place, enhanced by the pleasant shadows of the little garden with its goldfish pond, miniature pines, moss-covered rocks, and conventional stone lanterns. From one corner arose a huge pine, overshadowing the whole place. Under the eaves

hung suspended a number of brightly colored strips of glass, opalescent beads, and hollow glass balls, that glanced and tinkled in the slight breeze, adding not a little to the refreshing coolness of the garden and the airy little parlor.

As Lloyd entered the laughter subsided, and he felt himself become at once the centre of interested inspection. His host introduced him as the foreigner who had such strange notions regarding the art of navigation, and immediately a discussion was on foot as to the relative sailing qualities of flat-bottomed junks and keeled schooners. The conversation, though animated enough and interesting to those present, involved too many technicalities for the easy comprehension of the general reader, so we will omit it and pass on to what was of more immediate interest to Lloyd himself. His genial neighbors saw that his cup was constantly overflowing, and were pressing to partake of several varieties of fish, whose delicacy of flavoring they vouched for, when his host suddenly noticed that he had no means of conveying the proffered viands to his mouth. He clapped sharply.

"Hanako, bring the young *danna* (master) some clean chopsticks."

Hanako appeared with the chopsticks on a tray, which she carried across the room and presented to him kneeling, with the perfect grace of the Japanese girl long trained in these little arts. Merely to watch her was an æsthetic pleasure. One experienced the same sensation of perfect contentment and quiet delight, as on hearing a fine piece of music correctly and artistically rendered.

She did not look up, but a delicate flush mantled her cheeks. Lloyd caught his breath. "How beautiful she is! How delicately and poetically beautiful," he thought, as she made her silent exit.

(To be Continued)

Sam Ting

A SKETCH.

They called him Sam Ting at Brown Bluff—though he was no Chinaman. Oh, no!—but a very big, very fat, very Dutch Dutchman who spoke a gibberish that sounded, as Billy Green used to say, as if the whole Tower of Babel were trying to talk at once.

His real name was Schmitz, and in his younger days he could talk the good German of “*der Vaterland*”; but, as he says, in this country one has to be understood, so he goes on speaking a mixture of German and English, that confounds the Dutchman, and makes the Englishman rage, and all the time, quite unsuspecting, thinks himself clear.

His nickname came from the two English words that stand firm and unalterable in his vocabulary and pessimistic mental vision—“*Same Thing*.” Last summer when it rained and rained till the sloughs overflowed and the roads swam, when there were more rubber boots than mowing machines in motion during August, he would shake his head and mumble: “*Ach nien, was ist?—sam ting!—neffer no crop—immer Regen—sam ting!*” Then when the sun came for those long, blistering months the next summer, his doleful comment was only: “*Sam ting! neffer no crop,—immer heiss—neffer Regen—sam damn ting!*”

Jacob Schmitz had a daughter, and Eva was her father’s man, girl, baby, advisor and everything useful and desirable combined. She was good to look at, too, was Eva, dark hair and eyes that laughed, while her cheeks glowed like the wild red rose under the fence, and she sat the binder with as much grace as she did her wild little broncho.

Eva loved her father, too. She was a good girl and was always ready to do what her father wanted. In fact, Eva never did anything wrong till Timmy O’Brien took up the widow Bedker’s quarter section over on Eight. That was when the trouble began.

The widow Bedker’s place wasn’t prosperous when Timmy bought it. She had had a terribly hard time while her “old

man" lived,—he used to beat her. But after he died, as soon as she could respectably forget her widow's tears, she went off to Saskatoon and got a fine set of new teeth that made her look like twenty. Then she came back and spent so much of her time getting another man, that the stable door was off its hinges, and the pasture wanted a new fence, when she set out for British Columbia and Timmy bought the place.

So Timmy and Eva met. Timmy was Irish and he said "Och!" Eva was Dutch and she said "Ach!" But there's not much difference between "Och" and "Ach," so Timmy and Eva thought, and as Timmy got the pasture fixed and the stable door, and bought Hansen's oxen and the new brush-breaker, things looked so bright, he thought he'd ask Eva to come over on Eight and stay with him, be Mrs. Timmy in fact. Eva liked to have him ask her, too, and Eva would have liked to have gone.

But . . . Eva had a father; and although she loved her father and had always been glad to do what he wanted her to, till Timmy O'Brien came, now there was trouble. Mr. Schmitz wanted Eva to sit on the binder, to get him his slippers and read him his papers, to comb his hair on Sundays, and make him sanerkrant, while Eva . . . well, Eva wished to be Mrs. Timmy O'Brien over on Eight.

"Nein!" shouted old Jacob. "Nein, mein Eva, immer sam ting, neffer no gals in dies country—sam ting. Nein. Eva will stay once!"

So Eva stayed—but she was sad in her heart, and her cheeks grew more like the wild cherry blossom than the red rose under the fence, while the laughter went out of the great brown-eyes, till her father was sad, too, and would growl to himself. "Sam ting, immer mit gals. Huh! Vat meg em do it?"

They missed her bright chatter, too, and it was because of this that the old man yielded when she asked to go back to school. He had thought she was going to be herself again, when she so winningly reminded him of that potato patch he had cultivated last year, and comparing herself to those potatoes, said she wanted to be cultivated, too, and have her mind "all helped along to grow." What could a father say to that, except, "Sam ting, gals so cleffer dies' Tagen. Geh, once mein Eva!"

He didn't know that Timmy carried water to the school though, and he never dreamt that Eva would go off with Timmy one night recess, and be married by the magistrate—but she did!

Then Jacob Schmitz was furious. “Kein Mädchen von Schmitz,” he said, shaking his fist, and he lived in wrath and sorrow that day, while mother Schmitz cried and sorrowed, too, though mother Schmitz liked Timmy, and had known he carried water to the school.

That night she made extra good coffee for supper and tried to smile at Jacob across the table, but when she felt the tears stealing out through her eyelids she had to bend down to get her handkerchief, so Jacob wouldn't see. He did see, however, and he saw, too, the little curl that wound around the good woman's ear. His Dutch heart swelled within him. That same curl was there when he courted Elsa in the little green village by the Rhine. He had loved that curl then, and Elsa was “ein hübsches Mädchen.” Ach!—he was young then. Eva was young now! “Sam ting!” he murmured, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks. “Elsa, komm hier once!” he whispered. “Mit Eva es ist der sam ting, Eva muss komm to her mann once mein Elsa!” “Sam ting,” he said low, with his arm around her. “Sam ting!”

A. L. C., '13.



“Lead on, MacDuff,
And damned be he who first cries ‘Hold, enough.’”

The University Hymn Book

BY PROFESSOR W. S. MILNER.

The first shipment of the University Hymn-book has at last reached New York, and in the interval before its appearance in Toronto, which unhappy experience tells us may be prolonged several weeks, some account of the book may be of interest to readers of the ACTA.

The committee of compilers consisted of the President, Principal Hutton, Chancellor Burwash, the late Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Dr. Reynar, the Rev. Alexander MacMillan, Professors I. H. Cameron, Abbot and Milner. In the first year of the work, Dr. McFadyen was also a member. The committee set out with the intention of selecting a body of 250 to 300 hymns for the services in charge of the Colleges' Sermons Committee, and, in the course of two years, passed in review practically the whole body of available material. They worked, more or less consciously, on a few fundamental principles: the hymns should be universal in their appeal, noble in form and sentiment, and should travel as seldom as possible beyond the experience of an undergraduate body. A decided objection on the part of any member was usually felt to be sufficient evidence that the hymn in question failed to meet these canons. Somewhere in his essay on Cowper, Goldwin Smith, the stately figure once so familiar to us, went near to laying down the doctrine that poetry and hymnology were things incompatible. The committee were not of this mind. It will also be seen that some attempt was made, as is fitting in a University book, silently, in various ways, to impress upon undergraduates the historic continuity of the Christian faith. In so small a book as this, Prudentius, the first Christian poet, the soldier bishop Ambrose, Bernard, the monk of Cluny, Luther, Baxter, Bunyan, become living voices of the "choir invisible."

A hasty computation made now for the first time shows that out of a body of 278 hymns (including five ancient canticles), 95 occur in our Canadian Methodist hymn-book, some

140 in "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (I have not the latest edition at hand), and 164 in the "Presbyterian Book of Praise." When we reflect upon how very small is the number of hymns actually used in one of our churches during the year, it will be seen that the familiar and the new will equally emphasize each other, while a sufficient body is provided for all our needs, of the hymns most loved in English-speaking Christendom. Familiar hymns which have been simply embalmed in the vast collections felt necessary by our modern churches, will, perhaps, disclose their greatness for the first time in the experience of some of us; and to this the generous *format* of the book will contribute. A number of hymns, some of great nobility, will be wholly new to most of us, some few appearing for the first time. Such are the hymns from George MacDonald, Francis Turner Palgrave, John Addington Symonds, E. H. Plumptre. It was not forgotten that the book would have other uses than public worship—daily college chapel, for example, and meetings of the Y.M.C.A. One may well believe that before some "awful rose of dawn" in the north country, to which we repair for our summers, Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Still, still with Thee" will recur to some unbidden.

If the book does not maintain the same high level throughout, the reasons are *φωρᾶντα συνετοῖσιν*. For there is no field in which indurated habit is so resentful of change. The things we are capable of believing are matched only by the things we are capable of singing. In my own church, recently, we managed to sing:

"Let Moses in the spirit groan,
And God cries out, 'Let me alone,
Let me alone, that all my wrath
May rise the wicked to consume.'"

When a little boy, my favorite refuge from the incomprehensible in church was reading and re-reading the preface in the hymn-book. One sentence in it would come back to me as we worked over our material: "Knowing that Providence hath not stereotyped the productions of any poet, we have felt ourselves at liberty freely to alter or remake any of the hymns in this collection." I find it difficult now to say whether the hardi-

hood or the conservatism of those compilers was the more astonishing.

Some two years were spent over the music. Members of the committee, who were not working in this section will find that a few omissions were necessitated at the last. It was found, for instance, impossible to set certain stanzas selected from Whittier's "The Shadow and the Light," beginning "O Love divine, whose constant beam." Mr. Ernest MacMillan composed several fine tunes for new or rare metres, but it was obviously inadvisable to go far in this direction.

As one looks back over the preparation of the music, he is more and more impressed by the power of St. Sebastian Wesley as a composer of hymn tunes. Some of his tunes appear in this book for the first time in North America.

I desire here to record the generosity with which the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," the "Oxford Hymn-book," the "Church Hymnary," and the "Yattendon Hymnal" allowed us to select from the music in their possession. In the last instance we are also indebted for several modern versions of the Psalms, by Robert Bridges, of extreme beauty, worthy of the noble book for which they were written.

It should be remembered that in these services in Convocation Hall we have possibilities in the singing of hymns such as are not to be found elsewhere in Canada—a splendid organ and a proportion of young men's voices, such as no church contains. My memories from early teaching days of daily chapel in a great boys' school make me look forward eagerly to the inoculation of our undergraduates with a love for such tunes as Hanover, Old 44, Vater Unser, St. Theodulph; and it should be noted here, in passing, that the German chorale is really adapted only for unison singing, except for such a trained choir as we may yet build up. Indeed, many a true lover of the best in hymn music needs to be reminded, as he plays over to himself such tunes as "Jesu, Leiden Pein und Tod" (known to some, perhaps, as Weimar), that the melody is simplicity itself, and it is the melody that determines whether a tune can be sung.

Mr. Ernest MacMillan, one of our undergraduates in the second year, and a Bachelor of Music in Oxford, was sent over expressly to edit and superintend the music as it was passing

through the Oxford Press. We were most fortunate in having at our disposal so rare a combination of musical attainment and personal interest. But we owe more than I can well express to the work of his father, whose experience as a member of the committee that prepared the Presbyterian Book of Praise, and as consulting member of the Church Hymnary Committee, combined with fine musical taste and literary appreciation, was wholly invaluable. The time and labour which he voluntarily lavished on the book were such as an artist gives to his work. We were much together as the "copy" reached its last stages, and I think I may say that any passing regrets we had when it left our hands were over things which we felt to be inevitable. No vigilance is infallible. In some unaccountable way the heading for one of John Wesley's hymns fails to note that it is from Tersteegen. I could wish that "Helmsley," which we set for "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," had been transposed as in the "English Hymnal," for the sake of the solemn stanza with which it concludes. Some hymns and tunes, moreover, we shall outgrow. Slight defects at least, and such inaccuracies as may occur, may easily be remedied when the book is printed a second time.

Meanwhile, may I appeal to the members of the University to rally to the assistance of the committee in disposing of the present edition of 2,500, during the present college year, if possible, in order to repay the guarantee so kindly made by our friends.

Doubtless a member of the committee stands too near for critical judgment, but I believe the book is worthy of a university. Words and music alike are solemn, tender, joyful, not lugubrious, sentimental, or "bright." Two hymns appear to me very nearly to strike the tone of the whole book, "Lo, God is here, let us adore," and

O God of good, the unfathomed Sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, lover of mankind,
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to Thee unite?

Literary Treasures Trove

This Ossianic fragment is published now for the first time, by the generous permission of Donald Macpherson, Esq., of that ilk, in whose family it had been since 1762, when it was most unaccountably omitted from the published poems of Ossian, as translated by James Macpherson, Esq.:

NAMHSERF.

A song of the days of other years! I stand in the mist of ages. Roll away, thou white cloud of years, that the soul of Ossian may behold the brightness of the days of old. Low sounds the harp of songs. It calls back his spirit to the bard.

Namhserf came bounding, stately in his pride, to the halls of Airotciv. The feast of shells was spread. The songs of bards arose, as the music of the murmuring Rebmuh, swift coursing to the deep. But the soul of Erom-ohpos was dark, for the heroes were foes; his spirit burned in rage, like the flaming meteor of the mournful night, red moving in the sky. In surly wrath he left the halls and called his heroes out. They came, stalking, gloomy and silent. 'Neath the moaning elms of Supmac they reared the wall. On the steep sides of Draob-yella they raised the sign of war, while yet the grey dawn was creeping softly in the east. The wind whistled through their beards. They stood darkly, each man on his hill, and hummed a surly song.

The morn arose. The sun came rolling upward in the banks of clouds. The ghosts of other years peered forth from their vapoury thrones. Erom-ohpos had bound many of the heroes of Namhserf within the cave Citelhita. Namhserf came rushing to the fray. He saw the sign of war on Draob-yella. He saw the upreared wall. The hero paused. He heard the sound of battle, and he darkly said: Pleasant to the ear of Namhserf is the sound of war, like the sad, rustling murmur of the winds among the dying autumn leaves. Thrice he struck his bossy shield. He strode across the grassy plain of Supmac. His raised right arm was red with battle. Terrible was the strife of the heroes.

The mists come before my eyes, the harp is silent, like the silence of Oiratno-ekal, when the steely blight of winter is upon it.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTES—The publishers are sufficiently convinced of the genuineness of this poem to feel safe in mentioning the ridiculous objection of one of the professors, who, with that foolish, critical quibbling which characterizes so many of his calling, refuses to admit its authenticity, on the ground that many of the names, if inverted, bear a certain resemblance to proper names in use to-day. A trial of this new method of criticism will convince any of our readers of its imbecility. Has learned asininity ever gone to such lengths before?

The Short Story Competition

In this connection we beg to announce the following regulations:—

1. A prize of ten dollars (\$10.00) will be awarded to the contributor submitting the best short story.
2. The board of judges shall consist of the two members of the Advisory Committee, together with the head of the English department of the College.
3. All competitors must be bona-fide members of one of the literary societies and paid-up subscribers of ACTA.
4. All contributions must be in on or before January 15th, 1913.
5. No story shall exceed three thousand (3,000) words.
6. All stories submitted are to become the property of ACTA Board.

Darwinism and Evolution Defined and Distinguished

The annals of biology now contain the names and descriptions of about 400,000 living species of animals and 200,000 living species of plants. From many little known parts of the earth there come descriptions of many more species heretofore unknown. Undoubtedly, if our knowledge of all living forms were complete, the number of living species would be found to be millions. Of the extinct forms, those strange denizens of our ever-changing earth in ages gone, the number of recorded forms can be but the veriest fraction of the grand total of species that have actually existed. All these millions of kinds of plants and animals must have had an origin in some one of three ways; they have come into existence spontaneously; they have been created separately, and especially by some supernatural power; or have descended, one from the other in many-branching series by gradual transformation, that is, from the first appearance on this earth of a living organism. Whatever may have been its origin, there has descended a continuous succession of generations of organisms. There is absolutely no scientific evidence for either of the first two ways; there is much scientific evidence for the last. There is left for the scientific man, then, solely the last; that is, the method of descent. The theory of descent (synonymous with organic evolution), is then simply the declaration that the various living and extinct species are descended from one another and from common ancestors. This is the explanation of the formation of new species accepted generally in the science of biology.

The theory of descent had been foreshadowed by philosophical naturalists including Goethe, Erasmus, Darwin and Lamarck years before the appearance of Charles Darwin's great work in 1858. The theory had been actually proposed by Lamarck twenty years before, but had been rejected. Even in the writings of the Greeks, most conspicuously in the works of Aristotle, there may be found phrases foreshadowing the theory set forward by Lamarck and Darwin. It was not simply good fortune which led to the widespread acceptance of Darwin's work, even though he was the first bold enough to include man in the

chain of descending (or ascending) organisms. It was because he backed up the formulation of the descent theory with the most wonderful accumulation of illuminating and explaining facts ever compiled by a biological worker. Moreover, he added to the old theory an explaining, causo-mechanical hypothesis, the theory of *natural selection*, or *Darwinism*. Undoubtedly, Darwin was aided in his conception of the theory of natural selection as a possible explanation of the process of evolution by an essay on over-production and the consequent struggle in the human population, written by Malthus in 1826, and by Wallace, his great contemporary, who came to conclusions practically identical with Darwin's at practically the same time.

Darwinism or the *theory of natural selection*, is then a rational causo-mechanical explanation of the origin of new species. The explanation rests on certain observed facts and certain inductions from these facts. The observed facts are: (1) An increase by multiplication in geometrical ratio of the individuals in every species; (2) The always apparent slight (to greater) *variation* in form and function existing among all individuals, even though of the same generation or brood; and (3) The transmission, with these inevitable slight variations, by the parent to its offspring of a form and physiology essentially like that of the parent. The inferred facts (also partly observed) are: (1) A lack of room and food for all these new individuals, produced by geometric multiplication, and consequently a competition among those individuals living in the same locality, requiring the same food, or needing each other as food; (2) The probable success in the competition of those individuals whose slight variations are of such a nature as to give them an advantage over their confrères, which results in the saving of their lives at the expense of others; (3) The fact that these saved individuals will by virtue of the action of heredity hand down to their offspring their advantageous conditions of structure and physiology. This is the idea popularly referred to as the *survival of the fittest*.

The competition among individuals and species may fairly be called a struggle. This is obvious when it is actual, as in personal battling for a piece of food, or in attempts to capture prey, or to escape being captured, and is less obvious when it is

passive, as in the endurance of stress of weather, hunger, thirst, untoward conditions of any kind. The struggle for each individual may, then, be threefold in nature: (1) An actual struggle or competition with other individuals of its own kind for space in the habitat, sufficient share of the food, and opportunity to produce offspring in the way peculiar and common to its species; (2) An active or passive competition with individuals of another species which may need the same space and food as itself, or may need *it* or its eggs or young for food; (3) An active or passive struggle with the physico-chemical external conditions of the world it lives in, as varying temperature and humidity, storms, floods, and natural catastrophes of all sorts.

The resultant of these existing conditions is, according to Darwin and his followers, an inevitable *selection* by *Nature* of individuals, and in turn of species best adapted to the conditions in which they live. Thousands must die where tens live to maturity to reproduce their kind. Which ten of the thousand shall live depends on the slight but sufficient advantage possessed by ten individuals in the complex struggle for existence, due to the fortuitous possession of fortunate *variations*. The nine hundred and ninety with unfortunate variations are extinguished in the struggle, and with them the opportunity for perpetuation (by transmission to offspring) of their particular variations. There are thus left the ten to reproduce their advantageous variations. The offspring of this ten will, of course, vary in their turn, but will vary around the new and already proved advantageous parental conditions; among the thousand, say, offspring of the original saved ten the same limitations of food and space will again work to the killing off before maturity of nine hundred and ninety, leaving the ten best equipped to reproduce. This repeated and intensive selection leads to a slow but steady and certain modification through the successive generations of the form and functions of the species, a modification always towards adaptation, towards fitness, towards a moulding of the body and its behaviour to safe conformity with external conditions. The exquisite adaptation of the parts and functions of the animal and plant as we see it every day, to our infinite admiration and wonder, has all come to exist through the purely mechanical, inevitable weeding out and selecting by

nature (by the environmental determining of what may and what may not live), through uncounted generations in unreckonable time. This, in brief, is Darwin's theory to explain the transformation of species and the infinite variety of adaptive modifications. A rigorous natural selection is the essential idea in Darwinism as it is held by present day followers of Darwin.

A very important development arising from Darwin's theory is a line of scientific work called Artificial Selection, that process more or less familiar to us all, whereby the plant and animal breeders quickly, and as it were, to order, modify the particular species with which they deal, so as to produce new kinds of organisms. Despite the complexity of methods used in artificial selection, due to direct modifications by varying nutrition, grafting, budding, etc., the basis and all-important essential is the selection of a few individuals, namely, those which show the desired variations, to live long enough to produce offspring, and the killing off, before they reproduce, of thousands of individuals that show unfortunate variations, that is, unfortunate from the breeder's point of view. In the gardens of that extraordinary plant breeder, Luther Burbank, of California, great bonfires of discarded seedlings correspond to the succumbing of thousands in field and forest in the natural struggle for existence, while tenderly cared for little rows of pots contain the fortunate few which have withstood the rigours of the artificial competition.

In the preceding paragraphs the distinction between the theory of evolution or descent and Darwinism as the theory set forth to explain evolution has been pointed out, and the bases, consisting of observed facts and logical reasons, with one good example of the application of the principle, of the selection theory have been given briefly. Perhaps it were well now to state briefly the sources of scientific evidence for the theory of descent itself. The evidence is derived from three chief sources; the study of comparative anatomy and the structural homologies of organisms; the study of prehistoric animals and plants; and the study of embryology, that is, the development of individual animals and plants. The homologies or structural correspondences, in gross and in detail, which exist in varying degrees among living and extinct kinds of organisms have but one pos-

sible scientific explanation, an explanation which seems at once to account for the existence of this correspondence and for its varying degrees. This explanation is community of ancestry, the blood relationships of organisms, the theory of descent. The facts and conditions relating to embryology of plants and animals are similarly wholly in accordance with the theory of descent, for example, the embryos of higher mammals are observed to pass through stages in which they are similar to lower forms in structure, striking evidence of relationship between the higher and lower forms. Thus we have convincing scientific evidence, supporting the theory of descent.

As before stated, the theory of descent has stood the test of criticism for many years, and is now established as one of the foremost principles of the science of biology. But Darwin's selection theories have not been so fortunate. Darwin himself felt that his theory was hardly adequate to explain all the variations of forms and species and added to it several auxiliary and supporting factors, which space will not permit us to discuss here. However, nearly all of these have succumbed to the steady stream of vigorous criticism directed at them since the time of their proposal by Darwin in 1858, and a number of years succeeding. The German biologists are, perhaps, the most virulent in their attacks upon and attempts to discredit Darwinism, while generally speaking the English biologists support the theory, though at the present time there are rebels even among the ranks of the English. In the light of modern experimental research it is believed by a great number of very eminent biologists that the selection theory cannot explain all the facts of evolution, though the theory is by no means extinct and is considered as one of many principles which must eventually enter into the explanation of the accepted theory of descent. It is very interesting to observe from certain of Darwin's personal notes, that he was essentially a believer in the theory of descent long before he conceived the idea of natural selection as a possible explanation of descent. Dear to him as was his theory, he expressed the desire that his work establish the mere fact of evolution, whether or not the theory of natural selection be accepted. In the minds of practically all great biologists to-day, the theory of descent is invulnerable, and sufficient to say that

no German or French professor, despite his strenuous efforts to completely discredit Darwin's selection theory, has yet put forward any more reasonable hypothesis than that of the illustrious Englishman.

NOTE:—This brief description of the principles of the theories of Evolution and Natural Selection or Darwinism is given as an introductory to biological essays, which will appear in succeeding numbers of ACTA.

J. R. S.

By the Fire

The gray wind calls in the dark to-night,
At my window it beats and peers;
It cries as if this night, to-night,
Were the last of all the years.

The leaves are driven in packs to-night,
They rustle and huddle and go,
Down the dim streets about the town
While the pipes of the gray wind blow.

Oh, the gray wind's spirit is mine, I know;
Together we roam to-night;
The gray wind abroad in the leaves and trees,
And I in the red firelight.

A. L. P.

The Present Situation in Japan

By D. NORMAN.

The following article is taken from a letter written by Mr. Norman in January, 1912:

What, may I ask, is this situation so full of hope, so inspiring? It cannot be shown in a single picture, taken either instantaneously or by time-exposure. It can be portrayed only by a number of pictures, being then but an imperfect presentation. Some of the views, taken out of the roll and looked at singly, may be discouraging rather than otherwise. For instance, the outbreak of anarchy in the autumn of 1910 was the occasion for officialdom to become intensely suspicious of Christian work and workers, and in some cases we heard of flagrant interference with the religious liberty guaranteed to the individual by the constitution of Japan. Rev. Jno. E. Hail, than whom no one of the younger missionaries understood the language and people better, wrote not long before his death, last August, "In connection with the (Anarchist) plot all Christian churches have had to submit to the indignity of reporting as if suspicious characters, their membership, to the police department, while some of our pastors have had their houses broken into and searched, and all their papers and books seized by the police. The Educational Department has encouraged the persecution of Christian teachers and students, has fostered heathenism, even established heathen shrines, and in several ways has made a farce of the religious liberty granted by the Emperor. In like manner, both in the army and navy, heavy pressure from above has been brought to bear upon those professing Christianity." These are strong words, but they were written by one who loved Japan and her people, and who was loved and esteemed by a wide circle of Japanese, and moreover, one who was not given to expressing hasty judgments. It is only fair to say in this connection, that this suspicion of Christians on the part of officials, arises from a failure to distinguish between the various grades of Socialism on the one hand, and flagrant anarchy on the other. Japan is in the throes of a great economic ferment. The cost of living has increased

several fold within a short period—say ten or twelve years. The burden of taxation has increased enormously, so that the farmer does not benefit as he should by the enhanced price of his products. Among the farmers, the laboring classes, and even the common officials, school teachers, etc., the struggle to make both ends meet is bitter, and there seems little prospect of relief. Recently there have been some strikes of considerable importance, and although they were in two cases successful, all that the men asked being promptly granted, yet the police authorities, after the matter had been adjusted and the men returned to work, arrested a number of the leaders and promoters of the strike. The country as a whole, and some individuals in it, are increasing enormously in wealth. Little wonder that many of our pastors are earnestly studying economic and social conditions and have brought upon themselves the suspicion and oppression referred to above. Perhaps in some cases official oppression may be but the expression of that prejudice and hatred which developed in hearts that *will* not have Christ reign over them. But there is another side to the shield. In some places officials have been more favorable than formerly to the work. In one place the principal of a village school invited a missionary to address pupils and teachers, in all numbering four hundred and fifty, explaining to them the principles of Christianity in relation to moral conduct, loyalty, and other virtues. And many times where a school has been ordered to pay homage at a selected shrine, the principal or some higher official has explained that none need bow before the shrine unless he wished, as it would violate the constitution to bow, simply because told to do so; the sole object of the visit being to gain inspiration toward noble life by hearing of the brave deeds of the person to whose memory the shrine had been erected. Very recently word comes that the government will recognize and encourage all religions because, without religious support and sanction, moral and ethical instruction is believed to be in vain.

Another picture, of which we sometimes catch a glimpse, and which is not encouraging to the inexperienced, is that occasioned by the anti-Asiatic agitation of certain classes in Canada, the United States, and Australia, and the natural reaction that it causes here. We like to think that kindness shown to

strangers is appreciated, and that gratitude will be shown as a result. Ill-will, contempt, all manner of unkindness, growing out of race prejudice, also bring forth fruit—and that unpleasant to contemplate. The treatment accorded to Japanese in some parts of the West is fruitful in hatred and resentment here, where otherwise there should be cordiality and goodwill. The forebodings of evil expressed by the sensation-mongers of Western “yellow journalism” in regard to everything Japan does or proposes, has its counterpart among the same class of journalists in Japan. This touches the missionary and his work, sometimes very sorely.

But these things have a very important place in the progress of Christianity in the Orient. Formerly the missionary was sought after, highly esteemed, and influential, because he was a Westerner, and a scholar. England and the United States were regarded as ideals which Japan could accept and follow. Every Englishman or American coming to Japan was supposed a scholar and gentleman. Hence the missionary had a prestige with little relation to his being an ambassador of the Cross. This prestige, dependent upon nationality, and supposed educational superiority, has been largely taken away, and the process has not been always pleasant. It might have come in other ways had the Christian nations been more Christian. But it has come to pass that the missionary must stand before his constituency in Japan for what he is worth as a man endued with the Spirit of Christ. If he is to be a power and have a place in the great work, which is now upon us as never before, he must needs be above all, a Spirit-filled man. This work is not simply the evangelizing of the Christless millions of Japan; it is also the work of fitting in with, and co-operating with the infant church which has come into being here.

Impressions of the "Bob"

This year's performance marks a distinct stage in the evolution of the "Bob." For the first time in its history a real attempt has been made to give it continuity of plot; and continuity in the "Bob" means the transformation of a series of random sketches into a play, with all the resultant possibilities. As such it may well rise still higher in the esteem of those to whom it is familiar. For the field of dramatization is opened up, and, in view of the past, who will dare to say what originality may not accomplish in the future?

Originality was undoubtedly the outstanding feature of this year's "Bob." It was very evident at the outset in the marked superiority of the programme, and it displayed itself throughout in the continuity of action to which the reappearance of characters, the repetition of tunes and the sequence of events all contributed. This continuity was of inestimable value, giving to the play, as it did, an opportunity for characterization and a consequent interest which could be provided in no other way. Its effect was noticeable in the rapt attention which was paid by the audience to almost every portion of the entertainment.

To give continuity, however, the characterization was necessarily limited, and the satire confined to a few victims. It might have been better if only three or four outstanding personalities had been retained throughout, their associates being constantly changed. Perhaps this defect of narrowness was aggravated by the abolition of the old "Bob" song, which did real service in its day, and should only be replaced by something more effective in a similar way.

But one of the old time features, and that perhaps the most venerable of them all, gave sad testimony that it had outlived its usefulness. The faculty scene was undoubtedly the weak point in this year's performance. In the first place the make-ups were unusually bad, that of the Chancellor, for instance, being quite beyond recognition. But if the make-ups were bad the impersonations were worse. In not more than three or four cases, notably those of Dr. Bell and Dr. Edgar, could one fail to recognize the impersonators. Even Dr. Reynar, for the first

time in years, was not at all like Dr. Reynar. As a result, and in spite of the cleverness of the speeches, which were, however, rather too long and too numerous, the act became uninteresting and tedious, and a number left the hall while it was in progress. On the whole its failure seems due rather to inherent difficulties which are rapidly becoming insuperable than to any special causes. The increasing number of the faculty members makes it utterly impossible under normal conditions to secure anything like a full complement of first-rate mimics, and it goes without saying, that under no circumstances should inferior talent be employed on characters so familiar to all. Perhaps the difficulty would be partly removed if three or four of the staff were marked out upon each occasion and introduced wherever their presence seemed desirable.

At any rate the entire elimination of one act would not detract from the play. On this occasion, it is true, the ill effects of extreme length were not so noticeable, being almost entirely obviated by the cleverness and vivacity of the closing scene, with the result that one must admit that the play as a whole was remarkably good, and that those who gave it of their time and talent are deserving of hearty thanks, and unstinted praise; the more so because they scored their success without recourse to anything to which anyone could take any exception. If we have resorted to criticism, we have done so in the hope that, while not disparaging the committee of '15, it may prove helpful to that of '16.

But a word is due to the Freshmen. They deserve the heartiest congratulations for the way in which they rendered their songs. Might we suggest that they permit the Sophomores to take lessons. But we should like also to inform them that buck-skin shirts are much more appropriate to the "Bob" than white ones. Conventionality in Victoria seems sadly on the increase. No doubt next year's "scrap" will be a full dress affair. Why not?

ACTA VICTORIANA

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to J. D. ROBINS, Editor-in-Chief, "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to T. E. GREER, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

The University Settlement

The student body knows so little about the University Settlement and its various phases of work, that it has been considered advisable to bring it before the notice of the readers of ACTA. The idea that the work of the settlement is exclusively evangelical is a mistaken one. It is true it affords to the University student an outlet for that humanitarian spirit which the college course helps to promote, and gives him the opportunity of making his life mean something even at college, by helping his fellow man to a higher status in life. But it also gives him a chance to repay the people, in some measure, at least, for the obligation which the public endowment of the university has placed upon him. The Settlement belongs entirely to the university, and must be supported by it. There can be no doubt that the results of the various aspects of settlement work—the summer "Babies' Rest Station," the Women's Club, the Milk Depot, the Sewing Classes, the Boys' Club, the Educational

Classes, and the Dispensary—have been eminently satisfactory, and have more than justified all expenditure of time and money. Professor Dale is to speak to the students on Settlement Work in Convocation Hall, November 18th, at five o'clock. Come and hear more about this intensely interesting subject.



Should the "Scrap" Go?

As we stood before the Alley Board on the occasion of the recent annual scrap, and looked upon the modern version of the ancient king's challenge, "Come, let us look one another in the face," we would fain have set the shadow of the dial back three years. So persistent is the primal savage instinct, and so joyous is a real fight! Then, as the battle progressed, as we saw the combatants gradually assume the color of the Ethiopian and the spots of the leopard, with apparel which began to recall most vividly the famous company levied by the immortal Falstaff, and, most convincing of all, as we stood beside one victim delirious with the pain of an injury sustained in the combat, we pondered these things in our heart and concluded that the barbarous "scrap" should go. When, however, at the close of hostilities we perceived the utter absence of animosity, the hearty good-fellowship of the foemen, and the general air of acquaintanceship, we wavered again in our new-found conviction.

Still, if the Scrap should not go, it should certainly be reformed. If it does perform a real service in unifying the lower years, and in providing a mild outlet for that regrettable, but persistent, masculine instinct for war, it should at least be subjected to proper restrictions. There is a glamour, a halo of romance about a struggle for mastery, that every normal boy or man feels more or less strongly. The problem perhaps, is not to repress the instinct, for that seems to be at present impossible, but to regulate it.

Now, the Victoria "scrap" is, comparatively speaking, a very gentlemanly affair, with a most commendable absence of shoe-blackening and animosity, but there are two deplorable features, one of which, at any rate, may be eliminated. These are

the danger of serious bodily injury and the certainty of disaster to wearing apparel, especially that of the Freshmen. The first of these may be minimized by refusing the technical services of any budding Vauban, and restricting operations as much as possible to the open. With regard to the second, surely some arrangement might be made whereby the glove should be thrown into the lists in time to permit the Green Knights to clothe themselves in vesture appropriate to the tourney, rather than to the classroom. Let the men of the present first year take the matter up and see that the function be modelled, not on the Indian ambush, but on the duello of our ancestors, where the challenged was given a fair chance to be killed on equal terms with his adversary. Or better still, let them demonstrate the theory of progress by devising a more civilized and gentlemanly substitute.



Confidences

Will the indulgent reader permit us to hold him by the button-hole one moment longer while we tell him what we are doing and hope to do. First, we shall confide what we are doing. In this number begins a serial, with the scene laid in Japan, written by one whose acquaintance with Japan is absolutely first-hand and has extended over many years. In this issue also appears the first of a series of letters of a verdant freshman to his immediate paternal ancestor. The article appearing this month on Evolution and Darwinism is introductory to several others which will appear in later issues, while the Editor considers himself very fortunate in having secured several hitherto unpublished fragments of noted writers, which will appear in the Literary Treasures Trove series, unless some attempts that are being made to discredit their authenticity should prove successful.

In our next issue will begin our most ambitious venture. Several members of the staff have generously consented to contribute articles dealing with early poetry, mostly lyric, in various European countries.

A Freshman's Letters Home

Victoria College, 7th November, 1912.

Dear Father,—

Well! I've been here almost a month and a half now, and am beginning to feel right at home. I like the lectures real well now—at first they seemed awfully long. The Profs. give us a lot of work to get up, but nobody thinks of doing it. I have begun to wonder just what they think College life to be anyway. I believe if they had their way they'd make us all "pluggers." Some day, I'm going to ask some of them just what their ideal of a student is. (Prof., of course, is short for Professor).

I've been at every reception so far and there are some dandy "skirts" in our year (I mean girls). On the night of the reception they are just as friendly as can be; the day after they hardly notice you—I rather admire that. It makes a fellow thankful for what he does get. I'm glad none of them wear ear-rings.

But say! Be sure to tell Sis to learn to comb her hair every morning and make mother make her do it. It's a corker when a girl gets away from home and doesn't know how to do up her Cheveux. I've started to brush mine straight back; that's the proper way down here.

Please send me my sweater coat; the one with the green body and red edges—I used to wear it in public school, but it seems quite the thing here, too. I saw one fellow wearing his to a reception. I'll have them all trimmed when I get mine on. My! they look well.

Tell Mother I'm learning a lot of new slang; even the girls talk it here—"Good-night," "fuss," "Cheese it," "Can it;" are new to me, but I have all my old stuff in good shape. Even some of the theologues say "By ——" and "By ——" and lots of them say "Deuce." Why were you people so anxious I shouldn't say these words?

I hear they're going to have a swell affair here early next month—the Conversat, I think it is called. How would you and mother like to come down? Cousin Harry may be up from

Queen's. He wrote saying he was one of the eligibles. If he does come I'll have to take care of him myself. Somebody told me the guests from outside weren't very well looked after last year, and that the thing went in the hole.

Say Dad! Do you think you and I could afford to get me a dress suit? You told me there weren't any when you went to Vic. There are lots of them now. It makes a fellow look rather odd not to have one on. Of course there are only a few who have them to wear, and some of these don't use them; but the ones that do set the pace. I don't like to ask for one, but you know how it is. I know it's all foolishness on my part; that the functions are supposed to be informal, that there isn't enough "sassiety" in College to warrant getting one, but I wish you and Mother would talk it over. What would you say if I rented one?

Now be sure to send the sweater-coat right away.

Your son,

BILL.

Kind regards to Aunt Lucy.



"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Our "Yellow Peril"

Shortly after the opening of term, the Dean of the Faculty of Arts called a meeting of the officers of the various societies and year executives, to impress upon them their responsibility in the matter of handing down unimpaired the traditions of Victoria. One specially interesting portion of Professor Robertson's remarks ran somewhat as follows: When he first joined the Victoria staff, the college colors in use were blue and black, a combination that not unnaturally was not entirely satisfactory. The students finally requested the Faculty to authorize a change to something less suggestive. It was then announced by the Chancellor that the Victoria colors had been determined long before when its crest was given it—and here Professor Robertson pointed to the central window in the chapel where the scarlet cross is displayed on the shield. Soon afterwards the students again approached the Faculty, representing that a piece of scarlet ribbon in the hat looked somewhat unfinished, and asking permission to add a gold thread at each side to set off the color. The request was granted (in connection with the hat-ribbon alone, of course); but in later generations, when these facts had been forgotten, the idea arose that the college colors are red and yellow, and often the latter has been admitted to a quite improper parity with the former.

This bit of history is not merely an example of the way College traditions may "gang agee"; Professor Robertson suggests that it might be taken also as emblematic of an ever-present tendency to let the purely ornamental, the non-essential concomitant, encroach upon that which is essential and primary. There are many things like athletics, friendships, social life and amusements, concerts and other means of culture, which undoubtedly lend an additional grace to college life, but these are not what colleges exist to promote; they can be got quite well in other places and at other times. In their proper place they may be like the gold thread on the ribbon, out of their place, they furnish an additional reason for reminding ourselves to "keep the scarlet in the van."

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

The editor wishes to express his deep appreciation of the kindness of those who have forwarded items for this column and also to make the request commonly supposed to have been originated by Oliver Twist.

Union Literary Society

The following lists were collected by last year's editor, but lack of space prevented their publication:

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R. E. Spence	W. H. Spence	H. Roberts
M. W. Shepherd	W. A. Walden	

Miss I. K. Cowan, '11, is also teaching at North Bay.

Miss E. G. Gibson, '11, has been visiting friends in Toronto.

B. J. Hales is stationed in Manitou, Manitoba.

H. S. Spence is a minister at Tyrone.

D. Norman is a missionary in Nagano, Japan.

J. L. O'Flynn is a lawyer in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

J. W. Baird is engaged in educational work in Sarnia.

S. F. Tucker is a minister in Beaverton.

N. W. DeWitt is one of the classics professors at Victoria.

A. N. St. John is a minister at Cookstown.

A. J. Johnston is also a theological man, stationed in Galt.

C. B. Sissons is also on the classical staff at Victoria.

D. P. Rees is engaged in life insurance in Lachine, Quebec.

F. A. E. Hamilton is a manufacturer in Winnipeg.

S. W. Eakins is in real estate and brokerage in Edmonton.

J. F. Knight is a minister in Cranbrook, B.C.

J. G. Brown is preaching in B.C.

D. Wren is in the London Conference, stationed at Ethel.

F. W. H. Armstrong is preaching in the West.

C. M. Wright is a lawyer in Calgary.

C. E. Kenny is stationed at Copper Cliff.

H. S. Manning is classical master in Lindsay.

W. R. Green is in Moose Jaw.

S. R. Laycock is teaching classics in the West.

R. M. Edmanson is with a law firm in Edmonton.

Harold Hutchison is back at college for theological work.

A. P. C. Addison is also a minister, now stationed in Alliston.

J. G. Davidson is carving a career for himself in Vancouver, B.C.

W. G. Smith is in the philosophy department of the university.

W. J. Salter is classical master in the collegiate in Woodstock.

A. L. Burt, Rhodes Scholar, is pursuing his course in Oxford.

D. R. Moore is teaching history in Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis.

E. W. Wallace is home from China on furlough, but is returning soon.

L. H. Kirby is in Africa, engaged in work for a Mexican rubber firm.

J. H. Faull is on the staff of the university here in the botanical department.

Miss E. B. Bartlett, '11, is on the staff of Collegiate Institute at Harriston, Ont.

J. A. Ayearst is engaged in temperance work in the West, with headquarters at Edmonton.

W. T. Brown, B.A., Ph.D., '07, has a lectureship in philosophy at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

J. Arnup is Canadian Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, with headquarters in Toronto.

Miss K. C. S. Rice, of the class of '06, after spending a year teaching in the West, has returned to her home in St. Mary's.

Rev. E. E. Domm, B.A., B.D., Prince of Wales silver medalist, of the class of '08, who has been living at Listowel, has changed his abode to Napierstown, Ill., where he has been appointed to a professorship in North-Western College, duties having begun with the opening of the college year.

A signal honor has been conferred upon Dr. Reginald Aldworth Daly, a native of Napanee, Ont., and Prince of Wales prize man of the class of '91, who has been appointed to the head of the Geological Department of Harvard University, filling the Sturgis-Hooper chair in succession to Professor Davis. This position is probably the highest obtainable on the continent in geological work and is a life appointment. Dr. Daly was geologist for the Dominion Government from 1902 until 1907, then becoming Professor of Physical Geology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Marriages

MOORE—POTTER.—A pretty autumn wedding was celebrated at Dundas on Oct. 18th, when Miss Jessie C. Potter, B.A., was married to Mr. C. H. Moore, of the Star Printing Company, Dundas. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. Austin Potter, the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. A. K. Birks, B.A., LL.B.

SHILTON—FRASER.—On August 1st, Miss Isabel Edith Fraser became the wife of Mr. J. T. Shilton, B.A., Rev. T. Bradley Hyde, of the Toronto Bible College, being the officiating clergyman.

ACTA extends its best wishes.

Death of Mrs. John Burwash

Mrs. Burwash, wife of Dr. John Burwash, professor emeritus, died a short time ago at Calgary, where she was visiting her only daughter, Mrs. Frederick Langford. Mrs. Burwash had left Toronto with her husband only a few days before, and the end came after a very short illness. Prior to her marriage Mrs. Burwash was Miss Henwood, of Port Hope. She was well-known here, both in University circles and among the workers of the Methodist Church, and the sympathy of all will go out to Dr. Burwash in his great loss.

Exchanges

The *Oxford Magazine* is a worthy representative of its ancient and honorable university. Full and accurate in its university news, and sound, solid, and sensible in its comments on university affairs, it affords a marked contrast to the superficiality and exaggerated striving after "smartness" and originality which is apt to characterize the Canadian and American college press.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: *The Student*, *The Mitre*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *The Queen's Journal*, the *Western Star*, and *The Varsity*.

Gleams of Hope

There's a murmur soft and low
Among the rustling leaves,
The wild winds sob and blow,
While fading summer grieves;
Yet some of those parting notes,
Ere the blossom droops and closes,
Still thrill with a song of hope:
Again will come the roses.

There are gleams of brighter days
Beyond the vales of gloom,
Tho wan care's lonely ways,
Few cheering rays illumine;
But grief is a passing cloud
While the bright sun gently dozes,
When sighs like a mist have passed
Again will come the roses.

FRANCIS OWEN.

Athletics



The First Chase

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire.

Such is the tale of the paper chase in which the three sister Colleges joined on Saturday, the 11th.

The merry crowd which met at Sunnyside had a good Vic. representation—particularly pleasing was the splendid turn-out of Freshettes, evidencing the attitude of '16 on matters of sport. High Park had been chosen as the location of the chase and it would have been hard indeed to find a more perfect time or place.

False trails are forbidden, since our chase is now under Harriers' rules. This is more satisfactory for the "chasers," and also much easier for the hares, who, upon this occasion, were Misses Hendrie and Hughes, Varsity; Miss Cook, St. Hilda's; and Miss Edwards, Victoria. Before the latter had reached their destination the alert eyes of at least one follower had spied them out, and Miss Burriss of University College made a dash across trail and won the honors of the day. Others came hard upon her steps, among whom were Misses Ochs, Robinson, Kerby, of Victoria.

Various were the comments made. Some said the trail was too indistinct, others too short—they had only begun to run and were reserving energy. A few were too weary to do anything but rest. All were in excellent spirits.

Never were refreshments more thoroughly appreciated than those served by our gracious hostesses at Queen's Hall. Our parting took the usual form of songs and yells, which must have

made the echoes ring across Queen's Park. Before breaking up, reports came in by phone of the defeat of Varsity by McGill, and among our ranks we soon realized there were friends to cheer the name of "old McGill," and they were promptly answered by "We'll shout and fight for the blue and white and the honor of U. of T."

Basket-Ball

Saturday, Nov. 9th, is the day which has been chosen for the first basket-ball game of the ladies' Intercollegiate series. On that day St. Hilda's and Victoria will meet.

Our organization has been unfortunately delayed by the unavoidable resignation of the captain, Miss Reid. Since a capable successor has been chosen, we ask the girls to rally around Miss Thompson, and strive for that Vic. shield, which is the proud possession of every member of a senior team, and most of all for the Cup—our intercollegiate trophy.

If our sports are to be a success we must have the co-operation of the non-residence girls, and every effort will be made to meet their convenience in the matter of practice. Do not let the honor of V.C.A.C. rest only in the hands of the team. A good second team and cheers from the gallery will help to win our games.

Tennis

Real interest—and that not without good provocation—has characterized the playing on the Tennis courts of late. The Victoria ladies' tournament is in progress, with the championship keenly contested. Unfavorable weather only can prevent that speedy completion which may reveal some new, unthought of, genius of the racket who will, for years to come, bear aloft the scarlet and gold in many a tournament.

We have Tennis players in '13 who will be missed on the Courts. Arise! Juniors, Sophs, and Freshies, and let not one of the few, remaining, glorious days be lost.

Misses Merritt, Gilroy, Flanders, Henderson, Cuthbertson and Ochs, represent us at the Intercollegiate tournament, which

at the time of this writing is not completed. Toronto Club courts are the scene of action. They are always in excellent condition, and the playing is sportsmanlike.

It has been a pleasure to watch the spirited play of Misses Merritt and Flanders, while Miss Henderson has done particularly well. Varsity at present bears the honors.

Rugby

Vic. did not get off to any too good a start in the Mulock Cup series this year. Considering, however, that only one member of last year's team was left, the showing is quite creditable. St. Michael's have a team that should go far in the Inter-Faculty series. The Freshmen are particularly strong on Vic.'s team this year. This speaks well for the future. The weakness most apparent in the game with St. Michael's was loose passing behind the line. Then, too, the men on the line have to learn that the man who makes the hole for a buck is just as important as the man who carries the ball. These faults, however, can be remedied with a little practice and coaching.

Watson's catching and kicking and Stanfield's running are excellent, while Capt. Duggan is putting up the good game he played last year. Campbell and Simpson seem to be the stars on the line. Simpson is very effective at middle wing, and Campbell's flying tackles are the best that have ever been seen on a Vic. team. Such men as these, with a year's experience in Mulock cup games should have no trouble in making good on the Varsity seconds or thirds next year. It is up to us to show that we can develop as good players for the Varsity teams as any other college or faculty.

The following team lined up against St. Michael's:—

Backs: Stanfield, Watson, Duggan.

Quarter: Brown.

Scrimmage: Delahaye, Stoneman, Griffiths.

Insides: Lumsden, Wheeler.

Middles: Simpson, Pearson.

Outsides: Burwash, Zimmerman.

Flying wing: Campbell.

The recruits on the second team are learning the game nicely. No man can find a better opportunity anywhere of learning the game than on the Victoria Seconds. If you haven't turned out yet, do so right away. Every man has a chance. We rely on the Seconds to get the First team into shape.

The accident that happened to Harvey Forster has cast a gloom over the Rugby camp at Vic. It is the most serious accident that has happened in Rugby at the University in some time. The sympathy of the whole College is with Mr. Forster. It is to be hoped that his standing at the end of the year will not be affected. The chances of such an accident recurring might be offset by seeing that each new man is taught at the very first to fall as easily as possible and to tackle properly. This, at the same time, would develop the players much more quickly.

Handball

The popularity of our National game is evidenced by the fact that there is scarcely a moment between the hours of 8 a.m. and 6 p.m., when there is not a seething crowd around the new alley board. It would seem that no matter how many courts we might have, they would always be filled. The inter-year games have been started. Third year, owing to the absence of the writer, their star player, went down to an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Seniors. The Theolog and Freshman aggregations expect to give a good account of themselves.

Asa Horner and Joe Bishop are getting quite enthusiastic over the game.

Field Day

The annual meet was very successful this year. A larger number of entries appeared than had been expected, and some good men were brought to light. The one trouble about our meet is that it is held so soon after the holidays that very few of the men have time to get into condition. It might be well to postpone the meet a little later, so that the men can be in better shape. More interest and competition would be aroused.

W. L. McKenzie won the all-round championship with ease. Considering the condition of the "track," the times made in the

various events were not bad at all. It is not known yet what form the prize for the individual championship will take.

The results were as follows:—

100 yards—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Arnott; 3, Vair. Time, 11 secs.

Running Broad Jump—1, A. P. McKenzie; 2, Lewis; 3, W. L. McKenzie. 17 ft. 3 in.

Putting Shot—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Damther; 3, Arnott. 35 ft. 3 in.

440 yards—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Rosborough; 3, Willows. 58 2-5 sec.

Drop Kicking Rugby Ball—1, W. L. McKenzie, 2, MacDowell; 3, Arnott.

Place Kicking Rugby Ball—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Smith; 3, Watson.

220 yards—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Watson; 3, A. P. McKenzie. Time, 27 sec.

Pole Vault—1, Bennett; 2, Lewis; 3, Henther. 8 ft.

Half-mile—1, Rosborough; 2, Willows; 3, Smith. Time, 2.41.

Running High Jump—1, W. L. McKenzie; 2, Meyers; 3, Watson. 4 ft. 11 in.

Tug-of-War—Theology.

Relay Race—Year '15.

The Inter-year honors were won by the Sophomores.

The Victoria basket-ball players are getting down to work. Three of last year's team are available. At present, practices are being held on the Varsity floor, but when we get our own floor finished the team will be able to practice much more regularly. Last year we were beaten only by Dents, the winners, so we ought to get the Sifton Cup this year.

The new rink and gymnasium building is progressing very satisfactorily. It should be finished without any doubt, by the time skating starts. The Rink Committee for 1912-13 will be as follows:

T. W. MacDowell, Manager.

H. C. Burwash, Secretary-Treasurer.

J. A. D. Slein, G. W. Brown and G. L. Rodd.



Mr. Ayer (speaking of letter-writing)—“Where should the ‘Dear Sir’ be?”

Miss Kerby, '16—“In a cosy corner.”

Seniors, discussing Freshettes—

Miss Phelps—“Some one told me she was reserved.”

Miss Whitney (absent-mindedly)—“For whom?”

Miss Flanders—“Did I miss much at Lab. yesterday?”

Miss Going—“Oh, we had to heat copper in acid and—”

Miss Flanders (very interested)—“Did they give you a copper?”

Miss O—s, '16 (hearing Italian opera on Victrola)—“I just love Caruso. Isn't his English perfect?”

Extracts from Prof. Robertson's report of the University Congress:—

“After so much money has been spent to get students into the University, why not spend a little to get them out of it?”

'Is 'eart was in the right place although 'is haspirates weren't.

At presentation of prizes—

Mr. Taylor is an example of the raw material from which we make the finished product, *i.e.*, the prize winners of the upper years.

Friend to Freshie who had been to one of the Arena Concerts—"How did you like the concert, old man?"

"Fine; the music was great, but I'd have liked it better if they hadn't sung so much in Latin.

Hone, leaving the city for the week-end to preach—"I'll be back all right Monday unless some one in the country wants to get married."

Mr. Auger to '14—"The taste for 18th century Literature is like the taste for olives—it must be cultivated."



"The joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

Fair, '16, passing Reform School on King St.—"What building is that?"

Friend—"That's the Reformatory."

Fair—"Is it also affiliated with the University?"

Freshman to James, working in shirt sleeves in lobby—"Are you the Registrar?"

Miss Patrick—"Her name is Mary, because I heard her say, ' And my brother said to me ' Mary ' ?"

Miss McCamus—"Wasn't he venturesome."

Miss Adams, '12—"Is that Hutchison in the phone box? I never saw him anywhere else."



"So shaken as we are,
So wan with care."

Prof. C. B. Sissons—"I don't like weddings; in fact, I always avoid them whenever possible."

Miss Hubbell, '15, was writing with her pen in the Reference Library. The librarian accosted her with the question—

"Have you a lead pencil?"

Miss Hubbell, obligingly—"Yes, would you like to use it?"

"If I were old enough I would be on probation; if I had backbone enough I would be in the West; if I had money enough I would be married." Thus saith Stratton, '16, in an essay in English.

Hickson—"Where is the elevator?"

Fiddes—"Hurrah for Hengland!"

Laughland—"Why won't you give me a haircut; haven't I got a little hair on my head?"

Barber—"Yes; but why not wait until you get *two* little hairs on your head?"

Zimmerman, Jr.—"I'm the man; follow me if you want to fight!"

Freshette—"My, but the freshmen this year are fierce. They're all either kids or old men.

Cox—"I've paid my Y.M.C.A. fee for three years now, and I don't see that it has done me any good.

On Monday, October 14th, the girls of 1914, observed their autumn picnic at Scarborough Bluffs. One representative each from 1913 and 1915 was honored with an invitation which each joyously accepted.

Words fail to express the delights of that day, and as the camera likewise failed its joys will only remain pictured on the memories of those present.

As the clouds of evening rolled over Lake Ontario, they repaired (repairs being sadly needed), to Rosedale, where they were royally entertained.

The hazy halcyon days of October had come once more with their irresistible annual invitation to the girls of the class of 1913 to spend one more care-free afternoon in High Park. It was a merry crowd that left the car behind and joyfully entered the land of sedateness—lost, High Park in all the glory of its autumn array. It was no longer grave and dignified seniors that raced down bewitchingly “runnish” slopes, that rustled the leaves along tiny footpaths, and over fairy bridges; or that made flying leaps over babbling brooks. It was not till the sunset glow sent its softening radiance over hill and dale that a score of jubilant girls remembered they were hungry. A feast was spread, and eagerly partaken of, while twittering birds and curious squirrels looked enviously on. There when the trees were casting dark shadows around, and gnomes were preparing their nightly dance, the girls of '13 marched back through the Park, keeping step to the dear old tunes of Toronto and Victoria, while the crescent moon was peeping at them from behind white birches, and the stars were twinkling in silent melody. The silent, but insistent group held up an unwilling car, and occupied it alone. One by one they said good-night, and retreated into their sedate shells—grave and learned seniors once more.

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ACTA VICTORIANA



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THE ADORATION

By Botticelli

ACTA VICTORIANA

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NO. 2

Jesus

The wise men eager vigil kept,
A loving, heaven-taught mother wept,
A little baby sweetly slept,
That little babe was Jesus.

A lad on heavenly mission sent,
With heart aglow and thought intent,
Into the Jewish temple went,
That thoughtful lad was Jesus.

A message with grief's haste was sped
To one who taught,—“Thy friend is dead”;
Beside the grave He bowed His head,
That weeping friend was Jesus.

“Let not your hearts be troubled more,”
Said one, “for when this life is o’er
Heaven’s joys for you are held in store.”
That comforter was Jesus.

A crossbound victim’s form was riven,
Love’s fullest, strongest proof was given,
Love opened wide the gates of heaven,
Love’s earthly name was Jesus.

C. S.

Unexplored Canada

Africa is no longer the dark continent in so far as exploration is concerned. The French have traversed its desert wastes to the north in all directions, and English, French and German explorers have made their way through all the steamy forests of the Congo and of the great lakes at the sources of the Nile. In Asia, even Thibet in its circle of mountains has been explored by Sven Hedin and by Russian and English travellers. In South America the vast forests of the upper Amazon and its tributaries have been penetrated by rubber hunters if by no other white men, and there are no longer great tracts of unknown territory. In fact, leaving out the snowy tablelands of Antarctica and Greenland, where man can scarcely exist, all the waste places of the earth have now been fairly well explored with one exception. That exception is Canada.

There are probably more thousands of square miles of unvisited territory in the Dominion of Canada than in all the rest of the world put together, if we except the unbroken snows of the Antarctic and of Greenland.

Canada was discovered centuries ago, and was occupied by two of the most enterprising races in the world, and yet one-half of it is hardly known at all, and the other half is very inadequately mapped. The province of Ontario, with more than 2,000,000 well-to-do inhabitants, thinks very well of itself as a civilized country, and spends large sums in sending missionaries and instructors to other lands: but how much does it know of its own territory? The little southern peninsula that contains nine-tenths of its population, has all been surveyed and mapped in a way, often a very poor way, and to the north of this many townships have been blocked out and decorated with the names of politicians, but how much do we know of the region farther north, where Ontario's sea-coast rises gently from James bay?

Railways are opening up the clay belt, but beyond there are plentiful gaps to be seen, and blank spaces sometimes measuring 2,000 or 3,000 square miles lie between the travelled canoe routes, where rough track surveys have been made. Scarcely anything is on record of the country between the watercourses.

Not so many years ago it was my experience one bright morning to climb a hill in northern Ontario and look down upon five lakes which had never been shown on a map.

Of the district of Patricia, recently added to the province, we know still less. It shifts our boundaries to points 1,000 miles northwest of Toronto, and includes much unexplored country. The best map available, compiled and published a few months ago by the Bureau of Mines of Ontario, shows unfilled spaces 140 miles in diameter, blanks of from 10,000 to 15,000 square miles—untrodden areas as big as European principalities. If this is the case in our central and most populous province, what may one expect in the vast expanses north of Quebec, the Prairie Provinces, and British Columbia? The great peninsula of Ungava and Labrador has been crossed from east to west three or four times by Low of the Geological Survey, and by two or three other exploring parties travelling with canoe or dog-train; but there must be hundreds of rock-rimmed lakes north of the limit of trees and many even in the forest-covered southern part hitherto unseen by any white man. There is one space in Ungava where the map shows not even a lake or river for 200 miles from east to west, and where one could go for 350 miles southward from Hudson strait without crossing the track of a former explorer.

To the west and north of Hudson bay, outside of the routes traversed by the Tyrrells, there are tracts where Wales or even Scotland could be lost without touching any known route of travel. There the barren ground caribon and the musk-ox pasture unseen by white men or even by Indians or Eskimo, who are sparsely scattered and keep mostly to the coasts.

Farther to the west is the broad belt of mountains called the Cordillera, fairly well known towards the south, where crossed by the railways, though Professor Sissons reports unexplored valleys within a day's walk of the Canadian Pacific. Between the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Pacific there are dozens of splendid untouched peaks and valleys. Until three years ago, Mt. Robson, the highest peak in the Rockies, had been admired and even photographed from a distance, but, so far as known, had never been trodden by the foot of a white man. The maps showed Grand Forks river, a tributary coming

into the Fraser close to the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, as rising thirty miles to the northeast of Mt. Robson, while it really springs full-fledged directly from the Robson glaciers. The discovery of this fact shifted the boundary of Alberta many miles to the westward of its former position on the maps. What surprises await us in the sea of mountains to the north it would be rash to predict. The mountainous area is often 400 miles broad, and runs for 1,000 miles northwestward to the Arctic sea, the northern part being generally called the Mackenzie mountains instead of the Rockies.

It has been crossed in only a few places by geological surveyors, such as Mr. Keele, or by parties of prospectors or of mounted police. The unknown and unnamed peaks must run into the hundreds, and the lonely and lovely Alpine valleys between them must be equally numerous. It is not many years since the existence of the highest mountain in Canada, Mt. Logan, rising more than 19,000 feet, near the Alaskan boundary, was entirely unsuspected. The traveller by sea observed with awe the rampart of the St. Elias range, but caught no glimpse of the giant beyond. It is probable, however, that none of the hundreds of nameless virgin peaks waiting for the explorer in our northern mountains will rival Mt. Logan.

Mr. Keele estimates that there are in the north two or three mountainous tracts covering from 5,000 to 10,000 square miles each, where no explorer has yet ventured; so that there are still worlds enough unconquered to satisfy our hardy young mountaineers.

These untouched areas of a few thousand square miles each in the barren grounds or the tundras or the mountains of our northern mainland are insignificant, however, in comparison with the vast interior wildernesses of our great Arctic islands. Their outlines have been roughly mapped through the toil and hardships of generations of Arctic explorers, not a few of whom have left their bones in the north; but very little is known of the parts inland. The area of these far northern lands is estimated at more than 500,000 square miles, and the unknown interior of Baffinland would more than cover a European empire of the first rank.

Dr. Bell and Mr. Low and Captain Bernier have touched these remote outposts of Canada, but it must be admitted that Canadians have taken but a small part in the exploration of their far northern territory. The work has been done by Englishmen, Americans, and some northern Europeans, but not by Canadians. This is perhaps not to be wondered at when one remembers that there are only two Canadians for each square mile of the Dominion; and that this handful of people in possession of half a continent have naturally busied themselves mainly with opening up the more accessible southern part. We are, however, growing wealthy and strong and developing a national pride that should express itself in a real exploration of our unknown territory. We should no longer allow Asia, Africa, Australia and South America to be far in advance of us in the exploration and mapping of their territories.

A. P. COLEMAN.



HEADWATERS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN

Some Phases of European Poetry

ARTICLE NO. I.

Arthurian Romance.

PROFESSOR L. E. HORNING.

In the twelfth century, Jean Bodel, a French poet, said that there were but three "matters" to which any one need pay attention. That of France, based on historical facts, soon lost interest for the great majority. That of Rome the great, in reality mostly tales of Troy and Alexander, kept its vitality much longer, but now has also lost interest for the moderns.

It was the matter of Britain that was to go on adding story to story and interest to interest until it should become the reflex of the best and highest in the Teutonic nations. Born on English soil, though not of English blood, it found artistic development in France from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. During that period it seemed to strike slow root in Germany and England, but since that time it has gained ground rapidly, and is now in the land of its birth the great subject for poetic effort.

Such in brief might be considered a fair statement of the course of Arthurian Romance. Arthur is not an Englishman. He was the leader, "emperor," of Celtic hosts in twelve great battles against the incoming Anglo-Saxons in the latter part of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth century. Where all those battles were fought and with what success, we cannot definitely state. One of them is located at Mount Badon about 512, the result of which was that the progress of the Saxons westward was stopped for about thirty years, so staggering was the blow they received. How Arthur came to be leader and all-important we do not know, although Prof. Rhys thinks he bore the name of the great Celtic culture god, indeed may be identified with that deity. What is of importance to us, however, is to know how he came to be associated with the Cross for which he, in after-centuries is to do such service. Here again we are without much data except that in one battle he is reported as carrying the image of the Virgin on his shoulders—upon this slender information hinges all his later career.

The story of Arthur's doings must have spread slowly

throughout England and Wales from the days of Nennius and Gildas and have been carried over into Brittany at a very early date. By the tenth century a great many of the elements of the story, whether mythological or historical, were well known, and had doubtless been added to in various forms. Ballads were probably current, dealing with one phase or another of the subject, because we find a sudden burst of productivity from the tenth to the twelfth century, which can be accounted for on no other supposition. This was the period when the people of Western Europe were eager for stories and, stimulated by the Crusade, were getting new subjects and new art in splendid variety. The French were the leaders in this time of Romance, but the man who gave the Arthurian story its right to appear among its fellows was Geoffrey of Monmouth. It is quite the fashion to point out that Geoffrey was somewhat of a fabricator, to use no stronger term, but Shakespeare does violence to history and invents new characters, and so have all other great creators. "they went and took" or did whatever seemed good in their sight. The great thing is not whether Geoffrey's supposed authorities really did exist, but whether he has given us a good story, made, of course, from the stories he had heard "sung by land and sea." In reality he did give us a work of art which had a wonderfully suggestive power, for we find it growing, expanding, increasing in all lands in Western Europe. It became the greatest tale of the days of chivalry, and all sorts of romantic elements were added to make it increasingly popular to the court audiences before which it was recited. Indeed Arthur gradually came to take almost a second place as we hear of the great exploits of Galahad, Perceval and many others.

To the story of the grand fighters ranged about the Round Table, also a later embellishment, there was added the immortal story of the unconquerable, unchanging and undying love of that greatest couple of all earth's fate-doomed lovers, Tristram and Iseult. What wonder that this great story of earthly love and war should captivate all minds of all classes! In hall and cottage alike, these stories were told and retold in all possible variations because "they were so good, they were so beautiful." The Church soon saw that this popularity must be turned to a better use, that to the human universal in them must be added an ethical content. In this the Church showed its wisdom, so



V. C. A. C. EXECUTIVE, 1912-13.

E. A. Davis.	E. Gilroy.	J. Clement.	E. Henderson.	M. Mckintosh.	A. Thompson.
A. Merritt.	M. Flanders.	M. C. Cuthbertson.	S. Burns.	D. Lake.	



WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, 1912-13.

M. Finch.	H. Martin.	D. Jones.	S. Morgan.	V. Whitney.	W. Bunting.
E. Langer.	B. Clark.	R. E. Spence.	Mrs. C. E. Auger.	I. Oldham.	A. Cook.
					A. Edwards.

often in evidence before and since. To this tale of warlike deeds and imperishable love, it added the quest of the Holy Grail and the combination was complete. All these strains were combined into one great book by Malory in his "Morte D'Arthur." His book was born in due time because the printing press was just ready at hand to help in the circulation of the story. There were no less than twenty-seven printed versions in the fifteenth century. But it was the nineteenth century that saw the greatest productivity, when we find 213 treatments of the subject (123 alone being English) by 154 authors. Critical editions began in the eighteenth century, and have constantly increased. The favorite characters are Arthur, Tristram, Merlin, Perceval and Lancelot. The chief authors are Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, William Morris and James Russell Lowell. Among Canadian writers Wilfred Campbell has given us a tragedy, *Modred*, which has some excellent poetry in it.

To Tennyson belongs the honor of having brought out fully the ethical force of the story in his *Idylls of the King*. He is true to his sources as well as to Arthurian lore generally, and he is English of the English.



Out of the Darkness



MARTY, smarty, heathen party—I'll learn ye Christmas spirits!"

I stopped, surprised at the unusual Christmas greeting, and was relieved to find it was not for me. It was the home thrust of one of a pair of youngsters who were fighting in the shadow of the school-yard—fighting, actually, on Christmas Eve. And yet I felt a certain satisfaction as I watched that scrambling, scratch-ing pair, for they were so well ex-pressing what I was feeling. Their frame of mind harmonized with the world around—or was it with the

weather? sticky, steamy weather, with irritating gusts of wind, and now and then a cutting attack of sleet that made men plunge into their coat collars with a scoundrelly air, and push along the dirty sidewalk in unsociable haste. Unreasonable weather for Christmas Eve, and it had less than six hours in which to redeem itself. I remember, it seemed to me very suitable, just part of the general scheme of things, that the new hydro-electric lamps were dim, that the grocery windows had a tearful look, their festal display nothing but a blur behind trickling panes, and that the suburban car, our pride, our means of communication with the great world, that evening was groaning a rheumatic way up Main Street. The very town-clock felt the dampness. It tolled six as I was watching the fight.

The heathen learned his lesson, and slunk off into the brightly lighted schoolhouse. His Christian instructor tumbled across the road into the Sunday School. It, too, was in garish contrast to the murkiness of the street. I recognized what the brawl meant. It was merely representative of the feud of the clans. For this Christmas Eve our village was divided against itself.

We were having two Christmas celebrations—nay more,—we had two philosophies, two Christmas spirits. It had begun in the November meeting of the Ladies' Aid, when the question of the annual entertainment came up. We had said pretty much the usual things, how we were all tuckered out pickling, but, of course, there were the children, and it wouldn't be Christ-

mas without, and likely not even snow with this wet fall. Mrs. Peek promised the biggest spruce tree on her lot, and Mrs. Meech promised her nephew, who was to visit her, for Santa Claus. He was a football player and would paint up well. Then our new member rose, and threw the golden apple into our midst with a bounce. She was a university graduate, and was suffering a nervous breakdown, she told us, after being a fellow in psychology in her college! A strange beast to us, but we were being nice to her.

"Madame Chairman," she said portentously, "is it not feasible to depart from your traditions in this matter of celebrating Christmas-tide? Let us consider the real meaning of it all, and plan more definitely to interpret that meaning. I have long thought it a strange anomaly that a Christian nation, a Christian church, should celebrate the anniversary of its foundation with heathenish superstitions and puerile deceptions. What is all this mummary of Christmas trees and Santa Claus'? It is a crime against innocent credulous childhood. Let us be sane and honest! Let us have a Christmas festival, not a heathen orgy!"

She talked on and on, until we began to view our inmost souls as vile spectres of impostures, dancing a hideous revel in a pagan grove, and laughing with cruel mocking into the clear, upturned eyes of little children. And still she talked. I collected my senses with an effort and realized that the Fellow—we always thought of her as that—was proposing now a play,—a Morality Play, she called it. I had never heard of plays in any connection, but that of immorality. It was to be a revival of antiquity, it seems, but not old enough antiquity to be heathen—just enough to be quaint. The Fellow always loved quaint things. She tried to tell that it was a regular business of the Church in days gone by to give plays at Christmas times; in short, that this plan would be quaint and suitable and above all, sane.

Well, we women talked till long past tea-time, and many a man that evening had to eat a bite out of the kitchen cupboard. The upshot was that, from that day, two sets of preparations went on. There were some who had never heard tell of any of their ancestry giving Christmas plays, and whose incontrovertible argument was that trees as were good enough for their fathers were good enough for their children. The postmaster was of this party. I think he felt a kind of personal interest in Santa Claus, because of having forwarded to the old man



CONVERSAZIONE COMMITTEE

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D. H. Porter, '15.	C. G. Brown, '13, Treasurer,	E. C. Hunter, B.A., Chairman.
		C. W. Smythe, '14, Secretary
		E. Fray, C.T.

so many childish letters every year. His wife, on the contrary, went in for up-to-dateness, and would have worn top boots to Church if the Fellow had decreed it. She already wore flowers on the under-brim of her hat. I was dreadfully upset. I hated to think I was a foul deceiver and a heathen, but my heart cried out for the red candles and the glass bubbles on the Christmas tree, and Santa Claus coming down the fire-place in his red canton flannel suit, trimmed with cotton batting, even though I knew all the time it was Mrs. Meech's nephew.

But everyone was not so undecided as I was. There was a sharp, a very sharp division, you could detect it wherever you went—in the market where some folks refused to buy heathen eggs and others held their skirts away from immoral vegetable wagons—in the school-yard, in the post-office, in the prayer-meeting. I don't think the conservative party, mostly the old folks and the very young, took quite a calm view of the Fellow's plans. They didn't understand, and were horrified. And I don't think the Fellow knew how supercilious her followers were. She was a well-meaning young thing, and independent, and went serenely on with her plans for the quaint old morality play to be held in the schoolhouse. She really worked hard, and the very afternoon of the performance, when some final effects were missing, she went off to the city herself, though she must have been dead tired with rehearsals and all.

The other party had the Sunday School room, where the Christmas-tree had been held every year since Grandfather Jennings was courting. Their *chef-d'œuvre* was a bit of scenic effect—nothing less than a reindeer, behind which Santa Claus was to drive up in the moonlight, over the sparkling road. Mrs. Bigger's brother-in-law had gone North once and brought back a pair of moose antlers. Mrs. Bigger used to keep them in the parlor grate in the summer. She offered to lend these, to be tied on a quiet old nag—the spindliest one obtainable, to give the effect of the reindeer's slender legs. (It turned out to be the postmaster's.) The dark, wet weather was disappointing, but they clung to the reindeer, for it really was a brilliant stroke.

At seven o'clock the whole village was on Main Street, drawn up on opposite sides of the road like hostile armies. The sleet had stopped and it was growing colder; but there was not a star to be seen, and the hydro-electrics were very dim. Suddenly, a tiny shock passed through that multitude. Man reached out to man, but could not see him. The electric power was off—the world was in blackness. The Morality Play and the Christmas tree were in one abysmal grief!

It is strange, the power of darkness, how impotent we are in its thrall. I think the opposing committees never thought of being embarrassed by the situation. Embarrassment was swallowed up in distress, and general distress led to faltering sympathy. Everybody was mixed up together in the muddy road. It was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, so you gave up trying. The schoolhouse party were in rather the worse confusion, for their inspiration and guide, the Fellow, had not got back yet. She was expected on the seven-fifteen car, and was now, of course, stuck powerless somewhere on the dark road. The chairman of the Sunday School entertainment groped his way into the room and lighted up the hundreds of red candles on the Christmas tree. Immediately all the children crowded in. The grown-ups were left looking foolishly at each other in the flickering light.

Then it was that we discovered that the patron saint himself was missing. I have explained that he was Mrs. Meech's nephew—a frequent visitor in town and well loved by the younger fry, who owed to him their baseball team. He had joyfully agreed to take the part, and had sent a telegram to his aunt that afternoon—"Delayed off Greenland. Coming at seven-fifteen!"

There was only one thing to do. The postmaster escorted his wife to a prominent place beside the tree, and then drove off behind the patient, be-antlered horse, to the suburban car, stuck somewhere in the darkness.

About an hour later a bright little star peeped out from the scudding clouds. It heard a merry jingle of sleigh bells and saw, through a soft fall of snow, a reindeer-sleigh slipping along, and in it a hoary saint in a red canton flannel suit, and with him the Fellow. They drove up with a flourish to the church door, and found everybody inside, peeping out at them along with the star. Santa Claus led the Fellow to a seat right beside the postmaster's wife, and threw a bunch of heathen holly in her lap.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," he began. This candle light is great. The postman? Oh, he's walking: said he thought the moon was coming out, and he wanted some exercise. He'll be here directly. By the way, I've been asked to announce that the Morality Play, which was fortunately postponed this evening, will come off on New Year's Eve. I would like to recommend it to old and young for its high ethical value. I'm going to play the leading role myself. We hope to see the school-room filled—"

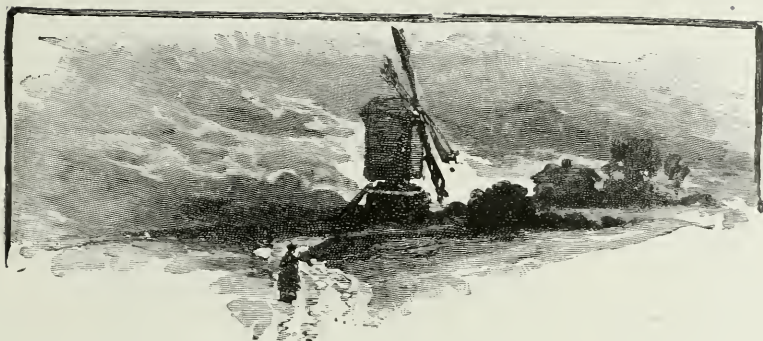
Just then the lights came on.

R. E. S., '13.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE, 1912-13

- | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------|--------------|----------------------|--------------------|-----------------|------------------|---------------|--------------|
| 1st row—J. H. Fenton. | M. P. Smith. | H. O. Rogers. | H. J. Goodyear. | F. T. Graham. | R. E. Zimmerman. | A. L. Phelps. | H. A. Frost. |
| 2nd row—R. P. Stafford. | A. L. Smith. | Prof. L. E. Horning, | Rev. Dr. Graham, | J. J. Mellor, | J. E. Griffith, | | |
| Secretary. | President. | Honorary President. | Representative on | Vice-President. | Treasurer. | | |
| | | | Board of Directors | | | | |



It May Have Been

It may have been a dream,
Or yet a vivid picture, creation
Of my waking revery. I seem
To know not how, or when, or why
It came to me. But this I know,
That in some hour I did see
Before my eyes two figures go,
Walking and beckoning as they moved,
As if to bid me follow.
One was tall and straight and strong,
Yet as I looked, I saw his strength
Was of the flesh. 'Twould last not long
I knew. His robe was rich,
His face was cold and proud.
His mien was arrogant. He smiled.
But e'en his smile was as a shroud
Woven of conceit, that covered o'er
The native beauty of his soul. His eyes
Were hard and keen. No light
Of love transfigured them, as sunrise
Warmis the cold and dreary depths
Of dawn. He carried in one hand
The laurel wreath of fame,
For which in every age, in every land

Men have bartered the golden coinage
Of their high ideals. Wealth
Untold of earth's store
He had. Boldly, without stealth,
He offered both to me, and beckoned
Me to follow. And I, vain fool,
Rose to comply, impatient to receive
His gifts.
And then there came to me
Another. Frail and battered
Did He seem. I did not see,
At first, the strength that in Him lay.
Yet as I coldly looked I knew
He had a subtle, selfless strength.
Plain was His garb, yet few
Who looked on Him would call Him poor,
For in His face there lay a smile
That mirrored forth the beauty
Of a conquered heart. Awhile
He paused and looked at me,
And in that look I met
The dauntless soul of one
Who fears not life nor death. And yet
It warned me to the very depths
Of my mean sordid nature.
And now I knew. "Thou," I cried,
"Art Christ, and he who went before
Thee is the World. I have denied
Thee, Master. For I am flesh,
And love of self hath claimed
Me from my birth. Now I
Have seen Thee and am shamed.
Oh let me go with Thee.
Help me within my heart to smother
My self-love. So will I be Thy slave."
He smiled, then said, "Thou art My brother."



Y. W. C. A. EXECUTIVE, 1912-13

- I. E. Clemens, '13, C. M. Eakins, '13, F. V. M. Lackner, '14, M. Wallwin, '16, A. L. Going, '14, V. L. Whitney, '13, W. Bunting, '13,
Bible Study Intercollegian. Vice-President S. V. Band. Missionary Membership
Convener.
- R. Walker, '15, E. E. Cloke, '13, B. McCamus, '13, Mrs. A. L. Langford, O. I. Shourds, '14, B. C. Harrington, '13, L. Snider, '13
Treasurer. Social Service President. Hon. President. Vice-President. Secretary. Devotional Meetings
Convener.

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

(Continued from page 61.)

By ARTHUR P. MCKENZIE.

OUTSIDE the great drums boomed incessantly in every quarter of the little town, and the cries of vendors rose fitfully above the welling murmur of the crowds. The laughter and the talk of the honest but unimaginative junk captains interested him no longer. On the wall of the house opposite the last rays of the setting sun threw in sharp silhouette the shape of the monster pine.

The last guest departed, happily if somewhat unsteadily, and his jovial host, quiet and supremely self-satisfied at last, leaned back against the verandah post and watched his young friend with approving eye.

"Did you walk all the way down from the village?" he inquired solicitously. Lloyd nodded.

"You surely started early. But then you foreigners walk so fast. You stretch a larger compass than we do." He illustrated, smiling, with thumb and forefinger. "You must be tired. This is a poor house," he continued deprecatingly, after the manner of all good Japanese hosts, "but we will be greatly honored if you will stop with us to-night. Hanako will fix you up as comfortably as the house will allow."

Lloyd thanked him gratefully. For a moment his conscience smote him. He had intended taking a jinrikisha back that evening to see how Murata was faring, but—the temptation was too great, and anyway Murata was in good hands. Yes, he would stay.

The old sailmaker rose and went to hold consultation with his daughter. Lloyd sat thinking, while the shadows on the opposite wall grew longer, and the reflected light more warm and mellow. At length a watcher might have seen his chin fall slowly upon his breast. His lips moved gently.

"Why, . . . why are you still so vacillating?" he muttered, half chidingly, half sorrowfully to himself. "What test will you make now, infirm of purpose that you are? Don't you see it, don't you know it?" A slight pause ensued, then

slowly, "Yes, I know it, know it truly as I am a man. I know now that I love her." At the confession the melancholy that had shrouded his thoughts dispersed swiftly and tenuously, like a slight mist surprised in a mountain valley by the ardent morning sun. A half tremulous sigh escaped him, a sign that the months of stern repression were over. Through the winter he had been telling himself that it was a mere trick of his memory, a fancy that steady work would dispel. But mere philosophizing had not sufficed to eradicate the vision of Hanako. Now, half consciously, he had obeyed an impulse to put himself to the test—and the result—was a victory of his heart, so triumphantly complete that he knew that he could not doubt himself again.

What a dark-eyed houri she was! What Saracen warrior would not have laid down his life with an exultant "Allah!" upon his lips if he could have seen such a fairy vision of delight, smiling a welcome to him through the mists of death!

But the old habit would not die at a blow. He let the thought come, and examined it impartially. "What, he, Jack Lloyd, in his twenty-fifth year, the very fibre of his mind formed of Occidental ideas, and often, despite himself, by no means unfree from Occidental prejudices; this same Jack Lloyd, in love with a Japanese girl?" Preposterous! He smiled to himself. Somehow he was no longer afraid of the thought. The chiding voice died away. A great temple bell boomed deep and melodious, near at hand. Was it an empty fancy? There stood Hanako, smiling at him shyly, smiling the same smile of sweet, frank confidence that had been wont to set his heart singing in the long afternoons on the bay the summer before. She was very sorry, but her father would be back quite soon. Would he like some tea?

"Yes, most certainly."

She rose swiftly.

* * * * *

She was about to withdraw, when he leaned forward suddenly.

"Please take a cushion and drink a cup of tea with me. Won't you, *Ojosan* (honorable daughter)?"

She hesitated a moment, then sat down opposite him.

The house was quiet. A firefly zigzagged out from a clump of tiny bamboo, flashed erratically across the fishpond, and vanished in the long grass that adorned its bank.

He raised the fragrant tea and sipped noisily, as the custom is, showing his due appreciation.

"Did I do that right?" he asked with mock anxiety.

She smiled in quick response.

"Oh, yes, perfectly. But," she added suddenly, "in your country you do not do that, do you? I know, you have cups with handles and you put *miruku* (milk) and sugar in the tea, and," she smiled, "you drink it quietly."

He looked across at her, surprised, then nodded.

"Yes, but how did you know that? Did the *Ojosan* ever meet any foreigners before?" He was very careful to hide the jealous twinge that prompted this.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "When I was attending the high school up in the city, some of the girls went to a foreign lady's house, and we learned to make some foreign things . . . to make cakes. My father likes foreign cooking very much." She paused. "I know a little English, too, though I have forgotten a great deal since I left high school. We used to read about your honorable country. How I should like to go there! It is very wonderful." She looked wistfully out into the garden, indistinct here and there with the first shades of twilight.

He took the opportunity to look at her again. "What a beautiful curve to the chin and throat, and what a fine white forehead!" She turned, her eyes full of dreams, and glanced at him. His own eyes suffused and narrowed with the spell of her presence. Somehow, perhaps it was the spirit of the Matsuri, they seemed to feel perfectly at home, sitting there together in the soft warm evening. It was nearly a year since they had last met.

She continued reminiscently, "My favorite English teacher would take me to her room, and we would read English books together. They were so interesting!" she added, her face animated again. "The girls in your country do so many things. Oh, I wish we were free like the girls in your country. Here," . . . she stopped.

He thought he understood.

"Boom!" A temple bell clanged again.

"Oh, please excuse me!" she said, "I have been speaking too much about myself."

So they chatted, and it seemed as though they had known each other all their lives. The twilight began to fade, but still the old man did not return.

Some boys were drawing a drum past the outer door. Song and laughter floated in through the half light. She bent to pour him a cup of warm tea, and as she pushed it gently across to him, their eyes met. This time hers did not fall. A tiny vibrant, uncertain smile fluttered upon her lips. His eyes grew misty, again, but their gaze was frank and unwavering.

"Oh, what a queen," he exclaimed to himself, almost irrelevantly. "Is it only an illusion, the intoxication of the carnival days, the madness of the Storm God's feast? No!" a triumphant, joyous voice answered, with a negation vast and overpowering.

He leaned forward, looking deep into her eyes.

"Hanako San, you are more beautiful than men can say."

"Oh!" and she cast a startled glance around, raising the end of her long sleeve instinctively to hide her face.

The longing for her, the wild desire to hold her in his arms and confess to the full his love, was overmastering, but, how to frame his thoughts—to express what he felt in halting Japanese to this sweet and beautiful girl, whose attitude towards life, though remarkably Western, was still Oriental at bottom . . . he hesitated.

She looked aside into the garden, her hand at her throat.

"Please do not be angry. You are not angry, are you?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly, looking at him roguishly: "But you foreigners are so funny sometimes." She laughed a shaky little laugh.

The change of mood troubled him for a moment.

"Fool," he said to himself bitterly, "she had to do it in self-defence." Evidently masculine acumen had solved the problem.

She continued. "I used to read in that English book, that

my teacher . . . Oh, you foreigners do funny things," she stopped, confused.

Perhaps it was the enchantment of the evening, perhaps it was the unruly spirit of the Storm God in the air, that prompted.

"And those funny things?" Lloyd knew instinctively. Quickly he was beside her. He made prisoners of her two dainty hands.

She made feint at endeavoring to rescue them.

"Someone might come," she said, looking at him archly.

"But, Ojosan, that is not an answer to my question?" he replied reprovingly.

"Oh, I could not answer that," she said blushing, and endeavoring this time in earnest to withdraw her hands.

"But I will . . ."

"Oh, that was a kissu," she said.

"Oh, Hanakochan, dearest little girl," he whispered, "I love you." He drew her unresisting to him. "I love you with all the manhood that is in me." His voice was rich and mellow with emotion.

"All through the winter your face has come before me, when I sat alone in my study, when I lay sleepless on my bed, when I was with my friends. Do you think you could love me just a little, Hanakochan?"

For answer she laid her cheek gently upon his shoulder. Darkness closed down softly. Out in the garden, in the deeper shadows under the giant pine, a soft point of light glowed—the burning incense before a tiny shrine. They listened silently to the noises of the Matsuri.

At last she said simply. "How beautiful it is—the way you make love to me, as you say in your country. Oh, I hate the way they do here! I hate it." She shuddered. "Some horrid man comes to one's father, and it is arranged that you marry someone, someone whom you may never have seen."

He wondered a little at her vehemence.

A long pause ensued.

"Do you remember how we used to go sailing last year?"

He nodded.

"I used to think about you and wonder whether you would be like those foreigners I used to read about. It is just like

a beautiful dream, isn't it?" She turned up her face to see if he acquiesced, and he promptly took advantage.

A sudden clatter of clogs awakened a new mood in the girl.

"Ara," she cried, springing up. "I have been very rude. Please forgive me. What will my father say? He will come soon . . . with the others. Oh, please go away, please go away. But no, stay. What am I saying? Father said you would. What shall I do?" Her distress was patent.

Lloyd stood up, surprised.

"What is the matter, Hanakochan? I am the one who must ask to be forgiven. It is all right. I can go to the *chaya* (tea house) and stay there quite easily. But I will come to see you in the morning. Please don't say no."

"To-morrow," she said, preoccupied, "to-morrow! Oh, no, Oh, yes, . . . but not to see me."

They were standing under a small lamp, near the doorway, leading into the street. She held her hand at the open throat of her kimono, a frightened expression lingering in her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said, smiling whimsically. "I must not see you again. What would my father say, if he knew what I had done? And oh, . . . they are coming to-night." She looked about her helplessly—miserable.

"Won't you tell me what is the matter?" he cried. "Tell me anyway where I may see you again," he pleaded, for she did not reply.

She looked at him steadily for a moment as though trying to decide, then putting her hand timidly on his arm, she said: "I shall go to the open air plays in the Zen temple yard to-morrow night. Some of my old schoolmates are taking part. You may meet me behind the stage. Now, you must go quickly—please."

"Dear little girl," he said tenderly, "good night, and please forgive me. Tell your father when he comes back, that I had to leave this evening, but that I will see him again to-morrow, and beg his forgiveness for my rudeness."

Lloyd stepped quickly out into the street. The sea breeze fanned his temples and brought a measure of calm into his thoughts.

(To be Continued)



UNION LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE, FALL TERM, 1912

- | | | | | |
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Critic. | J. G. McKee, '13,
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| | | | W. P. WOODGER, '15,
Asst. Secretary. | |

Literary Treasures Trove

No. 2.

The gentleman through whose kindness we are enabled to publish this unfinished essay informs us that its completion was prevented by the timely arrival in Carlyle's study as he sat writing on Christmas eve, of a fine meerschaum, with the compliments of Lady Ashburton.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

When one remembers how long the Flame of Reason has burned now, with more or less flickering, and even with at times a dark luridity and horrid glare as of the Pit; one might well ask wherefore certain old festering heaps of weeds encumbering the hedges of our perfected Civilization have not yet been consumed, nay, have gone to seed and sprouted.

What reflective mind has not marvelled how this pestilential heap of Holiday Gifts, Bargain Cravats, marked-down rose-colored Note-Paper, yellow all-wool knit Scarfs, and gorgeous silk-shot Hosiery is continually increasing, until the Christmas season has been made into a Market Day, when the Money Changers sit at tables, until the time of the long-deferred purging!

In these days of soulless bargain-counter Christmases, is not this *Weinacht* of the Germans become more really a *Weh-nacht*? Truly a Woe-night of teeth-gnashings and strong oaths! Verily, a triumph of our profit and loss philosophy is this woe-night, a night of Profit for the Sellers of doves and Incorporated Commercial Branch houses of the ancient firm, now well established, of Beelzebub and Sons: of loss to all the rest of the befooled and groaning World. What yells, unexpressed, yea, inexpressible, of Inquisition-tortured anguish smother and choke the Victim as the Postman—also not to be forgotten in the Distribution of Woe-night Dividends—brings him the tenth flaring Cravat, which might well serve to emphasize the hideousness of a statue of Krishna in Central India or the court executioner of the noble Nabob of Timbuctoo! What Apollyonic shrieks of

hysterical laughter, not Homeric, but rather Bedlamic, if a fellow-Victim in this Monte-Carlo lottery of Christmas present trading have by mischance given a Tooth-Brush of more value than the sample bottle of eau-de-Cologne—manufactured, not without profit, in Manchester—that had been sent to the before-mentioned fellow-victim; what diabolical ravings of long-eared Rage and Severings of Eternal Friendships if the fellow-Victim's Tooth-Brush be less in value than the Manchester eau-de-Cologne! What hurried sendings away, wrapped up in beflowered and holly encumbered Boxes, with sentimental Woe-night Greetings, of last year's ten flaming cravats to other friends!

A Danish philosophical friend wrote not long since concerning this: "I can well conceive this Christmas Giving, so-called, of presents to be an Invention, perhaps the cunningest, of the Devil's Counsellors, a kind of Infernal Machine, forged in the sulphurous smoke and cavernous scarlet glow of the primordial Smithy of Tophet; a means, most sadly and increasingly efficacious, for calling down on this pitiable Woe-night the maledictions of a groaning and braying Race which yet has sense enough to feel its burden, without sufficient thereof to free itself by a vigorous projection of its posterior heels towards the plutocratic girth of its Masters, the Incorporated Agents." A consummation more to be wished than hoped for! . . .





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Pragmatism, Religion, Politics and Morals

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Perhaps one of the most striking developments in philosophic thought of this age is the promulgation of the system called "Pragmatism" by the late Professor William James of Harvard, or "Humanism" by the Oxford thinker, Mr. F. C. S. Schiller. This system, first formulated in brief outline, in 1878, by C. S. Pierce, was advanced in a concrete form by Professor James in 1898; and in fourteen years it has won for itself a leading place in all discussions on philosophical method. The fundamental tenet of pragmatism is, that the real meaning of anything—a doctrine, a belief, a creed, or a theory—depends on the difference its acceptance makes in human conduct. If no such difference is forthcoming, then it has no meaning. If two supposedly rival theories are without influence on conduct, they are not only not true but meaningless. Hence a truth must have the quality of affecting human conduct, and affecting it satisfactorily.

From this it follows that the long discussions of the past on the nature of truth have been but vain dallyings with illusory ideas. There is no absolute truth knowable to the human mind. All that passes for such is but remote approximation to what may, in the final cast-up of things in the far-distant future, be a very dim limning of the ultimate, the absolute, the fundamental significance of the thing or things involved. A theory or a concept that works satisfactorily, that "fits into and combines with the collectivity of the demands of experience", answers the only test that we can apply, and is consequently a truth. "The true is the name of whatever proves itself to be good in the way of belief, and good, too, for definite, assignable reasons."

This standard of truth comes into violent clash with the philosophy that calls itself "Rationalism", and which deals in the Absolute. The Absolute was conceived by the philosophers of that school, as showing itself in the so-called mathematical and scientific laws of the world. The Absolute was God Himself. "God geometrises," it used to be said; and it was

believed that Euclid's Elements literally reproduced His "geometrising." The laws of nature, physical and chemical, the classifications of natural history, were, as Professor James said, "supposed to be exact and exclusive duplicates of pre-human archetypes buried in the structure of things, to which the spark of divinity hidden in our intellect enables us to penetrate. The anatomy of the world is logical, and its logic is that of a university professor." That was the condition of the philosophic mind as late as 1850. Since then, outside of the Absolute school, there has been a profound shifting of the point of view, in consequence of which the notion has developed "that even the truest formula may be a human device, and not a literal transcript" of the Absolute. In science this is particularly the case. "It is to be doubted whether any theoriser to-day, either in mathematics, logic, physics, or biology, conceives himself to be literally re-editing processes of nature or thoughts of God." "So we find men of science preferring to turn their backs on metaphysics as on something altogether cloistered and spectral, and practical men shaking philosophy's dust off their feet and following the call of the wild."

In science itself the essence of a truth lies in its power to explain phenomena in a satisfactory way. If it does not do this, then it is not a truth. In a certain stage of the development of scientific knowledge, a theory is found to explain or relate all the known facts. This is the source of the satisfaction it gives to the scientific mind, and at that stage it is accepted as a truth. But subsequently discovered facts in the same range of phenomena refused to be so explained; and so the previously accepted "truth" was discarded for one that would explain them. One instance of this change is to be found in the theories of light. Newton held that light emanated from a source in the form of excessively minute particles or "corpuscles," which travelled with an enormous velocity. This "corpuscular" theory, in his day, and for a hundred years after, explained all the phenomena. It was not only satisfactory in this respect, but it stimulated further enquiry on the subject. This eventually led to the promulgation of the undulatory theory, according to which light is but a wave motion of the cosmic ether. For the last hundred years this has been accepted as a truth;

but, in its turn, it is now beginning to show that it does not satisfactorily explain the phenomena involved, and its acceptance may soon terminate.

This attitude of science, which is unqualified pragmatism, is well exemplified amongst biologists. It is well illustrated by von Uexküll, the German biologist, when he asks the question, "Was ist eine wissenschaftliche Wahrheit?" (What is a Scientific Truth?), and answers, "Ein Irrtum von heute" (An error of to-day).

It is not only in the field of science that pragmatism is dominating. Its principles are being applied more or less unconsciously in the fields of morals, religion and politics. They have, indeed, been so applied in all ages. The creeds of the past that have been discarded by mankind of to-day are classed as superstitious. They were for a time found to work, and were, consequently accepted as truths till ripened experience indicated that they were defective. New creeds, new truths, have taken their place; and they, in turn, will pass, and in ages to come be regarded as superstitious. Even the doctrine of the Absolute, involving as it does three-fourth belief and one-fourth theory—which in itself is another name for belief sublimated—may perhaps undergo a like fate. The tenets of present-day politics and morals are not those of the past; nor, probably, will they be those of the future.

Perhaps the most striking exemplification of the application of the principles of pragmatism to morals, religion, and politics, is to be found in a lecture delivered three years ago at the Royal Institution by J. G. Frazer, the celebrated author of the *Golden Bough*. This lecture was republished separately under the title: *Psyche's Task*. Professor Frazer is perhaps the profoundest of all the students of the history of human culture, and his views, therefore, on the value of superstition as a factor in human progress, are worthy of attention. He advances a great many facts bearing on the subject which are intensely interesting, but for an adequate comprehension of them the reader must consult the original text of the address. His conclusions, which are very striking, are summed up in the following extract:

"1. Among certain races and at certain times superstition

has strengthened the respect for government, especially monarchical government, and has thereby contributed to the establishment and maintenance of civil order.

“ 2. Superstition has strengthened the respect for private property, and has thereby contributed to the security of its enjoyment.

“ 3. Superstition has strengthened the respect for marriage, and has thereby contributed to a stricter observance of the rules of sexual morality both among the married and the unmarried.

“ 4. Superstition has strengthened the respect for human life, and has thereby contributed to the security of its enjoyment.

“ But government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life are the pillars on which rests the whole fabric of civil society. Shake them and you shake society to its foundations. Therefore, if government, private property, marriage, and respect for human life are all good and essential to the very existence of civil society, it follows that superstition, by strengthening every one of them, has rendered a great service to humanity. It has supplied multitudes with a motive—a wrong motive, it is true—for right action; and surely it is better for the world that men should do right from wrong motives, than that they should do wrong with the best intentions. What concerns society is conduct, not opinion; if only our actions are just and good, it matters not a straw to others whether our opinions be mistaken. The danger of false opinion, and it is a most serious one, is that it commonly leads to wrong action; hence it is unquestionably a great evil, and every effort should be made to correct it. But of the two evils, wrong action is, in itself, infinitely worse than wrong opinion; and all systems of religion or philosophy which lay more stress on right opinion than on right action, which exalt orthodoxy above virtue, are so far immoral and prejudicial to the interests of mankind: they invert the true relative importance, the real ethical value of thought and action, for it is by what we do, not by what we think, that we are useful or useless, beneficent or maleficent, to our fellows. As a body of false opinions, superstition is indeed a most dangerous guide in practice, and the evils which it has wrought are incalculable. But vast as are these evils, they

ought not to blind us to the benefit which superstition has incidentally conferred on society by furnishing the ignorant, the weak, and the foolish with a motive—bad though it may be—for good conduct. It is a reed, a broken reed, which has yet supported the steps of many a poor erring brother who but for it might have stumbled and fallen. It is a light, a dim and wavering light, which, if it has lured many a mariner on the breakers, has yet guided some wanderers on life's troubled sea into a haven of rest and peace. Once the harbour lights are passed and the ship is in port, it matters little whether the pilot steered by a jack-o' lantern or by the stars."

A. B. MACALLUM.





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Two Sonnets

I. YEARNING LOVE.

O WISTFUL, waning star, why yearnest thou
From out thy home of deep infinitude?
This mortal weight doth gloom, with heavy mood,
My spirit striving upward to its vow
Eternal. O to fly to thee! for now
Encircling shadows press my solitude,
My light grows dim, that once was rosy hued,
My drooping spirit in the night doth bow.
O love, stoop down and lift me up to thee,
I cannot live but only in thy hands;
For thou alone canst set my spirit free
From this dark prison that o'er it threatening stands.
O take my love, my life! else it will be
Like wine, poured out upon the desert sands.

II. HAPPY LOVE.

Far brighter than the bright sun rising new
O'er Eastern hills, or on a sea of glass;
Far sweeter than the smell of glistening grass,
Or lovelier than a rose all fresh with dew;
Far purer than the wide sky's deepest hue;
More ardent than the red sun's fiery mass,
Burning in gorgeous splendor, soon to pass;
More peaceful than the quiet, starry blue:
More than all these art thou, my love; thy soul
Is brighter, sweeter, lovelier, purer far,
More ardent and more peaceful, than the whole
Revolving day: therefore, I live in thee
A perfect life, till we, as one bright star,
Sail out beyond into the open sea.

ALFRED LE ROY BURT.

Florence, September 19.



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Evolution of a Rural District

Modern thought has revealed the fact of evolution. The result of its silent work is seen on every side. The influx of foreign emigration, increased demand for industrial labor, and a prevalent desire to grasp scientific method are a few of the many factors which are doing much to pattern a new civilization. The attention is naturally focussed upon the rapid growth and changing complexity of city life. But it is well known, that while the cities are growing so rapidly, the rural population is steadily diminishing.

It was my peculiar good fortune to be born on a farm. My observations were made in North Oxford, and more particularly in Zorra. A visit, after an absence of seven years, is sure to present changed conditions and new surroundings. The few local changes noticed are merely incidentals. Yet in a certain way, they may be regarded as the index of great disintegrating forces and innate tendencies, which continue to seek expression in new form.

The spirit of improvement soon produces a new landscape. To gather wild flowers from a well-wooded forest and to harvest spring grain from the same land have both come within the bounds of my brief experience. The water-soaked piece of land, by good draining, has been converted into a productive field. Patent fencing has taken the place of wooden rails and pine stumps. Bank barns and brick dwellings are rising upon the ruins of a more primitive type. Well-designed flower beds surround the homes, rather than potato patches. The power mill has assigned its task to the gasoline engine and the electric motor. The county road extension is much welcomed, as broken stone macadam roads punctuated with cement culverts and iron bridges are being constructed. All highways are well marked by rural telephone wires. These facts, with many others, witness how truly the dreams of a recent past have become the realities of the present.

We think of the past generation's work as a foundation for all succeeding activity, and of the present generation reaping the result of many painful hours of pioneer labor. This is true. But rural real estate holdings are continually changing. It is not uncommon to find the third generation refusing to follow the same agricultural interests as their grandfathers. They are turning their faces towards new fields, and their eyes

become intoxicated with new visions, and the tilling of the land is left to others.

Much of the rural possession was gained about three generations ago at a very low cost. As most of it was heavily timbered, it gave the early settler a splendid opportunity to improve his holdings and reap a well-deserved increase in value. His acreage of crop has gradually increased, but at the same time, his standard of living has become higher. By careful living and good management he has gained considerable headway, but it seems to me, a large factor in the growth of his wealth has been a direct result of increase in land values.

To whom does material prosperity make a stronger appeal than to the young man of the country to-day? He is surrounded by farms splendidly equipped. He knows that in spite of the middle man's high commission on produce, he can make a good living and be independent, but he will be deprived of any advantage from increase in property value. He may attempt to reap large profits from these lands, but it is only possible by a much more intellectual system of farming, than the last generation employed. So rather than face these conditions, many of the prospective young farmers turn to seek their fortune in the growing west.

The scarcity of farm labor, which prevailed about ten years ago, exerted a similar influence. Men, who required hired help to operate their farms were unable to secure it. Consequently, the crop acreage was decreased or an inferior standard of farming was adopted. This resulted in a large number of young men seeking land in Western Canada, while their fathers, if they did not go with them, retired to the towns and villages.

On the other hand, it may be argued that the invention of modern machinery has greatly reduced the demand for labor. I grant this to be true. But, at the same time, experimental results show the land to be capable of producing greater dividends than the extra labor would cost, if scientific methods were employed. To-day this extra labor can be secured quite easily. It seems to me that the farmers' opportunity is to practise a more intensive system of agriculture.

Country life continues to supply a large number of men for commercial and professional spheres. The call to law, medicine, pedagogy and the pulpit has left no uncertain echo

in Zorra. It has been said that Zorra was the home of a race of missionaries and preachers. The response given to such calls reflects credit upon rural breadth of vision.

The monotony of the country cannot be endured by a certain class of people. Their natures long for the restless excitement of the city, which affords greater variety for amusement and pleasure. Thus, often, the fresh wholesome ozone is sacrificed, that the desire to mingle in a crowded, jostled mass of humanity may be gratified.

But are the vacancies caused by this movement towards the city and migration to the West left unfilled? In spite of a large decrease in population, there seems to be no uncultivated tracts of land. Then how and by whom is it worked? A thrifty farmer may live for years with a smouldering ambition to own the adjoining farm. Some day, this farm comes for sale. He realizes that it is his opportunity. His far-sighted shrewdness and ability seem to demand a greater possession. This type of man is continually tearing down his barns and building them larger.

The steady laborer, who works faithfully for a few years in this progressive age, soon begins to see visions and dream dreams. His aim is to farm for himself. By saving the high wages he has earned, this comes within the range of possibility. He may decide to lease land at first, fearing, that if he purchased, debt and interest might over-burden him. In either case, he establishes a home, and assumes a new role in the community.

The dawn of an intellectual awakening has broken in upon the rustic mind. Its horizon is no longer marked by the old limits. He not only knows of world forces and world events, but he realizes his relationship to them. He assumes a relation to circumstances and events beyond his control and a responsibility to the foreign brother he does not know. The desire, that the weekly journal once satisfied, demands the best Toronto daily. He refuses to sell produce according to market quotations that are two weeks old. The best literature finds a place in his library. He reads the "Literary Digest," "Review of Reviews," or "Current Literature." He has become a man of the times. The children, upon leaving the public school, complete their education in a business college or a high school. The young people have formed literary societies, and hold debates upon live up-to-date subjects. Power-

ful speakers and clever thinkers are being developed. Successful sessions of Ladies' and Farmers' Institutes are held, and largely attended. The man with power to think and to know, can find splendid company along the concessions and cross-roads.

This quickening of the intellectual spirit has breathed forth a new social atmosphere. Increased resources are followed by greater independence. Modern equipment for work has made the farmer more of a unit within himself. Present day methods of threshing and silo-filling require but little outside help. The barn-raising seems about the only event that necessitates wide neighborly assistance. Bees, which used to be so common, are seldom, if ever, held. Country visiting is becoming more formal. It is rarely practised unless an invitation be extended for a certain day. I do not mean to infer that social intimacy is losing its fervor, but it seeks a more rational expression. Where you find men gathered together in this age, it is generally for the purpose of intellectual benefit or spiritual uplift.

Then, let me ask, to what extent is rural church life declining? Has she adapted herself to the changes and kept pace with the development? We cannot deny that there is a numerical decline. But the spiritual needs of the race are not decreasing. Hearts hunger for the truth to-day as of old. Some argue that these changes have narrowed the scope of church activity. It seems to me, they have laid a foundation for its expansion. Is it not her business, in this practical age to be in active sympathy and to impart live life to every society, organization and institution which has as its purpose the creation of genuine social harmony? Rather than stand aloof from secular life, she should aim to spiritualize it. She might see a larger truth wrapped up in Paul's injunction to the Corinthian church, "All things are yours."

M. P. SMITH, '11.



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“The World in Baltimore”

This apparently contradictory heading has a very real significance to the three hundred thousand people who, during the month of November attended the great Missionary Exposition held in the Maryland city. The Exposition is a new departure in the present widely extended movement relating to the progress of the kingdom of God on earth. A museum of curios from the mission field was the beginning of expositions. Subsequently an effort was made to reproduce special scenes representing life in the countries from which interesting articles had been collected. After that followed the tableau, motion pictures and missionary plays. As the culmination of smaller exhibits held in Wales and Scotland, through several years, a large and eminently successful exposition called “The Orient in London” was held four years ago. The Missionary Education Movement, which is a clearing-house for educational purposes of the Mission Boards in Canada and the United States, secured Mr. A. M. Gardner, one of the organizers of the “Orient in London,” to develop and carry out similar enterprises on this continent. Three Expositions have been held—in Boston, in Cincinnati, and the one just closed in Baltimore. The next “World” will be held in Chicago.

A group of representative Baltimore business men raised a guarantee fund of \$60,000. On this guarantee the banks advanced the money to erect a temporary two-storey building beside the Lyric Theatre. Then the Missionary Education movement sent their exposition staff of six experts to direct the preparations. All churches are united to participate. Every church organization contributes its quota of workers. Each person is given at least some training. In Baltimore 5,000 stewards were enrolled in Mission Study Classes. Before being given a worker's ticket, satisfactory evidence of having attended at least six study-class sessions, must be furnished by the applicant. The costumes are provided by the stewards—patterns being furnished by the Movement. The material for foreign buildings, the curios, maps, charts, etc., are under the control of the Movement, and are transferred from place to place. When all have been set up, a force of from seventy-five to one hundred missionaries arrives on the scene and gives the stewards in each section special training in handling the exhibit.

Every mission field in the world is represented here. Let me describe the African scene. The entrance to Africa is through a native gateway of posts and rough hewn planks, built just as a missionary would find it at the entrance to a small village, which had a stockade surrounding the entire town. There is a Kongo house, mud walls, and full equipment of strange utensils. A granary with peculiar mud supports and thatched roof, the blacksmith's shop with its crude forge, the village well, etc. The Juju scene, showing the celebrated oracle of Awka, consisted of an open glade, from which led a narrow defile sloping downwards. At the bottom of the incline is a semi-circular bank of earth. Here it was shown how the human sacrifice was blindfolded, and made to walk backward down the decline, until he tripped over a log placed in his path. Then the priest standing by would club him to death. The voice of the oracle was produced by the priest speaking through a gourd. Here also is a village school, mud floors, and rough benches, just as used by the African missionary. A devil hut in which are sheltered two or three ugly fetishes which the natives worship, completes the scene. Add to this countless curios, two score stewards in varied costumes, and three or four missionaries and you have a fair idea of the appeal made to the eye. Demonstrations of native customs, practices and missionary methods are given every half-hour. Then think that there are 18 different sections, and remember that from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. the programme changes in each section every thirty minutes and you begin to realize that to see and hear it all, you must stay several days, because it deserves its name—"The World in Baltimore."

In addition to the scenes in foreign and home mission fields, there is an exhibit of charts, showing a survey of Baltimore made by the Men and Religion Movement, illustrating the place of the Institutional Church in the reclamation of the city, and an exhibit of the "Public Health League," including results of the researches of the Boston Scientific Temperance Federation. A Hall of Methods shows the material available for missionary instruction in all grades of the modern Sunday School, a series of splendid illustrations of work actually accomplished in various Sunday Schools throughout the country, provides inspiration for the earnest seeker after new ideas. In the Lecture Hall, four times a day, returned missionaries portray their work, instruction is given in the art of story-telling,

meetings for women, rallies for children, or some other educative feature attracts the interested. There is a Play Hall, where every hour a fresh programme of moving pictures accompanied by a lecture, introduces successively the mission fields of the world, except that at 4 and at 8 p.m. a Missionary play, based upon some great historic incident, is given by well-trained actors.

And as if all these were incomplete there are two daily performances in the Lyric Theatre of the pageant "From Darkness to Light." This is a Missionary Grand Opera, given with an orchestra of thirty pieces, a chorus of 300 voices, a complete staff of solo artists, a large corps of participants (about 200), magnificent costumes, and most elaborately beautiful scenic effects. Here under most delightful influences, in song, and recitation, dialogue, etc., one follows the triumph of the ambassadors of the Cross through four continents. It is vivid and realistic, but withal sublime. One comes away feeling that God has been very near, and that the theatre will yet come into its own.

The whole programme has a decidedly cumulative effect on the crowd. It aims at missionary instruction of so varied a character that every visitor's life is forced to respond at some stage. The churches are drawn very close together by constant co-operation through eight months of planning. The working efficiency of the church's working force is increased by a considerable percentage. The very "bigness" of the enterprise challenges the attention of men who are not easily reached by ordinary appeals. The call for the surrender of life is very insistent and strong, and not a few of the 10,000 active participants will eventually reach the Mission Field. It is expensive in money, in time, and in life, but undoubtedly Baltimore will have an interest in the programme of Jesus Christ she has never known before. When will we announce "The World in Toronto"?

K. J. BEATON.



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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to J. D. ROBINS, Editor-in-Chief, "Acta Victoriana"; business communications to T. E. GREER, Business Manager, "Acta Victoriana," Victoria University, Toronto.

EDITORIAL

We are living just now in a day of exclusiveness and individualism. Even at the Christmas season, when our hearts are at peace with all mankind, we cannot wholly acquit ourselves from the charge of a selfishly spent Christmas Day. We enjoy our Christmas dinners in the privacy of our own homes; we have our family Christmas trees; we exchange gifts as tokens of love to our immediate circle of friends, and then satisfy ourselves by letting a little of the overflow from our good cheer and happiness leak into the abode of the unhappy and desolate. The time has surely come for a swing of the pendulum in the direction of fraternity and love for all mankind, if we would know the full meaning of Christmas. May we not go back in spirit to that first Christmas of long ago, and imagine ourselves out on the hills with the starry sky above and around us—in

God's house of nature where is no privacy nor exclusion. May we not see again the star, pointing us to the Christ-child, born in the Bethlehem inn, and whose abiding place is the whole world. We may hear, if we listen, the angels' song of joy, of peace, and of good-will to all men. The angel of Hope breathes a song of Christmas cheer; Joy chants a paean of praise to God for His most precious gift; but above all other angels one sings clearest and sweetest. She is Service, whose holiest name is Love. She brings Christmas to us in the truest, deepest sense, for the gift of Service is our frankincense and myrrh to the Christ-child. It is when we respond to the "still, sad music of Humanity," when our Christmas joy is bringing peace, happiness and love to poor, weary, burdened souls, that we can take up the task of another year with the real Christmas fragrance lingering in our thoughts. We, too, have laid our gifts at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem, for it was He who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."



The Principality of Peace

Over nineteen hundred years ago, in an obscure village of a conquered province of Rome, was born the Prince of Peace. "No war, or battle's sound, was heard the world around,"—only the exultant gentleness of the angels' chorus, promising to a battle-cursed race the blessings of the new régime. Alas! the gates of the temple of Janus have been reopened, nay, some have feared that they are wrenched from their hinges and quite cast away. Throughout the ages since that night men have raised in prayer their hands still red with the blood of their brethren. The proselytizing sword of Charlemagne butchered the pagan Saxons in their German forests; the soldier-priests of the Temple slaughtered thousands in His name and in the very places hallowed by His memory; the thunder of Cromwell's charging dragoons was mingled with the roll of their battle psalms, and to-day, as this is being written, the world, watching one hideous struggle, listens fearfully for the dreaded roar of the cannon of Europe.

Was, then, the angels' chorus but of such stuff as dreams are made of? Was this heralded Reign of Peace to be merely a chimæra in the imaginations of a few fond enthusiasts? Do the stern facts of history say that this Prince of Peace has no principality on earth?

Let us thank God that we can answer no. There have been wars, there are wars to-day, there will be wars to-morrow, but the student of history, noting the changing status of war, will renew his hope. What has been the evolution in the attitude of the church? The time was when the Church itself preached the Holy War and blessed the Crusader's sword; the time came when the Church was apathetic; the time has now arrived when she is openly and aggressively arraying herself with her Prince on the side of peace. The State, which at one period believed that the only means of growth was the sword, is coming to realize that war is a most detrimental factor in the life of a nation. Popular sentiment, which in the wild days of our Teuton ancestors granted immortality only to the battle-slain, and later made the profession of arms almost the only road to honor, is at last granting recognition to the heroes of peace. The world powers of commerce and finance are definitely and effectively throwing their influence in the scale on its side. The great new forces, science, social democracy and modern humanitarianism, are unmistakably working to the same end. Private and tribal war are already abolished, and to-day international war is being tried and found wanting.

The man with a theistic conception of the universe will see in all these agencies, whether religious or secular, so-called, the conscious movement of a grand divine campaign whose object is to extend the boundaries of this Principality of Peace and thus fulfil the glad prophetic words of the angels' chorus of Bethlehem.



CONFERENCE THEOLOGY EXECUTIVE, 1912-13.

J. T. Stapleton, Secretary.	R. J. McCarten, Treasurer.	A. W. Hone, Poet.	H. J. Latimer, Athletic Representative.
S. M. Beach, Mission Study Leader.	A. Sinclair, President.	Prof. J. F. McLaughlin, B.A., B.D., Hon. President.	J. J. Mellor, Vice-President.
			J. Jones, Historian.

Freshman's Letters Home

No. 2.

Victoria College, 7th December, 1912.

Dear Father:—

Your letter came to hand three weeks ago. I was going to answer right away, but there are so many things to do. Thanks very much for what you sent me. It's almost all gone now—you see, I had to pay 15c. exchange. I got the sweater-coat all right and wear it all the time. It's funny—most of the fellows have stopped wearing theirs.

Say, you ought to see the way the fellows turn up their trousers. A lot of them have them up so far you can see their socks all the time; you'd think they were in wading. Of course I'm doing it too. One has to, you know. And talk about throwing on side—there's one fellow in our year who struts around like our old turkey gobbler. He's not very much, either. There is a man here, though, who has been one of our foremost missionaries in China for fifteen years. He goes around so quietly you hardly know he's here. Some of our fellows make ten times more splash. But you kind of notice here that windiness doesn't cut much wood.

There has been some improvement in the combing of the hair this last month, but some of it is pretty ragged yet. I suppose girls just get the habit of going frowsy and don't know they're doing it. To my mind, it's a mighty bad recommend for a girl's whole manner of life. By the way, they have two 'phones now, over at the Hall (Amesley Hall, where a lot of the girls stay). They use one for receiving messages and the other for sending them. You ring up and ask to speak with someone, and then the maid takes your number and the "someone" goes and calls you up over the other 'phone. She has to wait till all the girls ahead of her are through, and so do you. Meanwhile the other line is idle unless somebody else is asking for somebody else. Indeed this line is never used except for receiving requests for conversations. Now why didn't they

have those two lines put in under the one number so that Central could call one if the other were busy, and both could be in use for conversation both ways at once. That's the way they do at other places where they keep good things. To have two 'phones and still make sixty girls do their talking over one is queer household economy.

We have a fine library here. Next time you come down I'll show you all around. There are a number of study rooms up-stairs. I heard a couple of fellows, the other day, enquire for the use of one. They wanted to take a book and discuss it. They were asked whether they were reading under the guidance of some professor. They said "No." So they were turned down. None of the rooms were in use at the time. The fellows were Seniors, and wanted a room only for part of an hour. But they didn't get it. Of course the rooms were made to keep empty, except in case of dire necessity—like some old maid's parlor.

I made some enquiries about getting into the new Men's Residence. You know some of the wealthy men of Methodism gave the money, and rooms and dining-hall were built for over one hundred men. The Residence is a beautiful building, and on the plan the rooms are most attractive. Applications are being received now, so that I thought I'd go in. The cheapest accommodation is: Board, \$3.50; room, \$2.50; or \$6.00 per week. You can go up to \$7, or \$1 per day. I don't see how the Residence Committee can do it so cheaply. The University Residence, with meals, costs \$5.75; Trinity costs \$5.25; Wycliffe is \$4.00, and Knox \$3.75. How our Committee, when the whole building has been given them free, can do it for only \$6.00 or \$7.00 I can't see. The average cost of fellows living as roomers and dining out is about \$4.50. Just where they'll get one hundred men (one out of every four registered) in Vie. to pay the shot, I don't know. Of course I'm not very well acquainted.

I wish you could come to prayers some time. It's quite the custom here, except amongst the professors. They are, a good many of them, rather above that sort of thing. The boys turn out in great numbers and talk their heads off until the service is half way through. I'm only a Freshman, but it makes me mad

to hear how some of them chatter. It's a mighty lot of respect they show to the purpose for which they are supposed to have come together. They're far worse than the girls—and that's saying something.

Have joined the Collegian Debating Club. It's O.K. I wish there were some smaller clubs around the College where a few fellows could meet and discuss something worth while. A good deal of our conversation is just wasted time. Think I'll try to start something. All it needs is for some fellow to lead the way, but I'm a little nervous, being so new down here.

Well! By-bye.

Your son,

BILL.

Tell Aunt Lucy I'm going to bring her a pipe for Christmas.
Tell Mother to use seedless raisins.—B.



Book Review

The Preacher and the Modern Mind. By Prof. G. Jackson, B.A. Published by Charles H. Kelly, London, E.C.

While intended, as the author intimates, for the young preacher, the appeal of this book is equally strong to the layman. Its compelling interest is doubtless partly due to the peculiar fitness of the writer for the task that he has here so serviceably performed. The circumstances of Professor Jackson's public career have equipped him with a knowledge of the modern lay mind, of the preacher's problems, and of the labours and results of Biblical scholarship, such as comparatively few men possess.

In eight chapters the author discusses the most vexed problems of to-day and outlines the duty of the preacher who would still make his message effective in its influence on the modern mind. The treatment is necessarily stimulating rather than exhaustive, but in most cases it leaves no doubt as to what is the mind of the author, nor as to what would be the conclusion of the reader if he followed the path indicated.

The phenomenon known as the modern mind, and the consequent situation within the Church, are clearly and unhesitatingly set forth in the introductory chapter, and in the succeeding ones the author outlines the duty of the preacher in the face of this situation.

The chapter on Ethical Preaching contains a valuable warning to young preachers against a needless and over-hasty setting forth of all the theories or results of criticism. "It may often be needful to disturb ancient prepossessions—the ground must be cleared before the new building can go up—but the preacher should take care not to leave in the minds of his hearers a final sense of loss." In a later chapter Professor Jackson discusses the way in which the preacher may avail himself of the results of the critics' labors. "In doing this it will rarely be necessary to 'talk criticism' in the pulpit. As a rule it will be sufficient, in his interpretation of Scripture, to assume the modern point of view and go ahead. If he has mastered the first principles of the art of putting things, the results will usually be such that,

so far from awakening hostility, they will commend themselves by their inherent reasonableness, and by the relief which they will bring to many perplexed minds."

In the opinion of the present reviewer the second section of the chapter on Doctrinal Preaching is one of the strongest parts of the volume. It is a convincing demonstration of the inefficiency of ethical preaching alone, and well repays careful study. The arraignment of the philanthropical church is also a timely utterance by one who has shown that he is not afraid to face the current.

The difficulties of the modern preacher in his use of the Bible are only too clearly shown in the chapter on The Preacher and the Bible. The effect of this rather discouraging chapter is counteracted, however, by the splendid optimism of its conclusion. Perhaps the chapter on Miracles is one of the least satisfying of the series, but the fault lies in the inherent difficulty of the subject, which required fuller treatment than the limits of the book allowed. The stimulating power of the volume is splendidly exemplified in the chapter dealing with The Preacher and Christ. To the perplexed mind it offers, not an absolute solution, but the hope of a solution, which is precisely what the spirit of man craves. The wanderer can pluck up heart to struggle on in the gloom, if he has the assurance that he is struggling somewhither. Two very excellent and much-needed chapters on The Preacher's Style and The Preacher's Passion conclude the series.

The book is a fearless and sane facing of the facts by an essentially conservative Christian teacher, who is after all able to send the reader away with the feeling that the ancient faith of his fathers will yet continue to be the faith of his children.

ED.



EXECUTIVE OF CLASS, '16

C. M. Arnot, Miss R. M. McLaughlin, J. A. Walker, Miss C. E. Cawsey, W. G. Scott,
 Historian. Treasurer. 2nd Vice-President. Lady Historian. Secretary.

Miss G. A. Buchanan, Prof. W. H. Greaves, M.A. J. P. S. Nethercroft,
 1st Vice-President. Hon. President. President.

Personals ^{and} Exchanges

Personals

Miss R. S. Gilley, who was with '14 last year, is continuing her studies at Columbian College.

Miss Edith Gibson, '11, is supplying as teacher of classics at Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

Miss C. Pennington, '11, is teaching household science at Columbia College, New Westminster.

H. W. McIntosh, '12, has for present business address 46 Yonge Street, Toronto, and resides at 43 Lowther Avenue.

Miss Ruby C. Hewitt, '11 is living at 421 Sixth Avenue, Edmonton. She has a position on the staff of the high school in that city.

The Rev. P. G. Price, '11, and Mrs. Price, left Toronto in August for Vancouver, whence they sailed for Tokyo and Kobe, Japan.

Under the heading, "Changes in the Staff," the *O. A. C. Review* says: "W. A. McCubbin, M.A., who came to us a year ago and remained here last winter, left this summer for St. Catharines, where he holds the position of field-officer for the Dominion Division of Botany."

Mr. McCubbin graduated from Vic. in 1908 with high honors in biology.

We are sorry to learn that Miss M. L. C. Pickthall, of the library staff, has been obliged to leave us for a time owing to ill-health. During her absence her place is being filled by Miss H. C. Parlow, a graduate of Victoria in 1908. We are informed that a collection of poems by Miss Pickthall is to be published shortly, a volume that will certainly be a valuable contribution to Canadian literature.

Dr. A. P. Coleman

Dr. A. P. Coleman, the author of an article in another part of this issue, is an alumnus of whom Victoria may feel justly proud. He was first connected with the College as an undergraduate in the class of 1876. He won distinction in many ways while a student, but his greatest achievement was the foundation, in collaboration with some others, of ACTA VICTORIANA. He won the Prince of Wales gold medal at graduation, and took his M.A. degree in 1880. Two years later he won his Ph.D. at the University of Breslau. In 1881 he was appointed Professor of Geology and Natural History in Victoria, a post which he held until 1892, when the department of science was discontinued in the college when federation took place. Since then, however, he has been connected with Victoria as an honorary professor. From 1892 until 1905 he was Professor of Assaying and Metallurgy at the School of Practical Science, and left there on being appointed Professor of Geology in the University of Toronto, the post which he now holds. As a geologist he ranks among the foremost, and has been awarded the titles of F.R.S.C., and F.R.S., and the Murchiston medal for Geological Investigation. He is an enthusiastic mountain climber and explorer, and has done some exceedingly valuable work in the Rockies, particularly on Mt. Hooker and Mt. Robson; he has also devoted much time and energy to the Canadian Alpine Club, of which he is president. About a year ago he published an account of his explorations in "The Canadian Rockies," a volume of surpassing interest and value. Dr. Coleman is a man who loves his work and believes in it, and possesses a rare gift for communicating his enthusiasm to others.

Death

On Wednesday, November 20th, at Lancaster, Pa., George Edwin Porter, M.A., Ph.D., a distinguished graduate of the college, passed away. Professor Porter was a member of the class of 1901, and during his undergraduate days, as president of the Bob Committee and of the Athletic Union, showed rare

ability, and probably exercised a greater influence among his fellow-students than any other man in the college. In his academic work he showed equally great ability, and took high honors in philosophy and in English. After graduation he took post-graduate courses at Yale and Harvard, and was later appointed as head of the English department at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster. His early death cut short a career of unusually bright promise, and is deeply deplored by all who knew him.

Birth

Swenerton.—At the parsonage, Bawlf, Alta., to Rev. A. Kells Swenerton and Mrs. Swenerton (*nee* Miss L. E. Henry, '10), a daughter (Helen Margaret).

Marriages

Ford—Evans.—At the home of Mr. R. F. Evans, Corinth, his sister, Kitty A., was married to Mr. Clinton J. Ford, B.A. ('08), barrister, of Calgary. Rev. James Elford, of Corinth, conducting the ceremony. Miss Margaret Evans, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. H. M. Ford, '13, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ford left for a short trip, after which they will reside in Calgary.

Wallace—Cullen.—On Wednesday, November 20th, in the chapel of the college, was solemnized the marriage of Miss Rose Nicholls Cullen, '03, to Rev. Edward Wilson Wallace, '04. Rev. Dean Wallace, father of the groom, was the officiating clergyman. The bridesmaid was Miss Kate Cullen, '06, sister of the bride; Mr. Paul Wallace, '15, was his brother's best man; and Mr. Ernest Joliffe, '03, and Mr. Ernest Cullen acted as ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace left for a trip to New York and Baltimore, and will leave for Chengtu, China, shortly after the New Year.

To both these couples Acta extends its heartiest good wishes.

Exchanges

The Trinity University Review has for its leading article in its November issue an excellent character sketch of Ophelia.

The *Vox Wesleyana* prints a tribute to the late Dr. Blewett delivered in Wesley College Convocation Hall by Prof. W. F. Osborne.

The fall crop of exchanges has been a plentiful one. In addition to the journals mentioned below we have received copies of the following: *The Student*, *The Queen's Journal*, *The Mitre*, *The O. A. C. Review*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Western University Gazette*, *The Oxford Magazine*, *The Varsity*, *The Gateway*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Lux Columbiana*, *Vox Collegii*, *The University Monthly*, and *The Manitoba College Journal*.

The *Harvard Monthly* has an interesting editorial on "Respectability." In part, it reads as follows: "We are told, to use the cant term, that the chief end of education is the 'knocking off of corners.' In other words, a student should think as other students think; and, what is vastly more important, should talk as other students talk. To put it flatly, he should be respectable. . . . It has now come to a pass where a man may not speak his mind on anything of possible human interest, but the whole social kennel must be yelping at his heels. I am not such a fool as to believe this state of affairs can be changed. I merely hope there may be one freshman that still thinks for himself. If there be such a one, may he continue to do so!"

We admit that this levelling tendency is too apparent in many aspects of college life; but there seem to be other influences at work that produce a type totally different from the "respectable" man. We refer to the man who develops an exaggerated self-consciousness, who, in fact, does too much thinking—about himself, at least, who would have us believe that he is not as other men are, that his temperament is absolutely unique. However, we leave both types for the Local Editor and the Bob Committee to deal with.

Shakespeare on Football

"Down, down!"—Henry V.

"Well placed!"—*Ibid.*

"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.

"More rushes! More rushes!" Henry IV.

"Pell-mell, down with them."—Love's Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.

"Being down, I have the placing."—Cymbelline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.

"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Antony and Cleopatra.

"I'll catch it ere it comes to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—
Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest; thy exercise hath been too violent."—Coriolanus.

"It's the first time that ever I heard that breaking of ribs was sport."—As You Like It. —Ex.

Christmas Joy

'Tis not the song and the laughter,
Nor the busy, crowded street,
Calling the heart to answer,
When the Yule-tide chimes are sweet.

But simple, haunting memories,
Echoing down the way,
That enrich with their blithest music
The joy of this holy day.

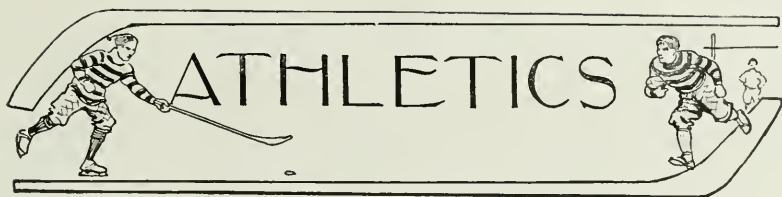
While friendships last, and is cherished
The tale of the Child of Peace,
So long shall the Christmas Spirit
His angels of joy release.

L. M. J.



COLLEGIAN DEBATING CLUB, EXECUTIVE, 1912-13.

C. R. Albright, '15, Councillor.	W. L. Cullis, '16, Councillor.	R. E. Ives, '16, Councillor.	S. M. Beach, C. T. Councillor.
N. V. Buchanan, '15, Secretary.	L. W. Moffit, '15, President.	F. G. Buchanan, '13, Hon. Pres.	F. Manning, '16, Vice-Pres.
			E. A. Compton, '16, Treasurer.



Handball

At present a series of games is being played off between two teams from Victoria and two from St. Michael's. Team "A" has lost two games to St. Michael's, while "B" has won two and lost one. The championship seems to lie between St. Michael's "A" and Victoria's "B." The two teams are as follows: "A"—Taylor, Bnrwash, Greer, Richardson; "B"—Horner, McKenzie, Sanderson, Bishop.

The B.D. team won the inter-year championship by defeating the second year.

The Last Chase

The last chase of the series was given by the Victoria girls on Nov. 16th. A new location was found and the trail this time led through Moore Park. Misses Snyder and Robinson acted as hares. Miss Burriss of University College again bore off the honors.

We, at Annesley Hall, were glad to be hostesses to the merry party upon their return. The freshettes, who had their afternoons sport in the form of a geology excursion, were also ready for a share of the good things. Once more the Halls of Annesley rang with the old songs and lusty cheers and the last party of 1912 broke up.

Second Paper Chase

A light carpet of snow and a new sharpness in the air lent just a suggestion that there would not be time for many more paper chases, but it also gave the girls, who congregated at Sunnyside on Nov. 2nd, keen enthusiasm and glowing expectancy for the second chase. The trail, planned by the St. Hilda's students, was indeed a true test of endurance and speed and—we may hardly omit—patience. It seemed as if not a hill in

the vicinity had been forgotten and beside the trials of mud and burrs were numerous false trails of previous parties. By arriving first at Indian Road and Bloor, a Trinity freshette proved that her college would not soon be lacking in the spirit which maintains its deserved athletic name. Miss Luke led the Victoria girls. Refreshments—delightfully refreshing to the wearied chasers—were served, in most hospitable fashion at St. Hilda's.

Tennis

When ACTA for November went to press the tournament had not been completed. The following were the results:

Men's Open: A. R. Courtice won the tournament, but was defeated by A. P. McKenzie for the College championship.

Men's Doubles: Won by R. B. and C. R. Duggan.

Men's Handicap Singles: Won by W. R. McCamus.

Mixed Doubles: Won by Miss Merritt and W. L. McKenzie.

Mr. J. S. Reid won the tournament of the University. He was also a member of the University tennis team, and gets his "T." ACTA extends heartiest congratulations.

Autumn sunshine lingered long with us this season and we rejoiced in the added days for this splendid sport. A large number of entries were made in the Ladies' Tournament, and the games were interesting and enjoyable for many onlookers, as well as for the happy contestants. Miss Henderson proved most proficient in wielding the racket but lost, in further play, to Miss Merritt who, for the third year, holds the Ladies' Championship. Miss Merritt is also to be congratulated on the possession of an attractive medal won in Mixed Doubles.

Rugby

The Mulock Cup series, so far as Vic is concerned, is long since dead and gone. However, in view of the fact that the team was an absolutely new aggregation, we have no reason at all to be ashamed of it, and inasmuch as it consisted largely of freshmen, we can entertain great hopes for the future. It was

the only team to defeat St. Michael's, the group winners, who lost after two hard fights to Senior School in the semi-finals. Dents came within an ace of tying up the group. If this had happened Victoria might still be in the running.

Vic defeated Dents and St. Mike's once each this year, but its most notable achievement by far was scored against a "team" of old boys, "has-beens" and "never-weres," commanded by Duff Slein. It was a bloody battle. The winners all starred. The losers were stars, too, but considerably dimmer than their opponents. Two names stand out especially on the "fossils'" team. Capt. Slein was noted for his brilliant runs through the opposing defence. It was almost impossible to stop him after he had got a hundred yards' start down the field. Sanderson's scragging stood out conspicuously. Several times he made hair-raising dives to bring his man down by the eyelashes. Referee Burt gave some very raw decisions and was almost mobbed after the game.

The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in a sanguinary battle. It reminded one of the fight on the alley board. Sanderson again was very conspicuous. A large delegation of the fair sex was drawn from Harbord Collegiate to see the Freshmen play.

Basket-Ball

As was promised in the last issue, Vic. and St. Hilda's met for the first inter-collegiate game on Nov. 9th in Annesley Hall gymnasium. The Vic. team lined up with Misses Thompson, Clerk, Jones, Tuck, Edwards, Hasty and Bishop. At half time the score stood 15-10 in favour of the visitors. Misses Thompson and Clerk showed good combination, but Miss Hurston, forward, and Miss Cook, centre, did their usual strong work, and the final score was 22-14. It was a hard game and everyone enjoyed it, one player remarking that she would be willing to lose two more teeth for Victoria. With such devotion almost anything may be expected.

Our poor showing may, however, be partially accounted for by the prevailing difficulty in obtaining a second team of

any sort for practise. 30-14 in favor of Varsity gives no adequate idea of the second match of the series. The centres played quickly and fed the forwards well—but the ball was bewitched. Time after time it danced about the rim of the basket, only to drop down finally on the outside, perhaps to the enemy. If so it was promptly rescued and the same performance was repeated. Occasionally it fell into the hands of Miss Burriess and Miss Trotter, and immediately became docile. “Vic. played the game, but Varsity has the score,” was an outsider’s comment. The black ties, which distinguished our team, were almost too suggestive.

There are still two games to play. May we suggest—

“If you’ve made a bad beginning,
If the score has all gone wrong,
If the other team is winning—
That’s the time to play up strong.”

Hockey

The Victoria College Athletic Union has on its hands this year the greatest financial undertaking in its history. The new building going up on the north-east corner of the campus, which is to provide dressing accommodation for the general public, and a basketball floor for the students as well, is costing approximately ten thousand dollars, eighty per cent. of which has to be borrowed. The rink is the V.C.A.U.’s one paying asset. We expect it, with the nominal membership fee, to keep up all the other forms of sport around the college. This winter, then, the rink is assuming greater financial responsibility than ever before, and it is up to every student of Victoria College to do all in his power to help things along. Those who are acquainted with the rink of previous years will see by the present operations on the campus that the ice sheet will be run on a different system from formerly. With two more bands a week this is expected to bring in more money. The lighting will be much better, and the new building will provide much-needed accommodation for our staunch patrons, the general public, without whom the rink as a paying asset could not exist.

It was a foregone conclusion last year that unless more commodious quarters were put up for the skating public the rink was doomed to financial failure by reason of outside competition. The rink committee is doing its share to help things along, but the whole-hearted co-operation is needed of every student in the college. Tell all your friends about the rink's prospects for the winter. Get everybody you can to skate here. If you know of any hockey teams wanting practice hours, tell them that "Little Vic" is the place to go. The class of people that skate here is better than that of any other rink in the city. If every one does his duty there is no reason why the rink of 1912-13 should not far surpass those of other seasons in popularity and financial success.

BOOST THE RINK!

In soccer Vic. won from Dents by default, but lost to McMaster, who are in the finals for both senior and intermediate soccer honors.

The basketball team, too, is faithfully at work and expects to eclipse last year's record. The new building should boom basketball around this college.

The water-polo team is practising regularly at the Gym. Vic won the first game against Arts with a score of 4-1. The team lined up as follows: Fleming (Capt.), Mullen, Brewster, Clement, Willows, Duggan.

A new game called "rings" is booming at Vic. Burt. Sanderson and Bishop are the principal devotees. Owing to lack of space we shall have to postpone our comments until the publication of a later issue.



Musical Friend to Miss Klemmer, '16—" And what kind of music do you like?"

Miss Klemmer—" I like him."

Prof. Anger, to class in 18th Cent. Lit., discussing style as exemplified in Richardson's novels—" Note the word 'so.' That word 'so' I have learned from the essays of the first year to regard as a characteristic mark of the feminine style."

Freshette, at Freshman reception when the lights went out—" Oh, what are we going to do now?"

J. W. Moyer, '14—" Why, what would you like to do?"

Also at the Freshman reception, on the attempt of a Grad. to appropriate a plate of cakes:

W. Beckett, '16—" No you don't! Put it back! It can't be did."

R. S. Rodd, '14, at Open Lit., speaking on the proposal of the Modern Language Club to the U. L. S.—" As I understand it, sir, it is intended that this Society enter into an alliance with a defeat."

Carmichael, '16, as the people come down stairs from a wedding in the chapel—" Oh, dear, boys, I wonder when my time will come. I guess I'll have to wait quite a while, but it will likely last a lifetime when it does come."

Carruthers, '15, in a Latin class—" Please explain, sir, the last word in the 8th chapter and 1st verse."

Professor—" You've made a mistake. This is no Hebrew class."

Pugsley, C.T.—“ Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent and most able manner in which you conducted the debate so gloriously won by you.”

Cochrane, C.T.—“ ‘Thy mantle has fallen upon me.’ ”

Goodyear, '13—“ It must have been a *gas* mantle.”

Fleming, '15—“ We want ten or twelve men out to water polo practice to-day.”

Stoneman, '13—“ What for?”

Fleming—“ For diver's reasons.”

Prof. Sissons—“ You are very careless in the use of the comma, and Prof. Auger ought to take it up with you some day. He could probably tell you all about it in an hour. I think I could do it in fifteen minutes.”

A. L. Smith, '13—“ Mr. Speaker, I'd like to ask the government through you why the *Mail and Empire* comes addressed to the Union Veterinary Society?”

A. L. Phelps, '13—“ The only reason I can give for that is that there are still some Democrats left in the College.”

Campbell, '16, as a rouge was made—“ That counts two points, doesn't it?”

Wise Guy—“ No, only one.”

Campbell—“ Well, that don't matter. I made it anyway.”

While arranging for the Acta Board photo:

Miss Whitney, '13—“ The Y.W.C.A. group is on Friday at two o'clock.”

Greer, '13—“ Well, two o'clock on Friday will suit me all right.”

Hutcheson, B.A., discussing debate—“ I consider that point one of our majors.”

Prof. De Witt—“ Yes, the kernel of the matter, in fact.”

At close of meeting for preparation on the debate against McMaster—" . . . all things come in God's good time."
(Just then enter J. D. Robins, '13, about an hour late.)

Prof. De Witt, interrupted by noise in the hall—"What's that going on out there—a reception? It isn't strange, I suppose, when fellows get away from their mothers and have to wash their own faces and comb their own hair, that they can't get to lectures on time."

How should such punners as these be punished?

1. Courtuage, '15—"How's that pie you've got there, punk?"

Fennell, '15—"No, it's punkin, the kind that mother used to make."

2. Hutcheson, B.A. (second second bass)—"You know I am in the Glee Club this year simply to give it tone."

3. Hone, C.T., at elocution—"What timbre would a wooden man have in his voice?"

Haggen, '13, in a picture store—"I don't want any pictures of girls for my room. But I wouldn't mind if I could get one of the devil."

Another extract from a Freshman's essay:

"Now I've come to Victoria and I launch to grasp the handle of the door that leads to fields beyond the gate."

Disappointed Reader—"Why don't you get something really clever in Locals for a change?"

Locals—"Because we don't put in anything on ourselves."

Wanted—"One germ to be delivered at Annesley Hall one week before term exams."

Miss Flanders, '14—"What's a decalogue?"

Miss Going, '14—"You know what a monologue is, well its ten times that."

Mr. Brett (lecturing in philosophy to 3rd year.)—"In what Plato calls the good old times, men and women did the work equally, and usually the women did the most of it. (Remarkable how history repeats itself!)

Miss Morgan, '14—"Yes, she went to Albert College."

Miss Flanders, '14—"Oh, I thought that was just a boys' school."

Miss Morgan, '14—"Oh, no, you know I think it is really quite a nice school."

Miss Lackner, '14—"Addison, in speaking of the women of his day compared their skirts to umbrellas, I suppose he would compare them now to umbrella handles."

Mr. Horner, '14 (at open Lit.)—"And the faculty sat on this piano in a not uncertain way."

(Later) "The faculty were somewhat peeved about it."

Miss Hamilton (hearing that it was Mr. Murch she heard singing) "O I thought it was a whole choir."

Dr. Horning—"Schiller struck hard times just after he died."

Miss Defoe (at mock parliament) "I thought you said she was going with the president. I don't see her on the platform."

Mr. Bishop, '14—"If this piano disturbs the faculty they can move to some other room."

Mr. ——— (addressing Victoria Senior girls at banquet) "I suppose you'll do just like they all do after graduating, get married."

Miss W—i—y (absent minded) "Just as you say."

At the regular meeting of the Women's Literary Society the first inter-year debate took place, between the 3rd and 4th years, the subject chosen being "Resolved that the State should provide a home for the scientific cure of habitual inebriates."

The representatives from the fourth year were Miss Douglas and Miss Clemens for the negative, while Miss Morgan and Miss McCoy '14, upheld the affirmative. The question was well discussed by both sides, but the vigor and eloquence of '14 however won the day, the judges giving the decision for the affirmative.

It will be a long time before the men of the class of 1914 have such a glorious time again as they had on the evening of November 1st, when entertained by the ladies of their year at a Hallowe'en party in Annesley Hall. After a tour of the cellars and grounds escorted by witches and ghosts innumerable, the terrified Juniors found themselves in the gymnasium, where the tasty decorations and the genial hostesses soon dispelled all their fears. Here games and fortune telling occupied the attention of all until a late hour, when adjournment was made to the dining-room for refreshments. Those who were backward in games or unlucky in their fortunes had here a chance to show in what direction their talents lay, and only lack of space prevents personal mention of the gravest offenders. Songs brought to a close a most enjoyable evening, and just as silence properly should have reigned supreme, oh, kerchoo! Someone blamed the Sophettes for putting pepper in the men's hats. But it surely was someone else, wasn't it?



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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Chancellor Burwash

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NO. 3

The Beginnings of Latin Poetry

DR. A. J. BELL.

As is the life of the individual man, so is the life of a nation, was a thesis laid down long ago by Hippolite Taine, in describing our literature. In describing an entity so various in its parts, so hard to image forth as a whole except in some such figure, we may be pardoned for resorting to M. Taine's parallel, provided we do not insist with too great rigor on the "rigorous continuity" he tries to trace in the life of the nation. And few of these nations which we become acquainted with in our literary and historical studies lend themselves better to the parallel than the imperial race of Rome. We view it in its vigorous youthful struggles with Italian neighbors and invading Greeks; in the test of its manhood in the long duel with Carthage, and with Hannibal, that Cromwell of ancient days; in its rapid loss of simplicity and self control when, with administrative institutions shaped for the government of a city it essayed the government of the world. But fortunately for the life of Rome, just in time to save it from its ungovernable lusts, there appeared the guardian genius of Caesar, who converted it to a form of state able to maintain itself for some five hundred years longer, though in a shape far changed from that free virtue which had won the admiration of Polybius. This conversion implied the formation of a small governing caste, and the loss not merely of empire but of liberty for the rest of her citizens. And the development of literature in Rome, tending as it did to separate writers and readers of the cultured class from the mass of the citizens, no doubt helped to make possible the revolution by which Caesar saved Rome for a time. Literary development came late in Rome; and some of the reasons for this seem plain enough. Life was very real and earnest for the Roman farmer, who had not merely to till his narrow acres, but was liable to be snatched at any moment from the plough to crush an invading army. *Gravitas*

or dignity was the inevitable and constant mask for the soul of such a man; and we need not wonder that poetry found but little room in his life. Macaulay has imagined a set of lays in which Roman minstrels told of struggles with foes abroad and would-be tyrants at home; and Niebeker thought that much of Livy's story had been gathered from such early ballads. But no such ballads have been restored from the chapters of Livy; and the verse of Marcius, the one early prophet whom we know by name.

Postremum loquaris, primus taceas

indicates a national character very different from that imagined by Macaulay, whose lays seem rather appropriate to his Scottish ancestors, than to the early Romans. I spoke of the Roman *gravitas* as a mask; but the soul beneath was a simple one, with but little power of imagination, and in consequence with but little to say. The people that in its early youth revered the Godhead without finding for him any image, that was so slow in borrowing idols and temples from its neighbours, that contented itself with teaching its children the purest morals then existing in the world, and left tales of gods and heroes with their loves and lusts to the vain Greeks, the people that found themselves unawares the rulers of the world, you might expect to find adopting *facta non verba* as their rule of life.

Not that this people were entirely without their youthful rhymes and spells. Every year in March the priests of Mars brought forth the shield that fell from heaven with its eleven fellows, and bore them in solemn dance through the streets, singing the *Carmen Saliare*, a chant so archaic that in the days of Horace neither priests nor hearers understood it. Some of the verses have been preserved, and our Latin scholars of to-day venture on a translation. It is in honor of the Light God, and speaks of his thunder, but has no description to give of his person, no legends to relate of him. Every year in May the twelve Arval brothers danced about the fields singing an ancient chant, apparently quite as old and unintelligible to the ordinary man. It too lacks all description of Mars, the god of the plain, to whom it is addressed; nor has it any tale to tell of his doings. Later there appear on the coffins of dead heroes

inscriptions in Saturnian verse, giving us their names, their fathers' names, and the names of the towns they captured and the provinces they subdued. But the description we find there of the hero is brief and far from poetic. Take as an example that of Scipio Barbatus; *vir fortis sapiensque*—a hero brave and wise;—*quoius forma virtute parisuma fuit* “whose beauty well matched his manhood”—and that is all. Detailed accounts of his deeds in epic or lyric form we have none. We can see why, when we recall the words of the elder Cato: *Poeticæ artis honos non erat; si quis ei re studebat, aut sese ad convivia adplicabat, grassator vocabatur*. One thinks of the proud step of Taillefer, as he goes striding to his death at Hastings, flinging up his sword and catching it as he sings the song of Roland. No such figure opens a Roman battle; no one ventures there to leave the ordered line of the legion, and Cato in the magnificent series of Roman victories that he had to relate in his annals, named no one man, we are told, but gave all the glory to the Roman people and their Latin allies. He had also the tale to tell of Hannibal and his victories, but he did not name him either; went no farther in that direction than *dur Surus*. Macaulay tells us of Horatius:

But still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
Like the trumpet blast that calls to them
To charge the Volseians home.

But we find no trace of such inspiration in the early Roman records of the “brave days of old.” Even in later times when professional soldiers were escorting their victorious chief in triumph to the Capitol, the lines sung in honor of Rome’s greatest victor lauded a prowess very different from that he was celebrating, and bade the citizens look to their wives and guard them from the bold Lothario they were bringing back to Rome. But we cannot imagine citizen soldiers landing such prowess in the older days. Their lyrics of these times show no trace of Attic salt and are the most prosaic extant, their battle ballads do not exist, their history of a long and splendid series of victories reads like an almanac. They were the incarnate ideal of the sensible and dignified farmer.

But even among farmers we find rudely rhymed weather lore. This was not lacking among Roman farmers either, and we have verses preserved like the following:

Hiberno pulvere, verno luto
Grandia farra, canille, metes;

which Mr. Duff translates:

A winter of dust and a spring of rain
Mean, my lad, bushels of harvest grain.

a translation that has amplified and enriched the bare Latin couplet. They had their little spells for their little ailments, and they are of the plainest pattern. Varre gives us this as a cure for a pain in the foot: *Terra pestem leneto; salus hic maneto*. The rhyme is all right, if the metre is not so clear; and the sense is excellent. Among the most touching productions of youthful peoples are their cradle songs, and here we have one-half of the couplet given to music:

Lalla, lalla, lalla; i aut dormi aut lacta.

But the music does not seem very wonderful, and is far outweighed by the sound sense of the second half. Even the chant of the little boys on the street, when they are choosing who is to be IT in their game, is marked by its sense and virtue *Rex eris si recte facies; si non facies, grex eris* is what Lucian Müller has restored from Horace's *nenia puerorum*.

But the Romans had their neighbours; neighbours to the north rich and of polished manners and luxurious life, the neighbors best known to them in their early days; neighbors to the south, whose productions in literature and art have been the wonder and guiding star of all peoples ever since. When we remember the peril our own literature had to face from our neighbors after Hastings, and the prospects for the future of Anglo-Saxon in the days of the Conqueror and Rufus, we can realize the danger. But the English were no prosaic people; they had already their Beowulf epic and their song of creation; they had developed a kind of narration the very opposite of

the trite and tiresome loquacity of the *trouvère*; and there issued from the test a new form of Anglo-Saxon, shorn of its terminations and dependent for poetic charm on the union of sound and sense that we find in such verses as

It was about the Martinmas time,
 When the nights were lang and mirk,
 That our gude wife's three sons cam' hame,
 And their hats were o' the birk.
 It did na grow in syke or ditch,
 Nor yet in any sheugh;
 But by the gates o' Paradise
 That birk grew far enugh.

In other forms of Teutonic, that have been subjected to no such process of shearing, poetizing is much more facile and general; but it is not often that such result is reached as in our bare, stiff English, when it is handled by a master, and there are signs that the same triumphs might have been reached by popular Latin, had it also prevailed; but this was not to be.

On the influence of the Etruscans, their northern neighbors, it is not necessary to dwell here at length. While the Romans owed much to them in religion, and even more in political ceremonial, where all the apparatus of state, the fasces, the lativlaves were borrowed from them, the *satura*, or improvised farce, modelled on the performance of Etruscan actors who visited Rome in 389 B.C., failed to hold its ground when Andronicus introduced the Greek play. Of more importance seems a native Italian growth, the *Fabula Atellani* or play from Atella, which, revived under Leo X. as the *Commedie dell' arte* still holds the London stage at Yuletide as our Christmas Pantomime. It was a play with standing (or constant) rôles, the Pappus or greybeard, the Maccus or lover, the Dossennus or Hunchback, the Bucco or fatchaps, and the Mandaens or Guzzler. Three of these rôles, the Pappus, Maccus, and Dossennus, correspond closely to the Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Clown of our Christmas Pantomime, and to them the rôle of Columbine was added in the later *Commedie dell' arte*. Just as in our day children's tales like Whittington and his cat, or Bluebeard, or Aladdin, are adapted to this form, so on the Roman

stage the rôle of Ariadne or Sisyphus, or Atalanta was framed in the setting of the Atellane fable. It held the Roman stage for about a century as an after play for tragedies on the Greek model, and enjoyed a brief revival in the days of the early empire, when it gave place to the Pantomime.

But the important date in the history of Latin poetry is 240 B.C., the year after the close of the First Punic war, when Andronicus, a Greek slave from Tarentum, produced at the *Ludi Romani* a play adapted from the Greek. Was it a Tragedy or a Comedy? *Tragoedia et comoedia* says Cassiodorus; *fabula* Cicero calls it. Perhaps this first creation of the Greek slaves was a little hard to classify. Five years later a comedy was produced by a far greater genius, Cn. Naevius, born in Campania, but of Latin stock, and the first home born Latin poet. He followed Andronicus' example in adapting from the Greek both tragedies and comedies. Of the seven titles of his tragedies, the *Andromache*, the *Equos*, *Troianus*, the *Hector Proficiscens*, the *Iphigenia*, the *Hesione*, deal with the tale of Troy, a fact of some significance when we remember that he introduced into Latin literature the story of the coming of Aeneas, as founder of Rome. The surviving titles of his comedies are far more numerous, and the fragments of them that remain show a dexterity in metre and vigor in diction that have charmed many modern critics, among them Theodore Mommsen. In the canon of nine Latin comic writers framed by Volcatius he was assigned the third place—next to Plautus. Not content with adapting Greek themes, he turned to Roman story and set on the stage his *Romulus*, telling the founding of Rome, and his *Clastidium* celebrating the winning of the *Spolia Opima* by Marcellus in his own day. Already he tried to vary his Greek models by fusing the plots of two of them into one, the *contaminatio*, beyond which neither Plautus nor Terence advanced in their endeavor for originality. But the charm for him of the tale of Rome was greater than could find expression in the description of any single episode; and he told the story at length in his *Bellum Punicum*, the oldest Roman epic. This he composed in Saturnians, a native Italian form of verse, whose resemblance to the early Teutonic ballad-metres has led to the conclusion that it is like them not quantitative but accental in

structure and an Indo-Germanic inheritance. Of this epic we have only some seventy verses left, remains too scanty for us to form from them any idea of the power of the poem. But there are signs that even in the days of Augustus, the delight of the Romans in this poem had not passed away. For in Augustus' time a new edition appeared arranged in seven books by a certain Lampadio, and Horace's complaint:

*Naevius in maribus non est, et mentibus, haeret
Paene recens.*

(Naevius we have not in our hands, but he dwells constant in our memory as if he were of to-day.)

shows the eager welcome it met among the cultured class. When to his companions rescued from the storm at the beginning of the Aeneid, Aeneas brings words of cheer:

“O Socii neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,
O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.”

Servius' comment is “This whole passage is transferred from Naevius' *Bellum Punicum*,” and Macrobius, speaking of the storm itself, says, “This passage is all taken from Naevius (*locus sumptus a Naevio*).” Cicero in his *Brutus* had already reproached Ennius for his pilferings from Naevius, and had noticed how in his annals he had passed over the First Punic war, evidently shrinking from comparison with the older poet, whose work, he adds, pleases like a work of Myron's (*quasi opus Myronis delectat*). In another direction, too, Naevius anticipated the spirit of later Rome. We know of the Pasquils in which the Romans of the Middle Ages scourged the folly or rapacity of their Popes. The habit was much older than the Popes; for Tacitus tells us how Tiberius was tormented by anonymous verses showering abuse on him:

*Asper et inmites; breviter vis omnia dicam:
Dispeream si te mater amare potest.*

(Hard and pitiless, do you wish to hear all in a word.
Hang me, if even your mother can love you.)

The comic actors were liable to be whipped by the Aediles for any insolence, and Naevius' criticisms on the little tyrants of his day found like utterance; till at last the Metelli, vexed at the line:

Fato Metelli Romai fiunt consules,

(If the Metelli are to be ever our consuls, Rome is doomed)
lent point to their rude retort,

Dabunt malum Metelli Naevio poetae,

by haling him to prison. How long the old man remained there we are not informed; Gellius says he atoned for his fault by two comedies composed while in custody and was set free by the tribunes' intervention. He had already laughed at a youthful peccadillo in the elder Africanus: *eum suus pater cum pallio ab amica abduxit uno*; but the victor over Hannibal seems to have been far above the petty spite of the Metelli, and took Naevius with him in his train to Africa, where he died in 201 B.C. He was already a senex, Cicero tells us, when he wrote the *Bellum Punicum*. Gellius gives us an epitaph which he wrote for himself "breathing Campanian pride":

Immortales mortales si foret fas flere,

Flerent divae Camenae Naevium poetam

Itaque postquam est Orci traditus thesauro

Obliti sunt Romai loquier lingua Latina.

(If it were granted immortals to weep for mortals,

The muses would weep for the poet Naevius.

So after he was consigned to Orcus' treasure-house,

They forgot in Rome to speak the Latin tongue.)

"Forgot to speak the Latin tongue?" In sooth with the next great Latin poet came a change for Latin poetry that seems in some measure to justify Naevius' foreboding, for the year 204 B.C., there arrived in Rome, in the train of the elder Cato of all persons, a Calabrian called Q. Ennius, destined to boast himself the creator of Latin poetry. He, too, undertook in his annals to tell the story of Rome, which he composed, not in Saturnians, but in the metre of Homer—the dactyllic hexa-

meter. And this metre in its Roman form attained such beauty and majesty as to win from Tennyson the praise of "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man." We can see how the verse which in Ennius' praise of Fabius:

Unus vir nobis cunctando restituit rem

shows a stiffness not inappropriate to its theme, wins motion and music in Lucretius' praise of the south wind,

Altitonaus Voltumnus et Auster fulmine pollens,

and reaches its full height of majestic pathos in Virgil's lament for the young Marcellus. But the metre gave a new swing to Latin poetry, a motion not native to the language, and with it a new accent to the speech of the cultured class, an accent never prevailing among the men in the street, and so tended to divorce the poetry of the cultured class from the speech of the common people, just as the oratory of the Rostra was divorced from it. Some of us whose memory goes back thirty years, can recall the Court English of the later Victorians, which our king has wisely cast aside, choosing to speak the language of the mass of his subjects. But by Ennius' adoption of Homer's metre the language of the cultured Roman was cut away from its native soil; its flowering time was brief, if bright; and when it passed, for it there was no renewal. When the triumph of Virgil was repeated by Dante, it was repeated in a language developed from the popular Latin, from which the diction of Virgil had been sundered by an accent and a metre essentially Greek, not Latin. Over a year ago Monseignor Stagni told me that the verses of the Divine Comedy were still repeated by the *contadini* in their fields; but though the Roman noble read Virgil at his banquet, we never hear of the peasant singing his verses at the plough.

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

(Continued from page 109.)

By ARTHUR P. McKENZIE.

He was much given to introspection, and now he walked along trying to reconstruct his world with the new and wonderful factor that had come into it. Turning a corner he suddenly found himself in the centre of a crowd of sailors, who plainly displayed a too long and familiar converse with the little shallow sake cup. He was forced to exert considerable strength to keep his feet. This brought his mind to bear on more practical questions.

"I must go to the *chaya* and get a room," he thought to himself, and stepped into a small china store to inquire his way.

An old gentleman, who sat smoking beside a tiny brazier, looked up at the intrusion. When Lloyd had stated his business he proceeded to knock the ashes deliberately out of the infinitesimal bowl of his long-stemmed pipe, and then replied graciously enough, that the *danna* might find the *chaya* in question by proceeding to the eighth corner and turning to his left.

Lloyd thanked the old gentleman and stepped out into the street again. Following his directions, he soon found the *chaya*. It was empty now, save for several junk captains smoking gravely on the raised flooring. One burly individual in particular attracted Lloyd's attention. He was slightly better dressed, and younger in appearance than his companions, and talked in a loud, confident voice, as though accustomed to a certain amount of deference from those about him. He stared insolently at Lloyd as he entered, but made no comment.

The mistress of the tea house recognized him instantly.

"Come right in," she said smiling, and taking down the cords that held up her long sleeves.

"Have you a room?" he asked simply.

"Yes," she answered. "I have one that will suit the *danna* perfectly, one that overlooks the garden. It is very cool at night. You may feel the sea breeze. It is the coolest place in the house."

"All right," he said shortly, "I will take it." Her volubility somehow displeased him. Leaving his coat behind, he strolled out again.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the landlady unpleasantly, as soon as Lloyd was out of earshot. She was evidently nettled at his brusqueness—feeling no doubt that she had failed to make an impression. "That young *danna* is very lofty. Are they all like that, these foreigners, Nomura San?" she asked, turning to a coarse but forceful-looking individual, no other than he whom Lloyd had noted at his entrance.

He slapped his thigh, enjoying her discomfiture.

"You are not so fetching as you used to be, mother tea-house-keeper. The young fellows won't stand around any more."

She made a grimace at him, and continued with the garrulity of her kind. "Jiro took him over to Maruyama's this afternoon, and he has been there all evening, I suppose."

The man turned quickly. "To Maruyama's, did you say? Oh, yes, he must be the fellow that used to take Maruyama sailing last summer."

"I don't see why they didn't keep him all night," she interjected, still slightly vindictive.

"Just as well," he said. "These foreigners are a bad lot. You can trade with them if you are sharp, but don't let them get into your home. I could tell some stories, but then you would be afraid to entertain him, and that would lose you a night's lodging." He laughed again.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation was walking rapidly down toward the beach. Beyond the gap in the acacia-crowned dunes, the broad expanse that stretched down to the water's edge was covered with the usual Matsuri crowd. It throbbed and pulsed and wavered, in every direction. At intervals it eddied about a shaved-ice-and-lemonade booth, or a vendor of vermicelli, or one of the ubiquitous candy booths. In one place a vast concourse was gathered in a natural amphitheatre, formed by the opposing slopes of two sand dunes, watching a pair of wrestlers locked in contest and lighted by the fitful glare of four monster pine torches. The crowd, intent on the spectacle, held its breath. The hoarse shouts of the umpire as

he stepped nimbly about, raising or lowering his fan, were distinctly audible for a considerable distance. About the wrestling ring, built up with its circle of ricebags, sat a zone of motionless figures, clearly distinguishable from the dark crowd, for they were stripped, save for a heavy black loin cloth. These were the wrestlers, amateur and professional. The struggle in the ring went doggedly forward. The champions were well matched. They might have been two prehistoric monsters fighting in a lonely vale watched over, only by the thick-strewn rocks of a wild and desolate mountain side, so silent, so tense was the crowd. At length with a clever feint one monster put the other off his guard, and, with a resistless rush, forced him off the edge of the ring. On a sudden the motionless rocks rose, tossed, and split with a mighty roar. The contest was ended. Lloyd passed on.

Beyond in the sparkling moonlit water, warm from the southern seas, the bathers disported themselves, and their cries and shouts burst at intervals through the steady hum of voices on the sandy shore. Brightly clad children ran hither and thither, some sucking enormous sweetmeats, stuck on bits of reed, some carrying about tiny cages of fireflies, others halting for a brief moment in their restless flitting to and fro, to watch entranced, unbelievable deeds of daring sword dancer, or sinuous acrobat.

One lusty brown fellow espied Lloyd.

"*Oi, Ijinsan* (foreigner) has come," he shouted to his mates.

Lloyd smiled. Immediately there was a chorus. The youngsters formed themselves into a body-guard, and shouted in unison, though at a respectful distance.

"*Ijin, pap pa, ijin pap pa, ijin pap pa,*" they cried, with seemingly tireless iteration. By this they intended to express a general contempt for the senseless jargon of these foreigners. Their elders, in the immediate vicinity, who happened to notice what was passing, looked curiously to see how the *Ijinsan* took it; and, as he took it all, at least, with outward good grace, reproved the youngsters, but without much effect.

Lloyd strolled along through the crowd, too much occupied with his own thoughts to be greatly disturbed by his small tor-

mentors, his objective a group of tall, dark dunes, that rose a good two hundred feet above the beach, at its northern extremity.

After a short climb, of which his buoyant step made light work, he reached the summit of one of these and seated himself on the harsh, salt-seared grass.

Beyond and below lay the lighted beach, with hundreds of human beings moving about upon it, like a vast convocation of ants, about to start on a march. Further out lay the Japan Sea, glinting here and there where the breeze ruffled the surface of the water, and threw up tiny wavelets that reflected the light of the rising moon in a myriad bright beams. Behind him stretched a troubled sea of grey tile and shingle roofs—the town. Here a tall fire tower, armed with its bronze alarm bell, thrust its skeleton height indistinctly above the surrounding masses, there a dark clump of cryptomeria firs and pines marked a solitary temple grove. Beyond the precincts of the little town the evening mist lay white upon the inland rice fields. Far away in the ethereal moonlit distance the mountains of the coast range rose, piled one upon another like masses of spectral blue-grey cloud.

The manifold beauties of the night no doubt exerted a soothing influence upon his mind; but though usually extremely sensitive and quickly responsive to the moods of nature, to-night his thoughts were too chaotic, required too much concentration, to allow him much energy for the apprehension of external things.

He sat for some time ruminating, chewing vigorously the while a harsh, long-stemmed weed.

“Oh, God,” he muttered at length, clenching his fists and raising his face, tense with the uncompromising earnestness of his race. “I think she would. Yes, I will venture it.”

His mind was made up at last. He would make the Island Empire his home. Over all the world he had travelled. No-where were the people so kindly, or the life so stimulating—and Hanako.

“Oh, Hanako, if you will have me I will make your land my home forever.” So he thought to himself. “It is no mere fancy, no illusion. My whole nature tells me with a voice unmistakable that I am right. Hypersensitive, cynical fellow that you are, what has come upon you?” he continued half whimsi-

cally, half in earnest. "You were so proud of that cynicism, that haughty aloofness, but a short while ago. Well, cynicism can go, something better has come in its place." He fell to musing silently again.

On the beach the lights began to disappear, one by one. He rose slowly and started for the village. At each step his spirits rose. At length he came within the shadow of the houses, and passed along the now silent streets, till he came to the little tea house. The good lady was yawning frankly beside the bronze brazier, where she sat mechanically warming her hands, though the charcoal fire was dead.

She inquired solicitously if he had enjoyed the Matsuri. He answered indifferently, and asked to be shown to his room. She rose, picking up a tall stand lamp from the corner, and led the way up the stairs to the rear of the little house. Arrived here, she slid back a light paper door and ushered him into a small room with a tiny balcony, which overlooked a miniature garden. It was still bathed in bright moonlight. While Lloyd availed himself of a tray that she had brought along with her to pour out some tea, his hostess unrolled the heavy quilts that were to be his bed, on the floor, and rigged up his mosquito netting, providing him with a soft pillow on request, as the hard cylindrical Japanese pillow does not agree with an Occidental neck. As soon as she withdrew he threw off his clothes and stretched himself on his simple couch.

For a long time he lay quietly, listening to the occasional croaking of the frogs in the fishpond in the garden below, or the hum of the insect orchestra, intensified now and then by the shriller note of the night cicada, the vision of Hanako before his eyes. He endeavored to fathom the future that lay before him, and the consequences of the decision he had made, which would lead to a definite course of life, beginning with the evening of the morrow, or, and he sighed rather wearily, the same old lonely round of endeavor, where he seemed forever on a treadmill, never accomplishing anything better than a monotonous semi-success. One thing continued insistently to recur to his mind, however. Why had Hanako been so passionate in her denunciation of the customs of her country? Why had she wished him away so vehemently? Perhaps she had felt

that she had too quickly disclosed her regard for him. Perhaps a delicate feminine instinct warned her that she must be alone for a while, that she might readjust herself, regain her equipoise in the face of all these new and strange emotions. But the answer did not satisfy him. The riddle was beyond his comprehension.

Soothed by the noises of the night and the gentle sea breeze, he fell asleep at length, and did not awaken again till the sun rose high in the heavens, long after the drums in the temple porches had given out their first matutinal tattoos, under the vigorous manipulation of the early-rising youngsters.

As soon as he was dressed, Lloyd clapped his hands. His smiling landlady appeared.

"The *danna* has had a long sleep. Is he well rested?"

Yes, the *danna* was.

Would he have some breakfast?

He could eat anything, but "What have you?"

"Bean gruel and eggs are ready to serve."

Lloyd was satisfied.

Breakfast over, he made inquiries regarding the whereabouts of the Zen temple, and, after an hour's search, located it on the outskirts of the little town.

He found himself before a large Buddhist temple, buried deep in a grove of giant cryptomeria firs. As he passed through the massive gateway and into the great court beyond, he discovered the object of his more particular search. A group of workmen were putting the finishing touches to an open-air stage, which he concluded was being erected for the evening's performance. Strolling about leisurely he soon found himself at the rear of the temple. The temple yard was enclosed by a high mud wall, finished in white plaster, and topped with a roofing of large glazed tiles. Two or three gates led from the yard at this point into the graveyard, which was of considerable size, and lay directly behind the temple.

He sauntered idly through the nearest gate, and soon lost himself among the rows of tombs that stretched away on every side under the great cryptomerias, interspersed here and there with dark-leaved camellias, and clumps of reed bamboo. The graveyard was none too well kept, and many of the great lichen-

covered stones lay overthrown in the rank undergrowth. One huge monument of limestone, partially covered with moss, and apparently very old, attracted his attention. It stood somewhat out of the perpendicular, its summit leaning against a large persimmon tree. That which particularly attracted his attention, however, was the name upon its front. The characters, though half defaced, were still decipherable. From top to bottom they read "Mura-ta." He stepped closer to examine the stone, and discovered that it was not a monolith, but built up of four large slabs, dovetailed together in a curious fashion, leaving within a space about six feet high and nearly two feet square. One side of the monument had fallen away, disclosing a tiny shrine. It had once been beautifully gilded, but now its golden splendor was sadly tarnished, and the delicate wood-work was so rotten that it would have fallen to pieces at a vigorous jar.

"I must bring Murata here, and see if he can claim this old gentleman resting in peace below as an ancestor," thought Lloyd, as he slowly walked away.

Through the remaining hours of the afternoon he wandered aimlessly about the streets of the little town, idly watching the sights presented by the Matsuri.

As the day drew to a close, he grew more and more absent-minded. The crowd seemed to surge past him in a sort of parti-colored mist, the varying tints streaming unreasonably into one another. He procured a light lunch at the *chaya*, and as soon as it was fully dark he started again for the Zen temple, his heart beating fast.

Through the sombre gates pressed a throng of gay people. The huge temple yard was already well filled. In the few short hours of his absence numerous booths had sprung up on every hand, as though in answer to the fiat of some great magician. Monster paper lanterns hung in the open porch of the temple. Wide-eyed peasant children wandered hither and thither.

Not wishing to attract attention, he hardly glanced at the scene, but turned to the less frequented side of the temple yard, and quickly lost himself to view in the shadows cast by the

great tree trunks. He walked quickly along till he reached the rear of the temple. Turning to his left, he soon found himself once more behind the stage. The amateur performers were just appearing on the boards. A historical scene was being enacted with elaborate conventional motions, accompanied by a peculiar style of declamation.

He stood in the darkness for a moment, his sensitive mind appreciating to the full the consequences of the step he was about to take.

"God grant that she may be mine," he half prayed.

A light screen of bamboo lattice enclosed a space behind the stage. This was the dressing-room. He stepped up to it quietly. A small lamp within the enclosure cast the shadowy outline of a girl's figure on the lattice work. He parted the sticks of bamboo with his fingers, his heart beating almost painfully.

At the sound the girl turned, a terrified expression in her eyes. She stood as though petrified, looking towards the dark background of the temple yard in the direction of the cemetery. Lloyd spoke quickly.

"It is Jack."

Relieved now, and making a tender little gesture commanding silence, she stepped quickly and softly around the edge of the thin partition.

"Jackiechan," she said, as he clasped her hands in his and looked down into the troubled face. "You were so long coming I was afraid—so afraid. You must not stay a minute."

"Why, what is it?" he asked.

"Oh, I am afraid something might happen, something terrible."

"Won't you tell me, Hanakochan, what you are afraid of?"

"It is foolish. You would laugh," she said evasively.

"But do please go away."

"I will—right away," he said mystified, "but before I go I want to ask you something. Hanakochan," he hesitated, "I am not rich, but I have been pretty successful, and last night when I went away from you I decided to ask you . . ." he broke off, "Hanakochan, will you marry me, will you be my wife? Dearest girl will you go——?"

(To be continued.)

Down by the Sea

BY CAPTAIN DAVID JONES.

It was my lot to have been born on the outskirts of the world, far from the haunts of men and the beaten paths of civilization. As a boy I wandered over ice-built mountains on the shores of polar seas where the white bear has his home. I have sailed the Atlantic in all seasons and in all weathers, now ploughing the tepid waters of the Spanish Main, now skirting the coasts of Greenland and of Labrador. My occupation alternates between catching flying-fish in southern seas and harpooning rorquals among the northern ice. This winter my habitat was among the fruits and flowers of Trinidad, the next among the polar snows of Baffin Land.

The course of this erratic career has been full of incident, and has provided me with a fund of "yarns." But these are not for the salon, but for the more appreciative audience by the gleaming light of the old log fireside, where every stirring tale has its measure of due appreciation, and where the recital of heroic deeds brings tears to the eyes of the aged dame and causes the grand-sire to remove his pipe while the thrill of emotion shakes his frame, and his eyes light up with eagerness. Chivalry has forsaken the palace and the hall, but it survives and is fostered in the rude huts by the sea. There the love of the Barbados man and maiden is as full of romance as that of the duchess and the belted knight. Indeed there is something finer and more natural in the way Sam makes love to Dinah. Shakespeare has nothing so sweet and sad as the love tragedy of two young Eskimos whom I knew. Never can I forget the sad, despairing look of young John Connyhock as he sat despondently smoking his T. D. upside down in his rude snow hut. My heart still melts at the recollection of the yearning, longing love of Polly Ponnyhock as she wandered over the snow in the moonlight, in her harem skirt of walrus skin. But propriety forbids the tale, for they were only Eskimos.

The nature of a professional "salt" is a puzzle. Widely differing elements blend to make up this odd character. His heart is as tender as a woman's, yet he has the courage and the fierceness of a lion. Under some circumstances the sight of another's suffering will bring tears; on other occasions he is as callous as a cliff. He would faint in a hospital ward, but would chop off a diseased or frozen limb of his own without flinching.

This complexity is due to the combination of the mellowing influences of affection and the hardening effects of marine disaster. I should relate one tale which came under my immediate notice, and which illustrates this two-fold quality of the seaman's character and the heroism of which he is capable. We found ten gaunt bodies lying in a heap where they had sunk exhausted, and at a little distance was a skeleton from which the flesh and even the ligaments had been picked. On one of the men we found a note telling the tale of weeks of suffering, and of one man's sacrifice.

But another story has the field; a story told in every corner of the earth—where the hero of it has chanced to go. The tale of the man who spent a night on the ice, and the picture of the doctor, with his feet wrapped in dog's skins, have touched the hearts of the poor and the pockets of the rich the world over. Those who had not money to give, gave their tears and their benediction to the hero who so narrowly escaped having his toes frost-bitten.

I hear again the wild shriek of the wind, the groan of the freezing seamen, or the crack of a limb of some frozen corpse. I have seen fifty frozen bodies in a common mass, I have seen a brother strip his brother's corpse to use the clothes for his own protection.

But these are tales for the fireside and not for the gay salon

For the sake of propriety then I shall withhold my harrowing tales, and instead shall give some rambling sketches of the sea in its different moods according to the seasons.

I spent the spring of 1908 in Baffin Straits and around the southern shores of Greenland. It was my intention to write off my Matriculation at the close of the voyage in June. As soon, therefore, as my "watch" was over it was my custom to busy myself with books. One night early in March as I sat on the locker in the fo'c's'le solving the mysteries of Hall and Knight's Algebra by the smoky light of a seal-oil lamp, the first mate put his head down the scuttle and shouted, "All hands on deck!" I knew by the heavy plunging of the ship that she was "making bad weather," and that a storm was raging. On reaching the deck I found indescribable chaos. Ice-laden yards and ropes of the lower rigging were falling about one's ears, and sheets of canvas left the masts with every squall. The wind, the bitter, burning wind, shrieked and whistled through the shrouds. Our vessel reared and plunged like a frightened horse, now riding high on the crest of a wave, now leaping headlong down its slope to bury herself in the side of the next. Icy waters swept the deck, covering everything with a

coat of ice. Within three hours the hull was scarcely distinguishable from an iceberg, except for the festoons of icicles around the yards and masts, giving the merest suggestion of the rigging. We lashed the captain to the wheel, but this was scarcely necessary, for within a few minutes he was securely frozen to his post. The rest of the crew, except myself, were perched high in the rigging above the zone of spray. As soon as each sea had passed they lowered one of their number to the deck to brush the already congealed spray from the captain's head and hands. Before the next sea broke they pulled him back to safety. My position was on the fo'c's'le deck and my duty was to peer into the darkness ahead for the sight of a dreaded iceberg. My companions had lashed me to a belaying pin to prevent my being swept away. I was soon enveloped in a coat of ice, but this was no embarrassment, for it served as a protection against the piercing wind.

After the storm abated we chopped the ice from the rigging and the hull.

When the gale struck us we were in search of the seal-laden "jam" of northern ice that annually drifts through Baffin Straits. We were not taken much out of our course, for before the decks were cleared we were sailing into the jam. It was midnight when we reached the floe. Before us, above and around us was a panorama of unrivalled grandeur. The aurora, the wonder and the glory of the northern nights, lit up the sea and sky. The ever-dancing beams, the ever-changing rays, now scarlet, now green, now gold, afforded such a spectacle as man is seldom privileged to see. All around us lay the ice. Here and there huge mountains reared their peaks aloft and rocked against the stars. The level portions, the nursing ground of a hundred million seals, gently undulated with the swell.

Morning brought a spectacle no less interesting if less grand. As far as the eye could reach moving objects could be observed. The Harp and the Hood were there in their mottled coats, the Squareflipper sported in his suit of grey, and the White-coat in his dress of spotless white. A veritable babel of a million voices made one speculate as to the quality of the music in Noah's Ark.

Before the sun was well above the horizon the order, "Sealers away" came from the quarter-deck. The sealers, armed with knife and gaff, swarmed over the rail and began the work of slaughter. Within an hour the field of dazzling white had turned to crimson. The slaughter was wholesale, and blood streamed in brooklets down the icy slopes.

The smell of blood attracted sharks for miles around. Whenever one looked their ugly snouts might be seen protruding above the ice. Between man and monster a sort of blood feud exists, dating back, as is commonly said, to the time of the flood, when they first came in contact with each other. Every seaman believes it his pious duty to maltreat the creature on every possible occasion. Many an innocent shark has had his snout smashed with a club, or his jaw crushed by the heavy hob-nailed boot of a seaman. "Take that," I heard one man say as he applied his boot to a shark's jaw with such vigour as must have loosened every tooth in its head: "Take that, if you didn't do it one of your family did." On inquiring for the cause of the quarrel he informed me that two summers ago his sister had both her feet snapped off while she was bathing them over the side of a boat.

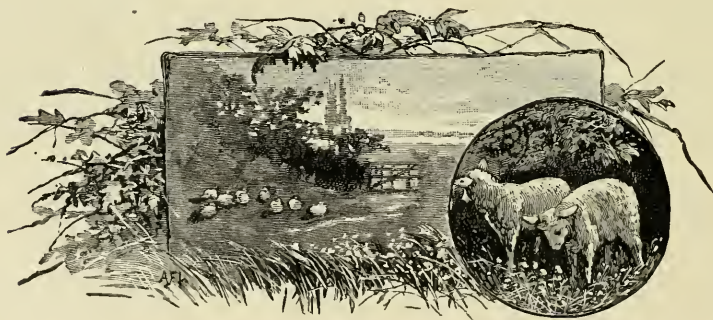
Summer comes with its recompenses of warm and gladsome days. Often for weeks together the sea is motionless or only disturbed by a gentle breeze. On such occasions all the finny hosts make holiday. Every creature sports and gambols after its own peculiar fashion. The porpoise and the puffing pig pop up, utter their merry squeak, shake their tail at you and dart away again. The cod swim along in pairs close to each other, as if exchanging confidences. The salmon expresses his delight by leaping three or four feet in the air at every hundred yards. The horse mackerel with his dorsals two or three feet above the sea ploughs along, driving the foam for yards on either side. The monarch of the sea is there in all his majesty. His mighty head rises slowly from the surface, and a long column of spray is sent high into the air. With a graceful dip the head goes forward, the back curves upward, and finally the huge tail rises twenty feet above the sea, as the great creature takes its headlong plunge.

When the ocean is lashed by a November gale it assumes its wildest form. Mountains and caves are there, and yet are not. Now, with a sickening sensation, the mariner sinks down in some deep hollow, now rises up, up the steep slope of a billow that seethes and hisses overhead. Often on looking into the green depths of a wave, one might discover some sea monster awaiting that fresh feast which always follows shipwreck. You shudder at the sight when your ship is stout and staunch, but when you are on a frail hulk, battered and half demolished by the storms, your hair stands up and your blood runs cold.

It is during this season, too, that "phantom lights" and other strange phenomena appear. The phantom light is still a mystery

to the scientist as well as to the navigator. A great ball of flame rises directly from the sea. It is variable in size and colour, and separates into two distinct bodies of different colours, usually red and green. The two lights seem to chase each other round and round the ship, now rising high in air, now sinking near the sea. Suddenly they reunite, forming one large yellow ball. This new phenomenon is also erratic in its motions. It may shoot away against the wind at lightning speed, and as speedily return. Its motions are not controlled by wind or gravity. It often audaciously perches on the yard-arm or some other portion of the rigging, lighting up the whole ship and the sea for yards around. It looks exactly like a flame, yet does not burn even a tarry rope, though its illumination is as great as that of a hundred candles.

The sea has many moods, and many strange phenomena unexplained by science, appear upon it. Its majesty in a calm, the might of its waves in a storm, the wild aspect of the sky and the frequent appearance of phantom lights all tend to foster the narrative faculties of the seaman, and furnish him with "yarns" which the prosaic land-lubber rejects as being fishy.



Alas!

Oh Dattler's! What an "open sesame" to a treasure store of romance! Cosmopolitan luxury may dazzle one in the magnificent restaurants of Berlin; plutocracy abroad may languidly ogle the passers-by from the piazzas of the palace hotels of Lucerne; sheer abandoned Bohemianism—very often reading the *New York Herald*—may shock you in the cabarets of Montmartre in Paris, but romance has only one rendezvous in Europe, and that is at Dattler's in Freiburg.

Prove it, do you say? My friend, the very situation of Freiburg establishes my claim. Everybody but the Heidelbergers, who are biased, will agree with me that Freiburg is the most bewitching town in Germany, the home of romance. Everybody, including the Heidelbergers, gives Dattler's the pre-eminence as the rendezvous par excellence of Freiburg. Do you know, it is confidently expected that the Garden of Eden will be ultimately located about one half hour from Freiburg, in a little valley to which I would gladly guide you to to-day! At any rate, even if the Garden occupies the traditional spot, the obvious reason for its being set so far away was the fear that our erring ancestors might otherwise discover the site of Freiburg and rejoice at their expulsion.

I had a rendezvous at Dattler's that evening. Do not smile; it was with my student friend Herr Burkard. We met on the corner by the barracks and climbed the mountain together, for Dattler's Restaurant clings among the vines and trees to the slope of the wooded Schlossberg, overlooking the quiet city resting at its foot.

There were a few in the main room, but we passed on through to where cosy little tables, set out enticingly in the open, wooed all comers impartially. The wooing had been rather too successful, for at only one table were there empty chairs. Three ladies at this table were being served with—must I confess it?—"Dunkles Münchener," and one, by very much the oldest of the three, was speaking in a low voice to the waiter. We hesitated. From the farthest, longest table, came a burst of loud laughter and a snatch of song. I looked down and saw a group of scarred students in their caps and "kneipe" raise their mugs and hold them thus while they gleefully sang the chorus of *Gaudeamus Igitur*. Four artillery officers were talking soberly over their wine at the table nearest us. The waiter looked at us enquiringly as he passed.

"Come," said Burkard, and I followed him. We sat down opposite two of the ladies. I was across the corner from the third.

"Guten Abend."

"Guten Abend."

This duty done, we lapsed again into silence, broken only to order coffee when the waiter came. Why talk, when one could gaze westward over the tile-roofed city to where the irregular mass of the volcanic Kaiserstuhl was heaped upon the plain, beyond to where the Rhine was winding slowly down its wide, flat valley, far beyond to where behind the towering Vosges the glories of the sunset were paling into the evening gloom?

The twilight deepened, one by one the stars came out to view, and, startlingly, as if by the power of some mighty *Lux Fiat*, the lights of the city appeared. From the slender spire of the cathedral tower reverberated the warning of the nine o'clock bell. The strains of one of Waldteufel's dreamy waltzes came to us from the main room. The evening's program had commenced.

The Kaiserstuhl loomed blacker and the Vosges faded from view. I turned to Burkard.

"Which Emperor was it who held his court there once, from which the Kaiserstuhl was named?"

"Rudolph of Hapsburg," he replied, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"I trust that my age will excuse my temerity, young gentlemen, but it was one of the Otto's, not Rudolph. Was it not, Frieda?"

"Yes, mother."

It was the girl across the corner of the table who answered, and the Kaiserstuhl ceased at once and absolutely to be an object of contemplation to me. I might try to sketch for you the young lady's mother and sister, but neither you nor I can have any absorbing interest in them, so I forbear. As for Fräulein Frieda, he would be indeed self-confident who should attempt the task. Even at the time I did not analyze the fascination, and as I write it lingers with me like the haunting memory of some half-forgotten dream of Paradise.

Burkard and the other two were chatting now as freely as life-long friends, but I was wretchedly, stupidly silent. What was there to say? I sat thus in a rage until the magic of the *Intermezzo* from the *Cavaleria Rusticana* wafted me away from my misery into a summer-twilight phantasy, unified by one dominant theme—the girl across the corner.

"The American Herr loves the Cavaleria Rusticana. Is it not so?" There was a note of timidity in the query.

"Love it! I live in it, Fräulein!"

"Now that is funny. I also like it very much. And do you have our operas in America, too?"

Thus the spell of silence was broken. Now merrily, now seriously, we talked during the intervals. I remember that the orchestra played the Overture to *Die Meistersinger* and Schumann's *Träumerei*. I did not hear the rest. I did not even know when the music ceased.

"Yes, there are so many lovely walks all through our Black Forest, but have you seen the ruins of the Schneeburg?"

"Not yet, Fräulein."

"And you do not know the story of the old baron and the Black Riders? No? So then I must tell you."

The weird old tale of the baron of Schneeburg told, she became inquisitive, delightfully inquisitive. Did I play tennis? All Americans did. She and her sister played on the courts by the convent. No, my friend and I had not been in the habit of playing there, but our courts were very unsatisfactory, and we had been thinking seriously of changing. Yes? How nice!

"Oh, tell me, is it true that in America, if you ask a young lady more than three times to go out with you, you must propose to her?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "my experience has been that if you want a young lady to go out with you more than three times, you had better not propose to her."

"How strange! But are the Americans very beautiful? How many really pretty young ladies do you know at your university?"

"Now let me see. There are one—two—three—four—fi...."

"Come, Frieda, we must be going home. It must be quite eleven o'clock."

Burkard always was an obliging fellow. He went on with Frieda's mother and sister, and she and I followed slowly the dark, zig-zagging paths that led down the slope, and then along the Friedrichstrasse to Bahnhofstrasse. We paused at the gate. I made my adieus to the others and turned to Frieda.

"Guten Abend, mein Fräulein. You do not know the pleasure you have given me to-night."

"Guten Abend, Herr Americaner. Will you not come over some time and meet my fiancé? He is so very much interested in America."

J. D. R.

Literary Treasures Trove

No. 3.

PHRYGIUS AND SYLVIA.

A fragment from a lost tragical comedy by John Lyly.

Actus primus. Scaena tertia.

[The Audience Chamber.]

Sylvia on a divan, being fanned by Appia. Phrygius at her feet.

Sylvia—Phrygius, I cannot tell if I should the more eagerlie applaud your brauerie or youre bountie, the one beeinge shewn in your trauails and dangers, as the other in thus recounting of them to a poore mayden. But as the beare reechethe ever the pawe after the honie, so doe I desire thee to give me of the honie of thy discourse and to tell me of the strange people which thou hast seen.

Phrygius—Fayre Mayden, shall I dare to make myselfe Aeneas, because I have a Dido to my audience? Shall I speeke of sanages when he has tolde of heroes? Neuerthesse, as the sage Solon is sayde to have disported himselfe with the fond fables of his seruants, and as the royale lyon keepeth ever a yonge ape for his diuersion, so may the sweete Sylvia drawe merienesse from my tayles. Nay, not to mixe canticles with counsell, as the houlinge hyena of Barbarie doth sing of its sorowes, so shall I sing right barbarously a song I herde in Surie.

(Sings)

Dam Cupid flunge his darts aside.

“An’ he were elad in Spanische mayle,

‘It might not’ gainst my shafts awayle,”

In sulkie rage he pouting cried.

“My mother Venus must I call,

For all my archerie is vaine

Unscathed he staulks across the plaine,
Methinks he hath no heart at all.”

“My son,” replied the goddesse fayre,

“Of tresses from sweete Sylvia’s haire

‘A chain of magick you must winde;

‘The stoutest heart you then may binde.”

In dungeon deep, with sighs and groans,

The fetter’d wretch his fate bemoans.

Sylvia (aside)—The yellow eyes of the zebra become blinde at the sound of the flute, and the elephant becometh déaf for two days and an houre at the sighte of the harvest moone, so am I both blinde to all save the sight of this sweete strangere, and deaf to all saue the sounde of his voyce. O blessed blindness! A delectable deafe-nesse.



Heterodoxy or Hypocrisy—A Minister's Dilemma

REV. J. S. WOODSWORTH.

Our district meetings will shortly be here, and again, throughout the Connexion, candidates for the ministry will be examined. This examination may sometimes maintain a high plane. Often it is more or less of a farce. Sometimes it becomes a dreaded ordeal in passing through which the young man receives his first lessons in casuistry—that is, I take it, his push into an immoral life.

No, I'm not hysterical; but year by year this thought has been burning itself into me, and one is hardly true to the Church or to the young men—much less to the Master—unless he voices his convictions.

Listen to one of our theological students—"Of course, nobody believes those musty old doctrines, except the old fogies. But then the questions are in the Discipline and they must be answered. I suppose it's a case of mental reservation" (he was a "philosophy" man) "but then everyone does it. Our stunts in getting through these questions are nothing to those of the Presbyterian boys with the Westminster Confession. You ought to hear *them* talk. But then everybody takes it for granted nowadays that these old doctrines must be liberally interpreted. All the 'Profs' say that. Why, if you hold to the letter there would be no development at all. There would be no one left in the church but old Father Blank ——— See?"

"Mental reservation"—"Everyone does it"—"Liberally interpreted"—End justifying the means—are these the principles that are to govern the actions of the men who are to be the leaders in the church? The attitude of this student is not an exceptional one—that is the deplorable fact. But is it not still more deplorable that our standards and our disciplinary requirements are such that many a young man who has caught the modern spirit is forced to the hard alternative of remaining outside the church or at least becoming party to an evasion of the law?

Every candidate is asked: "Have you read the whole Discipline? Are you willing to conform to it? Do you sincerely and fully believe the doctrines of Methodism as contained in our twenty-five Articles of Religion and as taught by Mr. Wesley in his Notes on

the New Testament and Volumes of Sermons, especially———? Will you endeavor fully and faithfully to preach them?"

How many of our ordained men are prepared, say, under oath, to give an unreserved affirmative? Then, is it fair, is it right to require this of candidates?

We have heard fierce condemnation from our pulpits of judges or administrative officials who interpreted the law "liberally" or acted as if free to enforce or not enforce it. Has a minister any more right to play fast and loose with words? Surely yea is yea and nay nay—or should be.

The way out? Sweep away an impossible situation! Is not sincerity of greater importance than orthodoxy? The Master's denunciations were not against erroneous doctrines or independent action but against all forms of insincerity. That Church surely cannot go to ruin that places the emphasis where the Master placed it.

Reminiscences of The Forest

A feeling thrills my soul to-night
 As I think of the silvan shades:
 Where the owlet steals thro' the deep twilight,
 And the fire-fly quivers its lantern bright
 As the evening splendor fades.

When the night has hushed the birds to rest,
 And the stag no longer calls;
 When the squirrel ends its daily quest
 And the partridge sits in its turfy nest,
 And quiet slumber falls;

Then I rise and enter the chilly air
 With a sense of awe profound.
 The beat of the planets I faintly hear,
 And a murmuring from the pine-trees near,
 And the birch-trees' rustling sound.

J. F. B. '14.

Eugenics—A Scientific Movement for Race Improvement

J. R. SMITH, '13.

Of late years the reading, thinking public have come to realize that poverty, sickness and crime are great and perhaps growing evils. Our almshouses, prisons and insane asylums are filled. In the city of London, though the population has remained stationary, the accommodations for feeble-minded have been doubled in the last fifteen years. Pessimists declare that the world is growing worse, that something is sapping the vitality of the human race. Though the increase of these evils is probably more apparent than real, because of an aroused interest in these matters, still great and earnest men feel that present-day conditions are far from ideal, and have asked themselves the question, "What is the cause of this sort of thing, what can we do about it?"

Two distinct sets of reformers have sought to answer these queries. One set urges that the increase in population of the socially unfit is due to existing social conditions, an unfair distribution of wealth. Their ultimate ideal is a great modern Utopia, in which all these painful conditions will disappear. The other set of reformers believe that the trouble lies deeper than mere social arrangement, that it is due to taints in the very blood of the race. They would seek to improve the human race by applying to it the principle of biology and heredity, just as a breeder would improve the quality of his horses or sheep by use of these principles.

The first set of reformers are represented by such earnest social workers as Henry George Jr., Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, and Mr. Robert Hunter. Mr. George's point of view is given in his book "The Menace of Privilege," in which, after stating that there is an increase of insanity, suicide and crime, he asks: "From what does all this proceed?" He replies, "Poverty. It means privation, insanity, suicide, crime." Mrs. Richards, in her valuable book entitled "Euthenics" says; "Of all our dangers, that of uncleanness leads." And Mr. Hunter has hopefully said, "Just as soon as the individual fully realizes that he himself is to blame for his suffering or his poverty he

will apply his intelligence to the betterment of his condition." The work of these reformers is truly a noble and commendable one. In their endeavors to improve the conditions of the poorer classes, to educate them to the realization of the value of pure food and cleanliness, and that they have the power within themselves to greatly better their conditions, they are doing a great work for humanity.

In contrast to the view of these social reformers, whose creed Mrs. Richards has aptly called "Euthenics," we have the view of the exponents of the new science of Eugenics. The view-point of the Eugenist may, perhaps, be best illustrated by an extreme example. A child is born an imbecile, and no amount of care, proper nutrition, or physical and mental training can make him anything but an imbecile. The trouble lies in the blood of the child. It is born an imbecile for the same reason that another child is born with blue eyes or brown hair. The Eugenist contends that permanent improvement of the race must come through better blood and breeding.

Man early utilized the forces of heredity in the cultivation of plants and animals, and his achievements along this line from the prehistoric domestication of animals to the marvellous successes of our modern breeders have been amazing. It is only natural that philosophers from the time of Plato have advanced deliberate methods of improving the human stock. Such improvements might be accomplished in two ways, either by extensive breeding from the best stock or by prevention of breeding from the worst. Present day social arrangements are too deeply rooted and too valuable from other standpoints to be sacrificed in an endeavor to accomplish the desired improvement by the first method. But the second, the prevention of breeding from the worst stock, is not only possible but practicable. A definite beginning of such prevention has already been made in our prisons and institutions of public charity. The only difference of opinion can be as to just what classes of infirm men and women should be cut off from parenthood, and as to what methods can be employed that will not endanger social progress.

In London, England, a Eugenic Education Society has been formed under the leadership of Sir Francis Galton, which has

gained such rapid and general interest that it is considered one of the important movements of the day. The society defines the new science thus: "The study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally. The science of Eugenics insists upon bettering the hereditary influences and environment of the child when born. Only the best of the race should have children, and of these the best care should be taken. Were this followed there is no doubt but that a fine race of human beings would be existent in one or two generations and race suicide would be abolished." Eugenics is, in brief, the science of racial improvement by the application of the laws of heredity, by encouraging the propagation and survival of the fittest in all classes of society, and by seeking to cut off the lives of inheritance of the unfit in all classes of society. The question becomes one of deciding who are the unfit. Many great minds have been in very poor bodies. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, would never have survived in Sparta when puny babies were destroyed.

The objection has been raised that we do not yet know enough of the laws governing heredity to warrant any endeavor to apply them to the human race. It becomes, then, the duty of eugenic workers to determine the workable principles of heredity, to gather information on all conditions which tend to affect its principles and to educate the people by their publications to apply these principles. The works of Mendel, Sir Francis Galton, Karl Pearson, Bateson, Castle, DeVries and many eminent members of the Eugenics Society have given us many practicable and interesting factors on which to base efforts in this direction.

Mendel's Law of Dominance is, perhaps, the most interesting hereditary law established. In 1865 this old Austrian monk made prolonged experiments in crossing varieties of garden peas. He selected seven pairs of characters, such as shape of the ripe seed, of the cotyledon, color of the seed skin, etc. Large numbers of crosses were made between peas differing in respect of one of each of these pairs of characters. It was found, says Bateson, *that in each case the offspring of the cross exhibited the characters of one of the parents in almost un-*

diminished intensity, and intermediates which could not be referred to one or other of the parental forms were not found. *In the case of each pair of characters there is one which in the first cross prevails to the exclusion of the other. This prevailing character Mendel called the Dominant character, the other he called the Recessive character.*

Mendel's paper was overlooked until Castle rediscovered the same law in 1900. He and Bateson have found that it applies to animals as well as to plants. For example, on crossing white mice with grey mice, Castle found that the offspring are all grey, that color being dominant, white being the recessive character. Castle, Galton, Bateson and DeVries have deduced many other very interesting and useful hereditary principles, which space will not permit us to discuss here.

The principle of dominance has proved a very valuable one to practical stock-breeders, and serves here as a good illustration of what is meant by a hereditary principle. Breeders have utilized this principle in building up strains of highly specialized and valuable stock. By the principle of variations an animal is obtained which has as a variation some very desirable character. This character proves dominant in breeding, and a herd is built up, each one having this desirable character. The hope of the Eugenist is that certain physical weaknesses, such as tendency to tuberculosis, may be gradually eliminated by application of this principle—that this weakness will prove a recessive character in crossing with strong individuals. By scientific matings many families of inestimable social value, subject to this weakness, may be spared to the race.

Eugenists have gathered a great deal of evidence from other sources which is of great value. Forel and Riddell have carefully obtained authentic statistics which prove that over fifty per cent. of our imbeciles, epileptics, degenerates and criminals are born of drunken parents. This serves to emphasize the terrible effects of alcoholism, and should have profound bearing on legislation regarding its use.

The offspring of defective, epileptic and criminal parents are found to exhibit almost invariably the same tendencies as their parents. The most effective way of dealing with this

class is to take strong means to prevent these classes propagating their kind.

Many terrible and dreaded diseases, long thought to be hereditary, are proven to be not hereditary in the strict sense. Even tuberculosis and leprosy are not directly transmitted from parent to offspring. But such offspring undoubtedly have impaired power to successfully combat these diseases. In short, a weakness is inherited. Children of affected parents are subjected throughout the tenderest period of their lives to an atmosphere teeming with the germs of these diseases, and their chances of escape are very small indeed. Here is the opportunity for the social reformer to nurture and care for such infants and save them from their dangerous environment.

Children of fatigued, over-worked and poorly fed parents are in a vast majority of cases defective weaklings. The eugenicist here supplies the euthenist and labor reformer with a most effective weapon.

These are but a few of the pertinent facts that the Eugenics Society is seeking to place before the intelligent public by their publications in an endeavor to awaken us to the realization of the possibilities of this great movement. Any rational attempt to improve the race, to enable us to hand on to coming generations characteristics superior to those that were given to us should appeal to the noblest sentiments of every nature. At first sight eugenics seems to be a rather pessimistic, fatalistic doctrine. It is hard to believe that undesirable characters are in a great many cases born and not produced by conditions of environment. It seems harder still to deprive many of the right of parenthood. But we find much that is bright and hopeful in the doctrine also. When the Eugenics Society succeed in awakening people to the practical possibilities of their doctrine, and the strong and able to a sense of their own responsibility to the race the results will be far reaching and we will hear much less of race suicide.

That the greatest good will be accomplished by the combined efforts of eugenicists and euthenists is readily seen. Sir Francis Galton had this in mind when he said, "Eugenic belief extends the functions of philanthropy to future generations."

John George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D., I.S.O.

On the twenty-third of December there passed from our midst the oldest surviving student of Victoria College—and one of the most distinguished of her alumni—in the ninety-second year of his age.

John George Hodgins was born in Dublin, Ireland, on the . . . of August, 1821, and educated there until he had grown to young manhood, when he emigrated to Canada. Shortly after his arrival in the country he entered Victoria College and was one of the little band of undergraduates who met Dr. Ryerson, the new principal, as he assumed his duties in October, 1841. So high was the estimate which the principal formed of the character and abilities of the young Irishman that when two years and a half later he entered upon his duties as Superintendent of Education for the Province, he took Mr. Hodgins with him as his secretary.

From that day forward until the retirement of Dr. Ryerson in 1876, the two were intimately associated in every step in the development of the educational system of Canada West, and Mr. Hodgins' industry, accuracy, mastery of detail, knowledge of law, and rare literary gifts became side by side with the genius and statesmanship of his chief indispensable factors in the perfecting of that work of which Ontario is now so justly proud.

Though his career as a college student was thus prematurely terminated, Mr. Hodgins never ceased to be a student in the higher sense of the word. In recognition of this he received from his Alma Mater the degree of M.A. in 1856. Shortly after he entered as a student in Osgoode Hall, and proceeded to the barrister's degree. In 1860 he proceeded to the degree of LL.B. in the University of Toronto, and ten years later in course to the degree of LL.D.

These studies all bore upon his work and fitted him in the highest degree for its successful accomplishment, and to the knowledge thus gained was due in no small measure his success in the preparation of legislation, departmental regulations, and other legal documents called for in the administration of the department, as well as the excellent manuals of school law which he published from time to time for the guidance of trustees and teachers.

But his abilities were most conspicuous in the variety and vast amount of literary work which he accomplished. In this no other Canadian has approached him. The literature of departmental

administration was of itself a very large work. To this he added text books on the geography and history of the country, manuals of school architecture, ventilation and equipment, extended reports and monographs on technical education, Separate Schools and other educational matters. In 1876 he was made Deputy Minister of Education, and a little later when now about sixty years of age, he was appointed historiographer of the Department. The appointment proved a peculiarly fortunate as well as fitting one.

For nearly forty years he had been associated with the entire growth of education in the province, and now for thirty years more he was, as the sequel has proved, to retain health and strength of mind and body to trace its history in most complete detail. No other province, perhaps no other country in the world, possesses so complete a record of the beginnings and growth of its educational life.

At his death he had attained the greatest length of service of any officer in the British Empire, and the fidelity and efficiency of that service had been recognized by His Majesty, by conferring on him the Imperial Service Order.

He has left us nearly fifty volumes, the product of his facile pen during his long life of untiring industry.

As a man, he was the courteous Christian gentleman. In the Christian church he was the faithful follower of Christ, with a depth of religious spirit and a breadth of Christian charity, which those who knew him best appreciated most fully; and his services as clerk of the Diocesan Synod and secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, were but examples of a large number of religious and benevolent organizations to which he freely rendered his valuable services. So fruitful a record is seldom made in our brief mortal life.

N. B.



ACTA VICTORIANA

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EDITORIAL

Chancellor Burwash

The news of the resignation of Dr. Burwash from the chancellorship of Victoria, which is to take effect in June of this year, has been a source of sincere regret not only to those who have come under his good influence, but also to all those who have the best interests of Victoria and higher education at heart. His wise statesmanship guided Victoria into the prosperity that it now enjoys, and was very largely instrumental in bringing about the federation of the University.

His counsel has been given in the service of the University and of education in general, but his personal impress has been, of course, left most strongly on Victoria, and there can be no doubt that the religious atmosphere, the high moral tone and the charity, tolerant of opinions but tenacious of principles, that have characterized our college, owe a great deal of their vigor to the presence and influence

of Chancellor Burwash. It has meant more than they can tell or realize to many generations of students to have come under the influence of such a Christian scholar and cultured gentleman as the Chancellor.

May he still live many years to enjoy the leisure he has so long denied himself and to see the fruits of his labours in the broad, useful, earnest lives of those whose Alma Mater is Victoria.



Culture and Victoria

Religion is the intensive, culture the extensive cultivation of the soul. We are here employing the term religion in its narrowest sense, for in its highest and truest significance it embraces both this intensive and the extensive cultivation.* Religion, however, as it has been too generally understood, is the intensive cultivation of one part of the soul's estate, while culture, if we accept Matthew Arnold's definition of it as "the endeavour after man's perfection," that is "after the harmonious development of all that makes the beauty and worth of human nature" includes religion in this narrower sense and may be said to be synonymous with it in the broader.

The best and highest aspirations of the human soul have been summed up before in words that we shall not scruple to use again, as the quest of the true, the good and the beautiful. Hence culture is the harmonious development in the human soul of the appreciation of these three.

Now, through what agency should this harmonious development be induced? The most potent must always be the home. But can we say that in the average Canadian home of to-day the endeavour, conscious or unconscious, is towards the training of truly cultured children? The answer, however regretfully and reluctantly given, must be an unequivocal negative. The reasons for this are not far to seek, but the task falls outside the scope of this inquiry.

Then, if the home fails, where must the lack be supplied? It must necessarily be in the schools, and especially in the university. Hence, our university, our college, must face the responsibility for producing, or failing to produce, cultured men and women, who will later make the cultured homes. Is Victoria doing her duty in this regard? To this question we shall try to give an answer in succeeding issues.

Polymnie Est Morte!

Let the fleet Hermes bear the sad message to Parnassus, that the sister Muses may gather in the cypress groves to mourn. Clio still reigns at Oxford and sends her young priests to expound the secrets of the ages to us in lectures and tutorial groups. Euterpe has fixed her abode in Toronto itself, and her choirs and orchestras entrance the world. Two Ionic temples of purest marble stand for the worship of the divine Calliope, the goddess of eloquence and heroic poetry. The second temple has echoed only to the hollow murmurs of the sheeted ghosts these fourscore years. The first still echoes the voices of the votive priests at the solemn days of the Oration Contest and the Michael Faweett. Urania, fair mother of Galileo and Professor Chant, still demands her yearly toll of victims after May. Thalia, the favoured of the sons and daughters of Victoria, celebrates her mystic rites this year in three tongues, with gorgeous ceremonial, while Melpomene looks enviously on, but hopes soon to see the garlands on her altars. Terpsichore, naughty Terpsichore, though formally banished from our halls, still has her devotees among the giddier sort. To Erato, patron goddess of our English race, is no longer left one priest to lay before her the offering of an elegy to her lamented sister of the lyric strain. Polymnie est morte! Else why this only too evident disinclination of our students to perpetrate poetic ecstasies! Alas, the fairest of the goddesses has one sincere mourner—the editor! If there be any among you who have news of her, for the repose of Athens and the sake of ACTA let us know her message.



Freshman's Letters Home

Victoria College, 10th Jan., 1913.

DEAR FATHER:—

This is the first letter I have written under the 1913 caption, and to whom should it be more properly addressed than to you?—There, how's that for a good start? Well, you know I've just made my New Year's resolutions and one is to observe due filial respect in all things. There's not very much respect of any kind down here. The fellows have the privilege of criticising anyone as severely as they please, and they use it. Perhaps the greatest intolerance is in our year. It's true that the higher the year, the quieter are the manners.

Well, I've started on the spring term and must get to work. Gracious, there is *so* much to do. I get cold feet whenever I think of it. However, only one reception and the Senior Dinner are left of the functions—I found that out first thing. At the dinner you have to stay the whole evening with one girl. I think I'd rather go stag. I was talking with one of the Seniors about it and he said there was a good deal of talk last year of making two dinners—one for men only and one for women only. Of course I haven't heard anything about it—but it will be awful to spend the whole evening with one girl.

I pretty nearly had to do that at the Conversat. We got all mixed up in the Proms. I had four consecutive ones with the same girl—I didn't know the first had ended. My! I was mad. I don't see why they couldn't arrange to have the gong ring when the proms. end, and then everybody would know. But one girl, one prom., is enough for me. There is one, however, I wouldn't mind having two with, but I don't know her very well. I'll have to fix that.

We have a telephone here in the College which is in great demand, especially from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m.—the hour for calling up the Hall. Some geezers get in there and spend hours talking and laughing that silly laugh, which betokens the vacant mind or some cardiac affection. It's a fright when

you have to wait for one of these poor creatures to get through. They go on and on in the most inane fashion. By jingo, I hope I never catch it. There's a card up calling for a five minute limit, but their attention all goes through the mouth-piece. You have a pretty sure bet that any smile that lasts five minutes is at some skirts somewhere.

There was quite a storm in Lit. the other night, over starting to flood the rink on Sunday night. I was glad to see the row. I like to skate as well as anyone, but I'd rather wait a while longer for the chance than have the work commence on Sunday. I don't know who is responsible, but whoever is, ought to have something said to him—still I went out and skated. One fellow, I know, skated the whole time with one girl. He made quite a show of himself—to say nothing of the girl.

The elections were quite hot again in this term and resulted in a straight party victory. The platforms were not opposed particularly nor was the standing of the men the main issue. Party politics has got a sure start in Vic. and the development of the straight party man has been the natural outcome. Whether the appearance of this new species is a progression or a regression, is a question. Personally, the party man of any kind doesn't figure very high in my estimation. I'm going to keep out of it.

I went to the Oration contest—felt sorry for the poor beggars. It's pretty hard to raise enthusiasm in a few back seats. And what, after all, is the good of it? A fellow gets up a speech and gives it. The man is practically no better speaker after than before. If the time were cut to ten minutes, more contestants allowed and preliminary course with Prof. Greaves made necessary, there would, I think, be a more perfect working out of the real purpose of the contest.

There are some fellows everywhere, I suppose, who consider their personal wish warrant for any conduct. You folks taught me that always when I was out in company I should do nothing which would bring reproach on the crowd as a whole. I've come to believe that a fairly good rule—and the fellows who choose to break it, whether by playing cards on the way to a Y. M. Conference or by dancing at a Vic. gather-

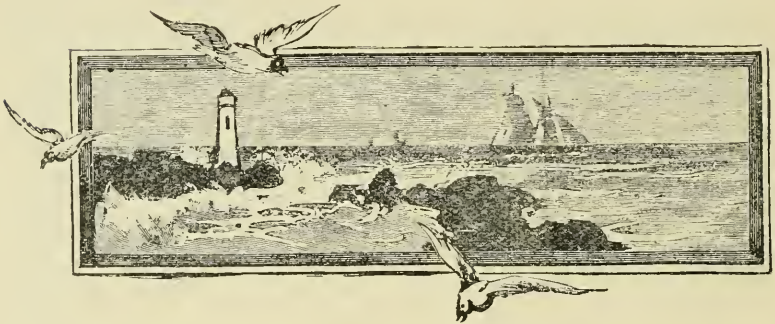
ing, show a rather noble (?) disregard for the rights of others. Of course there is nothing but gentlemanliness to restrain them.

Well, Dad, I guess I better plug up some German. I know as much about it as Carlo, but I have great hopes.

Your son,

BILL.

P. S.—Tell Aunt Lucy I am wearing my red mits all the time. Thank her again for me.—B.



Personals and Exchanges

Personals

Rev. R. S. E. Large, Danforth Ave., Toronto, has accepted an invitation to Charlton Ave. Church, Hamilton.

Miss L. E. V. Lloyd, B.A. ('04), is at present residing at 95 Grenadier Road, Toronto.

News of two more additions to the number of Victoria's grandchildren has been received as follows:—

R. Harris Newton, B.A. '11, it is reported, is leaving soon for the West China mission field.

Prof. and Mrs. A. E. Lang are spending the winter in Berlin, Germany.

Mrs. A. P. Misener will sail for Japan towards the end of the month. She is to have charge of a school for missionaries' children in Kobe. ACTA wishes her all success in this new work.

On November 28, the graduates of Victoria, living in different parts of Alberta, tendered a banquet to Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash in the dining hall of Alberta College, Edmonton South. Mrs. Burwash was presented with a sheaf of white orchids by Miss Hewitt on behalf of the lady graduates. Rev. J. E. Hughson was toast master, and Mr. Warner Eakins proposed the King's health. Rev. Joseph Colter proposed the toast to the Alma Mater. Rev. T. P. Perry, president of the Conference, replying. The toast to "Our Guests" was proposed by Dr. Riddell, Chancellor Burwash replying. At the close of his remarks, the speaker was heartily applauded. Musical selections were rendered by Miss Hicks and Mr. F. M. Quance.

The guests included Dr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. W. D. Ferris, Mrs. D. W. Macdonald, Prof. Bland, Prof. and Mrs. Miller, Prof. and Mrs. King, Prof. Jackson, Prof. S. R. Laycock, F. S. McCall, Rev. and Mrs. Ayearst, Rev. J. E. Hughson

and Mrs. Hughson, Miss Burkholder, Rev. G. H. Johnson, Mrs. Lyle, Miss Hewitt, Miss Lawrence, Mr. Quance, Rev. J. E. Colter, Rev. Mr. McNivin, Rev. J. W. and Mrs. Bell, Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Bailey, Mrs. Peat, Miss Maguire, Miss Hicks, Mr. Grey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Eakins.

Births

King.—On Wednesday, December 4, 1912, to Rev. Prof. George B. and Mrs. King, Edmonton, a son (Brockwell Chadwick).

Thompson.—On December 8, 1912, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon V. Thompson, a son (John Crossley).

ACTA offers congratulations.

Death of S. M. Scott

On Monday, January 6th, the College suffered a deep loss by the death of Sherman Manley Scott, a fourth-year student in the P. and B. course. The circumstances of his untimely death are by this time generally known, but of the man himself more should be added. Mr. Scott was a quiet, unobtrusive man, who took no prominent part in College organizations, and for this reason was not generally known to the student body. But among the members of his course and his fraternity no man was more highly esteemed. His thoroughness and earnestness and his kind-hearted, sympathetic, and manly character won for him the highest respect of all who were fortunate enough to know him and feel his influence. He was a promising student, and had he lived would have ranked high in his chosen profession of medicine.

Exchanges

We should like to remind our readers that the greater number of the exchanges are kept on file in the stack-room in the library and are therefore accessible to any who may wish to see them.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Varsity*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *Trinity Uni-*

versity Review, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Western University Gazette*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Lux Columbiana*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *The Gateway*, *The Collegiate Outlook* (Moose Jaw), *Manitoba College Journal*, *Argosy*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *Vox Collegii*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Queen's Journal*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Allisonia*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Harvard Monthly*, *The Student*, and *The Oxford Magazine*.

The *Argosy*, of the University of Mt. Allison, Sackville, N.B., has probably the most attractive cover design of all the magazines on our exchange list, and its contents are always good from cover to cover.

Two excellent numbers of the *Acadia Athenaeum* from Wolfville, N.S., have come to hand during the past month. The editors are introducing a novel scheme for increasing the number and quality of contributions. Points are awarded each month for the best and second best contributions to the various departments of the magazine and at the end of the year those who win the greatest number of points are to be awarded cash prizes, and the editorship of their respective departments for the following year. We shall watch the result of this experiment with great interest.

In the issue for November appears a collection of four short articles on student government, which, apparently, has reached the same stage of development at Acadia University as at Victoria. All the writers emphasize the necessity of a strong and thoroughly representative committee, composed, perhaps, of the presidents or other representatives of the chief college societies and of the four years. One writer, Prof. Hemmeon of McGill, says: "Student government has worked excellently at McGill. It has relieved the deans, faculties and governors of a very thankless task, has made offences much less common, and has made it very difficult for the guilty to escape punishment." The President of Acadia University mentions one aspect of the question, which, we believe, cannot be over-emphasized. His article, in part, is as follows: "The value of the system consists in the training in self-government which should be an important factor in education. This includes

obedience to laws made by representatives which may not meet with the approval of each individual. Its danger lies in the difficulty of defining and confining its authority so as not to infringe on the rights of the faculty on one side and those of the already existing societies on the other. The council, the legislative body, is technically only answerable to the student body, but the difficulty of its position is enhanced because it is also in reality answerable to the faculty, which may dissolve it. Its power lies in the wisdom which it displays, for its findings are advisory, depending for execution either upon the faculty or upon student sentiment. It may plead its case with the faculty, or it may undertake to create student sentiment to agree with its conclusions." We should feel sorely tempted to use this as the text for a sermon on "Student Public Opinion," if space permitted.

The *Queen's Journal* is an exchange which we are always glad to see in our mail box. It contains six large pages and is published twice a week. Its tone is commendable, its verses and witticisms are bright, and its university news is well written and very readable even for outsiders.

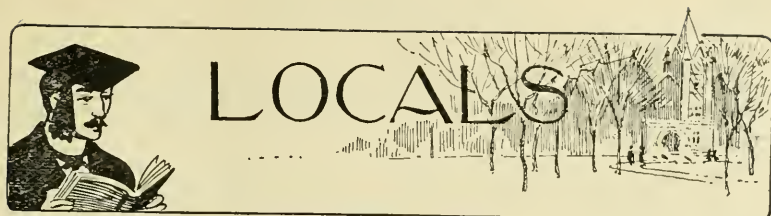
Miss Almas, '15—"Did you hear that all the clothes left in the laundry to-night after nine o'clock were to be given to the poor."

Miss Cinnamon, '14—"Let's go down after nine and nab all we can nab."

Mr. Buchanan (at reception)—"Have you your card filled?"

Miss M.—"Yes."

Mr. Buchanan—"Oh! I'm so glad."



“Discretion of speech is more than eloquence.”—Bacon.

Could you ever imagine

Beynon at a show?
A theolog. without a satchel?
Clipperton a woman hater?
No eight o'clock lectures?
M. de Ch—— clean shaven?
No term work?
Hal Roberts melancholy?
Everyone an ACTA subscriber?
Salem without his dog?
Fresh air anywhere?
Andy on time?
Chapel overcrowded?
Fred Brown never at Annesley?
No one in the phone cage?
Cox with a Latin star?
A cash system in the Book Bureau?
Cliff Brown a Democrat?
A Probationer's Dance?
Real soup at the dining-hall?
Lloyd Smith tongue-tied?
Slemin at chapel?
The Taylors without a scholarship?
Cook as Chancellor?
J. D. R's. hands in his pockets?
No Third Floor 'proms.'?
The Residence free?

As Mark Twain once said about something or other: “This thing is growing monotonous.”

Kaiser—“An annual meeting of the Athletic union is held at least once a year.” (Remarkable!)

Prof. Auger to English class—"During this period we shall consider the age of Anne." (Would he have risked it, were she still alive)?

W. F. Bowles, '14, in oratory—"Now I'll read that funeral service, page 204—"There's a good time coming, boys, a good time coming!"

Jenner, C. T.—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea, and a wind that follows fast."

Prof. Greaves—"Read that again!"

Jenner—"A wet sheet and a flowing sea—"

Prof. G., interrupting—"Oh, jump into it."

O. L. Clipperton, '14, playing from memory in common rooms—"Say, come on and sing this, somebody."

W. P. E. James, '13—"I would, if I knew what you were playing."

At the Open Meeting of the Women's Lit.:—

Miss Bunting, '13, having just spoken at some length about the danger of microbes in the telephone booth, Miss Henderson, '13—"Madame Speaker, is it right to take up the time of this house with such small matters?"

Miss Clement, '13, re student control—"Just imagine a junior reprimanding a senior or a freshman a sophomore. Why, this is utterly unheard of! It would just be like waving the proverbial red rag before the proverbial animal."

Miss Going, '14—"I think I'll skip Household Science tomorrow!"

Miss Flanders, '14—"No you don't, it's not your turn."

Fenton—"The Lit. isn't as good as it used to be. Why it's not nearly as exciting as a Mother's meeting.

(Unfortunately omitted from the Dec. Number).

Bashful senior when lights were turned on again at the Freshman Reception, trying to start the conversation again—"How did you like it when the lights went out?"

Freshette, also bashful (?)—"Not very well; you see I was with the wrong man."

Miss Kearney, '14, speaking of Prof. Auger—"He makes me laugh. He is trying to be angry, but he can't."

Friend of family—"I hear your son Norman is pursuing his studies at Victoria this year?"

Mr. Clarke—"Yes, that's very true, but he's a long way behind."

Photographer—"Do you wish me to take your photograph, sir?"

Netherecott, '16—"No, I want to get one."

Miss Bunting, '13—"How did you like ethics?"

Miss Thompson, '14—"Well, I was exposed to it, but I didn't absorb any."

Miss Flanders, '14—"Does Mr. G— write music?"

Miss Robertson, '15—"No, he pulls teeth."

Miss Flanders, '14—"I'll bet he draws forth music from some men."

Miss Luke, '14—"Don't mention fish to me!"

Miss Almas, '15—"I still have a tin in my room. Bea got some more last night."

Miss Wesley, '15—"I never did, I got salmon."

Miss Cinnamon (phoning)—"I can't tell you because everybody in the Hall can hear what I say."

Miss Cloke (4 rooms away, haughtily)—"They certainly can hear."

Miss Cinnamon—"I hear a dim (?) voice from the depths now."

Miss Meredith, '15—"Doesn't the milkman make an awful racket in the morning—I don't know what to do about it—Oh! I'll send in a petition."

Miss Luke, '14, (at end of skate)—"And what is your name?"

He (telling)—"And yours?"

Absent-minded Freshman—"Is this our prom.?"

Freshette—"No, we had the last one."

Miss Going, '14—"I'm going for a walk to clear my brain."

Miss Flanders—"That's the only thing wrong with it, it's too clear now."

Students so unfortunate as to get into difficulty re theatre parties are recommended to consult Mr. J. A. R. Mason, '14, who will be delighted to place his experience at their disposal.

We hope to have the new Victoria song book printed and ready for sale in about a month. The Professors have been sending in contributions for some time. Among the selections are:—

- "Under the Hebrew Moon" Dr. Wallace.
 "My Mother and Father were Irish" Prof. Bowles.
 "I'm in Love with one of the Stars" Prof. Greaves.
 "School Days" Prof. Sissons.
 "Everybody Likes the Girl I Like" Prof. Auger.
 "Heinz is Pickled Again" Dr. Horning.
 "Let's Put a Ring Around Rosey" F. Owen.
 "Just Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway ... Dr. Snow.
 "Please Be Good to me for I'm Having
 Awful Trouble with my Smile" ... Dr. De Beaumont.
 "The Man Behind the Gun" Dr. DeWitt.
 "By the Light of the Moon" Prof. Robertson.
 Encore—"I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark."
 "Gaudeamus Igitur" Dr. Bell.
 Chorus of Professors not nominated for Chancellorship—
 "Lucky Jim."

On Friday evening, Dec. 6, the halls of Victoria were thronged with visitors at the annual conversazione. Two concerts were given before large audiences, who greatly enjoyed the splendid musical programme that had been prepared. Among other numbers, those by Miss Grace Smith were enthusiastically applauded. The vocal selections by Mr. Norman L. Murch, '13, and the Victoria College Glee Club, were also greatly appreciated.

Tastefully decorated halls and two good orchestras were prepared for the pleasure of those engaging in the gentle art of promenading. A novel and delightful feature of the entertainment was the arrangement whereby the numbering of promenades on the different floors was so delightfully mixed as to relieve promenading of any suspicion of tameness and render it one long, engrossing game of chance. By this means, also, it was possible to get all the 800 people who attended, mixed up in the most charmingly informal manner. The committee in charge is to be congratulated, not only for this little innovation, but also for those other painstaking arrangements, whereby the conversazione of 1912 was made so pleasant for our guests and ourselves, and so satisfactory for those financially responsible.

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Manager

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ACTA VICTORIANA



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Published monthly during the College year by the Union Literary
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The Snowshoer

The Snowshoer

My love art thou, thou soft-descending Snow,
That stealest silent to our trysting place!
How pure and loving, as thou bendest low,
Then gently yieldest thee to my embrace!

My comrade thou, thou fiercely driving Snow,
That laughing leaguest with the stinging Blast!
In vain at me your frozen darts ye throw,
My playmate wild, thou yieldest thee at last!

My foe art thou, thou cruel, creeping Snow,
That raisest, serpent-like, thy outstretched head.
Then hissing in thy fury, cringest low,
And yieldest thee unto my victor tread!

O love, I hasten to thy silent call!
O comrade, how I joy in thy wild play!
O foe, no dread of thee will me appal!
Be what thou wilt! I press upon my way.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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Die Minnesinger

The unsatisfactory nature of absolutely reliable information on the subject of the *Minnesang* is so bewildering that one experiences a thrill of pleasure when one finds two philologists agreeing upon any one theory. To accept the view of one is to be called unscientific by the others. Stacks of volumes have been written upon this engrossing subject, and perhaps as many more will have to be written to guide the unfortunate amateur out of the woods into which those already written have led him. The writer of this article does not pretend to be an authority on Middle High German, can, in fact, boast of nothing but an admiration for the literature of the period and a hope of being able sometime to find a path leading out of the forest. He feels therefore like expressing an apology for the presumption of having undertaken to write such an article, and fervently hopes that he will be able to at least partially conceal his ignorance upon the subject.

The *Minnesang* flourished during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, beginning its fresh and vigorous youth about 1170 and dying of adolescence before the beginning of the fourteenth century. This lyric outburst of the middle ages falls for or less exactly into three divisions, viz.: the beginnings, the *Blütezeit* and decadence. The driving force, the chief interest of the court life and poetry of the period was "*Minne*"—love of woman. Even the beginnings of nature poetry, joy at the coming of spring, lament for the joyless days of the long winter show in the lyrics of most of the poets a direct or indirect connection with the pleasures and sorrows of the all-pervading *Minne*. The words *Mai* and *Minne* seem to comprise the two chief spheres of thought. Woman is exalted, placed upon an altar from which height she commands the reverence and obedience of the poet.

Around this central point grows up a cult, a sort of worship, which is a striking antithesis to the civilization of the antique world in which not woman but man is the *Hauptperson*.

In judging the customs of the time and the lyrics of the *Minnesinger* we must guard against applying the rigid principles of more modern days. A nation in its youth, especially when it has just emerged from a state of barbarism, has a naïve morality, an unmoral lack of self-consciousness, a stronger inclination to act according to instinct and impulse. To apply, then, ethical criteria of conduct to the whole body of lyric poetry in this period is to destroy to a large extent one's appreciation of its artistic perfection, its naturalness, and in spite of all the artificial frills, its genuine human appeal.

A fierce conflict rages around the question of the beginning and the extent of French influence upon the German *Minnesinger*. Some critics maintain the existence of a German *Minnesang* before the *troubadour* poetry had spread over Europe. Others deny this *heimische Poesie*, and show Provençal influence from the very beginning, probably about 1150. Without entering upon any critical discussion or making any positive assertion I wish to suggest a probable mean between the two views, viz., that what is called the *heimische Poesie*, the cradle of which would seem to have been Austria, is in reality the German *Volkslied* under *troubadour* influence, which is surely reducing the originality of these songs to a minimum. It seems probable that in their earliest songs the Provençal influence was not strong enough to overcome the vigour and ruggedness of the popular song.

The *Frauendienst* in these lyrics was not such an outstanding feature as it later became. The social supremacy of women had not yet been recognized. The poet or knight is not as yet the slave of his lady. It is often she who pines and languishes, and tortures herself with fears of rivals and partings. The lyrics are fresher, more natural, more appealing. The construction and metre are usually very simple, as witness the following naïve confession:—

“Du bist min, ich bin din:
des solt du gewis sin,
du bist beslozen

in meinem herzen ;
verloren ist daz slüzzelin :
du muost immer drinne sin."

A large number of the poems of this period are in the form of *Liebesgrüsse*, *Tanzlieder*, *Maienlieder*, laments about the gloom of winter, in many of which there may be elements of the *Volkslied* combined with foreign influence. In the following song the word *dienen* would seem to be positive evidence of this:—

Ich wil truren varen lan,
uf die heide sul wir gan,
vil liebe gespilen min :
da seh wir der blumen schin.
Ich sage dir, ich sage dir,
min geselle, chum mit mir.

" Süziu minne, raine min,
mache mir ein ehrenzelin,
das sol tragen ein stolzer man,
der wol wiben *dienen* chan."

The first *Minnesinger* whose name can positively be connected with his work is *Von Kürenberg*, an Austrian. His songs are marked by a fresh directness and natural simplicity. Some of them are written in the *Nibelungen* metre, showing at least a minimum of Provençal influence. Two of his poems *Sehnsucht* and *Trotz* are bright little literary gems. Both of them would indicate the earlier attitude of the woman. I quote *Sehnsucht*:—

" Ich zoch mir einen valken mere danne ein jar,
do ich in gezamete, als ich in wolte han,
und ich im sin gevidere mit golde wol bewant,
er huop sich uf vil hohe und fluog in anderiu land.

Sit sach ich den valken schone fliegen,
er fuorte an seinen fuoze sidine rimen,
und was im sin gividere alrot guldin,
Got sende si zesanene, die geliebe wellen gerne sin."

There is a celebrated poem of parting, a *Tageslied*, attributed by some to Dietmar von Aist, a writer of several exquisite lyrics, which has been claimed as the earliest *Tagelied* not under troubadour influence. This poem can be found in "*Des Minnesangs Frühling*," edited by Lachmann and Haupt, third edition, 1882. This claim has been disputed. It would appear that everything depends upon the words *wan* in the second line. In an extensive work upon the *Tagelied* and *l'aube*, which is soon to be published, the vicissitudes of this word have been traced for the last half century. The author would appear to be convinced that the correct reading should be *man*, referring to the *Wächter*, thereby proving Provençal influence. However this may be, the poem is a very naïve representative of its class.

During the last quarter of the twelfth century the impress of the troubadour culture upon the civilization and poetry of the Germans appears to have become much more marked. Both the form and the matter of the lyrics underwent a gradual change. The form becomes more artistic, the measures more intricate and involved, with a wonderful correctness of rhyme. The poets seem to be more self-conscious of their art and their aims. As regards the matter, we find reflections upon love rather than the passion itself. This may be largely due to the peculiar nature of the circumstances. The poets, whether knights or professional singers, choose a particular lady to whom they address their songs. The relation of the singers of noble birth to the chosen fair one may, in many cases, have been intimate, an explanation for which might be found in the ideals of marriage of this period. But it is highly probable that the professional singers were often more concerned to gain the lord's favor by their fulsome adulation of his wife, along with confessions of the great gulf between the lady and themselves in point of rank, and the absolute hopelessness of anything but worship at a distance, thereby flattering the lady's husband as much as herself. Thus a great deal of the poet's languishing, his jealousy and his fears would be *gemacht*, although spiritually true. This *Frauendienst*, *amour courtois*, excessive worship of woman was therefor an art which had to be learned; and the etiquette of the cult was very strict.

The apparent artificiality of this *Frauendienst* of the professional singers was strictly according to the rules and regulations.

In forming an estimate of the psychology of the Minnesinger, one should take into consideration the mysticism of the age. Mysticism and platonic love may have considerable in common. There would seem to be some evidence to show that the result was a moral exaltation of both singers and those to whom the songs were dedicated. The *Frauen* were in this manner able (blamelessly, according to the standards of the age) to bestow their affections where they could not hope to bestow their favor or their hand. Many of the poems seem to lose in sincerity. That they did not become as artificial as some of the troubadour poetry is probably due to the relatively simpler life of the German courts in comparison with the older and more corrupt civilization of Provence.

It is impossible within such limited space to give an adequate appreciation of the various poets. They seem to have been plentiful. To mention a few outstanding names—*Heinrich von Veldeke*, *Friedrich von Hausen*, *Heinrich von Morungen*, *Hartmann von Aue*, *Wolfram von Eschenbach*, *Wather von der Vogelweide*, *Neidhart von Reuenthal*, *Reinmar von Zweter*—is to give merely a glimpse of the great body of literature which the period produced.

Until we come to *Walther von der Vogelweide* we do not find many specific situations. *Das Individuelle*—retreats. We find feeling as such, and the poets reflect about this feeling with artistic play of thought. They make their impression by their artistic treatment of the emotion. No doubt in many cases a specific *Herzensdame* did not exist. But the sex existed and that would be quite sufficient excuse for the poet to sing his half-imagined love griefs.

Friedrich von Hausen from the Middle Rhine near Worms is probably the real founder of this knightly court poetry under the strong influence of the troubadours. Often the particular situation glimmers but faintly through a veil of reflection and dreams of love. Take for instance his poem *Herz und Leib* and compare it with those of *Kürenberg* and *Aist* quoted above, and the difference will be immediately apparent:—

"Min herze und min lip diu wellent scheiden,
 diu mit ander varnt nu mange zit,
 der lip wil gerne vehten an die heiden:
 so hat iedoch daz herze erwelt ein wip
 vor al der werlt, Daz müet mich iemer sit,
 daz si ein ander niene volgent beide.
 mir habent diu ougen vil getan zu leide
 got eine müeze scheiden noch den strit."

Heinrich von Morungen of Thuringia, though strongly under Provençal influence, is more original. His situations are more definite. His lyrics, very artistic in workmanship, abound with life and colour. He knows how to describe depth of feeling and glowing sensuousness. He loves to describe the radiant beauty of woman. He might be said to have translated into love poetry the epithets applied to the Virgin Mary. He sings that when he sees his love the day dawns in his heart. She is a bright morning star, the sun at noon (so far beyond his reach). Full of longing he waits for a glimpse of her—as the bird waits for the morn. Remorselessly she has stolen his heart, and he is forced to languish at a distance.

Reinmar von Hagenau—called the *Nachtigall*—is the scholastic philosopher of unhappy love. He is a post-graduate in this branch of study. He uses all the skill of the court poets to describe the spiritual conditions and experiences *im Liebesleben*. He has a wonderful command of elegant courtly diction and metre. Love, unhappy love, was the sole topic of his lyrics. And he cherished and nursed this love-sickness until he made of it a cult. It becomes monotonous. There is too little variation in his theme. Over all his poetry lies a pale monotonous veil of gentle love-grief. But that he was capable at times of expressing genuine feeling his lament for the death of Duke Leopold of Austria, put into the mouth of the Duke's wife, plainly shows.

The greatest part of *Wolfram von Eschenbach's* work was done in the field; but his fine, exquisite *Tagelieder*, sufficient alone to establish his fame as a lyric poet of the highest order, far outshine all others of this genre, making them look like stars of lesser magnitude.

Walther von der Vogelweide took his cue from the art of

Reinmar, but went far beyond the boundaries of his master, and the wings of his genius carried him far higher than *Reinmar* had ever dreamed of flying. From youth up he was a wanderer, visiting Italy, Hungary, France; visiting courts, accepting the hospitality of princes, singing those wonderful songs of genuine emotion, fervent patriotism and spiritual battle. He is a genuine court poet, but he had in addition a strong feeling for the art tradition of the *fahrende Sänger* and a sympathy for the life of the people. It is the extent of his interests, the genuineness of his emotions, his ardent love of country and freedom combined with the height of poetic art that has won for him a place head and shoulders above the other *Minnesinger*, *Wolfram* excepted, and a worthy place beside those other masters of lyric poetry, Goethe, Heine and Uhland.

He was the first and for long the only one among the German poets to raise his voice in the national cause to fight for the unity of the German nations, and bitterly oppose the worldly aspirations of the Popes. He writes in support of Philip's claim to the throne:

“O weh dir, deutsche nation,
Dein Zustand spricht der Ordnung Hohn;
Hat ihren König selbst die Mücke,
So geht dein Ansehen jetzt in Stücke.
Kehr ein, du deutsches Volk, kehr ein!
Die Fürsten wollen zu mächtig sein;
Dei kleinen Könige drücken dich.
Philippus, setz 'den Waisen auf und ein “Zurück
zu ihren sprich!”

At the time of the unfortunate civil war between the Imperial and Papal power, Walther throws himself heart and soul into the conflict as a bitter opponent of the Pope. He breaks out into the following expression of anger and complaint. (I give the modern German translation):

“In Rom, da hört ich lügen,
Zwei Könige betrügen.
Davon entstand der grösste Streit,
Der je entbrannt seit ew'ger Zeit,

Als ich sich sah entzweien
 Die Pfaffen und die Laien.
 Das war die allergrösste Not,
 Des Laibes und des Seele Tod.
 Gewaltig stritt der Pfaffen Heer,
 Doch würde bald der Laien mehr.
 Die Schwerter legten jene nieder
 Und griffen zu der Stola wieder.
 Sie bannten, die sie wollten,
 Und nicht den, den sie sollten,
 Ein brach man in manch Gotteshaus.
 Da hörte ich aus ferner Klaus
 Ein Weinen und ein Stöhnen
 Von einem Klausner tönen;
 Der klagte Gott sein bittres Leid:
 O weh, der Papst ist noch zu jung, hilf,
 Herrgott deiner Christenheit."

But *Walther* is not an opponent of religion. He condemns only the mistaken zeal of the church. He has a pious longing to see the Holy Land. He writes crusading songs. He upholds honesty of conduct, justice, fidelity, self-control:—

"Wer sleht den lewen? wer sleht den risen?
 wer überwindet jenen und deisen?
 daz tuot jener, der sich selber twinget."

In his poems of *Minnedienst* he shows a far higher moral standard than his predecessors:

"Wer guten Weibes Minne hat
 Der schämt sich jeder Missetat."

But with this emphasis on the moral he also possesses an extraordinary power of sensuous description. His love poems are some of the gems of German literature, of world literature. He loves definite situations, expresses his own personal emotions. The exquisite beauty and simplicity, the naïve grace, the haunting melody of these songs has not been surpassed in any of the poems of modern German poets.

His feeling for nature is often modern, and he expresses it with such a delicate touch and with such artistic simplicity. The circle of nature scenes in which the *Minnesinger* moved was not large, confined chiefly to laments that—

“Uns hat der winter kalt und ander not vil getan zu leide,”

and delight in the joys of spring. But *Walther* knew how to make the most of this limited field and give a new beauty to the *Maienlieder*.

“Muget ir schouwen, waz dem maien
wunders ist beschert?
Seht an pfaffen, seht an leien,
wie daz allez vert.
Groz ist sin gewalt.
Ine weiz obe er zouber künne:
swar er vert in siner wünne,
dan ist nieman alt.”

As a lyric poet *Walther* has but few rivals in the literature of the European nations. In addition to marvellous command of pleasing melodious words, his gracefulness of touch, his genuine emotion, his ardent zeal for liberty and right, he possesses a sure insight into the depths of the human heart, its joys and its sorrows, its triumphs and renunciations. He has that without which no poet is great, a heart full of sympathy, a *Lebensanschauung* tested in the fires of his own eventful life.

With such men as *Ulrich von Lichtenstein*, *Neidhart von Reuenthal* and *Reinmar von Zweter* begins the decadence of Middle High German court poetry. This is contemporaneous with the decay of chivalry and chivalric ideals. Of course many charming lyrics were still written, but the tendency is to drop far below the plane of sentiment in which the poets of the *Blütezeit* lived. *Ulrich von Lichtenstein* reduced the *Frauendienst* to an absurdity. In one of his poems he says he had an operation performed upon his mouth to give it better shape, because his lady had objected to it. *Neidhart von*

Reuenthal brought the service of ladies down to the peasants. He wrote chiefly dance songs and summer songs, which became very popular. But *Neidhart* was too much of a satirist to be a genuine lyric poet. *Tannhäuser* adds the finishing touches by scoffing at the *Minnedienst* and everything connected therewith. He turns the whole subject into ridicule by citing the numerous things which he claims the lady demanded of him. He must have had a fantastic imagination.

Such in brief outline was the path of that dazzling shaft of light flung across the skies of the Middle Ages. And out of the Night of the Past some brilliant stars of the glorious galaxy have cast their rays through the mists of unilluminated years and burst with new power upon the modern world.

FRANCIS OWEN.

Frözen Grief

The cold wind sweeps the swirling snow around,
Heaping it high in many a heavy drift,
And shrieks along its course more wild and swift
Than ever any hoary, hellish bound.
Grim death has left me desolate, and bound
My grief within me. O, for heaven's gift!
It seems that winter's reign can never lift,
And summer sleeps for ever underground.
O, Spring, thou joyful wild awakening
From dreary winter's long and glassy trance,
Come soon with all thy birds and flowers of May,
O, come with love, the soul's perpetual spring,
And melt my sorrow's icy countenance
Into the likeness of a summer day.

ALFRED LEROY BURT.

Turkey and the Turks

No, this is not an attempt to find a remedy for the increased cost of living, by recommending new methods either in the care or in the cooking of that haughty, bronze bird, found by the Puritan settlers in North America, but to give a few impressions of the Sick Man of Europe.

In this part of the world the Turk is viewed much as we would see an object through a haze of his own cigarette smoke. Visions of black-eyes houris, with kohl-stained eyebrows, twanging the guitar all day, or moving softly through luxurious palaces are created by our vivid imagination. Never having been in the East, the Occidental gazes with curiosity and fascination upon such glimpses of Oriental life as are to be seen in the passing shows of nineteen twelve and thirteen, where diaphanous-dressed maidens create among the million gods in the gallery the impression that they have been transported for a time to the sphinx-like Orient, while other resurrected creations of the inventive genius of former ages are absorbed into our civilization in the form of harem skirts. Again, the Turk may be regarded as a fanatic whose mission it is to send as many Christians as he can to Gehenna, and then willingly forsake this world to meet more black-eyed maidens in the Gardens of Paradise, so consequently we are somewhat surprised when we hear of Turkish soldiers being stationed at Bethlehem to prevent Latin, Greek and Armenian Christians from disputing among themselves. Even in calling him Turk, we make as bad a mistake as if we were to call a Southern colonel, Yankee, forty years ago. True, his ancestor may once have been a flea-bitten Turcoman, but there is as much difference between him and the original migrant from the mountains as there is between a modern English earl and a Norman land-pirate.

Men from the bonnie land of the heather are proud to tell how a thistle once changed the destinies of Scotland; similarly, the remote cause of Ottoman greatness was the fording of a mountain stream in the depths of Asia.

For centuries the petty tribes of the great Himalayan table-

land, Turk and Tartar, Kurd and Mongol had spent their days in stealing one another's sheep, cattle or wives. Driven out of the wilds of Khorassan by the Mongols, a band of Ottoman Turks arrived at a river; part of a troop reached the far side in safety, but their leader was drowned in the rapid current. Seeing that Allah had manifestly designed for them a better fate, the remainder refused to endanger their precious lives, and after electing the dead leader's son, Ertoghrul, chieftain, they determined to enter the service of the Seljukian Emir of Iconium. Allah was indeed good to this remnant of a tribe, for one day, in the course of their travels, they came to a mountain overlooking a plain, where a spirited battle was being fought. As the position of non-combatants or neutrals was somewhat ill-defined or hazardous, Ertoghrul chivalrously decided to throw in his lot with the weaker side. The fiery charge of his four hundred horsemen decided the day; the vanquished turned out to be their hereditary foes, the Mongols, and the victor none other than the long-sought Seljukian Emir. Then, things fell out just as they do in the "Arabian Nights," broad domains and the Emir's daughter for the gallant Ertoghrul.

In the East kingdoms rise with mushroom rapidity, and that of the Osmanlis was aided in its growth by one of those great movements, which, at times, stir the varied peoples of the Orient to their utmost depths. Fresh inroads of roving hordes, led by Timus and Genghis Khan, weaken but do not destroy the growing power of the Ottoman. Soon Asia Minor could not contain the conquering Turk, but when in the far West the Spaniards were fighting for their very existence with the Moors, in the East fresh adherents of Islam were carrying fire and sword through Serbia and Bulgaria. Many a Serb and Bulgar must have struck harder at Lule Burgas to avenge the fatal field of Kossova. Half a century passed and Constantinople, that city of many sieges, after beating back four Turkish armies, fell before Mohammed II., Constantine, the last of the Romans, dying bravely in the breach. Hungary failed to check the oncoming followers of the Prophet, and lost the flower of her chivalry at Mohacz. The Most Christian Kings of Europe did not scruple to make treaties with the heathen Turk, and daily, even on the confines of Germany, the people were reminded by

the tolling bell to pray for deliverance from the dreaded Moslems. Turkish pirates from North Africa plundered the coasts of Italy, much the same as other Eastern pirates had done in the days of the great Pompey. Only when Suleiman the Magnificent fell back from the walls of Vienna, did Europe breathe in safety.

Sometimes we regard with the pitying contempt which so well becomes our superior civilization the devotions of a wandering Turk. One of these swarthy southerners, wearing the fez enjoined by law (although probably made in Orleans), and carrying his stock in trade of rugs, clambers out upon a station platform, at one of the five periods in the day, when the muzzein in the minaret of St. Sophia is calling the faithful to prayer. He kneels towards Mecca. Given a healthy rivalry between two Ontario towns, the local daily explains how glad the Turk was to get away from his last stopping place. Next day the fourth estate of the insulted town retorts that his devotion was caused by a realization of the sinfulness of the town into which he had just entered. Meanwhile the Turk keeps sober and sells his rugs. Somehow he drifts back to Stamboul. On the way he reflects on what is written for him in the Book of Fate. Perchance Allah has willed that he be next Grand Vizier, for did not Abdul Hamid find one of his favourites in a slave market, another in a travelling circus and another blacking boots?

Some one has said, scratch a Turk and you will find a Tartar. This is not literally true, as throughout the centuries the Turk has intermarried freely with the surrounding peoples, Georgian, Greek, Circassian and Albanian—indeed even individual Turks are often much married men. He is not only a woman worshipper. Eminently practical, he will use a Greek temple as a powder magazine, or if he decides to live in it, he has no objection to knocking a hole in the frieze for a chimney. He does not destroy everything, for even to-day, almost indistinguishable under the paint, with which everything resembling an ikon was covered after the conquest, in the Mosque of St. Sophia we can find a trace of a Christian saint. Perhaps you have scratched the wrong man, for everyone in Turkey is not a Turk. Even in Anatolia, across the Dardenelles, there are large numbers of Kurds and Armenians, while in Palestine

and Syria only the officials are of Turkish extraction. If one is gifted with a vivid imagination, in the Vlanga quarter of Constantinople he may detect a strain of Teutonic blood, for there the Emperors of Byzantium settled the famous Varenagian guard, who helped to defend the tottering throne of the Greek against Arab and Bulgar. Even Englishmen found their way thither, writes the old chronicler, "after they had lost their liberty at home," nearly nine hundred years ago.

The capital offers an excellent opportunity to examine Turkish life. Many of the hard-riding sheep stealers of former days now puff contentedly at their long pipes, waiting for customers to buy anything from curios, which can be obtained nearly as cheap in London, to dried figs. You have come to purchase something and your friend, sitting cross-legged on his cushion, lets you take your time. Whether you take it from him or go elsewhere seems to make no earthly difference. In the next bazaar the Greek or the Armenian, the Hebrew of the Orient, names his price. To take off one piastre would mean ruin and bankruptcy to him, as he exclaims and gesticulates. Perhaps you go back to the Turk. Outside in the street the scavenger dogs lie asleep in the sun or nose about for scraps of offal, or at least did, until they were all marooned on an island in the Sea of Marmora, where life was one long feast of Ramazan, until they died. Women, their faces covered by the yashmak, which often falls—accidentally, of course—go about the streets, spending the hard got, not necessarily earned, cash of their masters. Meanwhile these stately persons devise new schemes for securing more funds from the traders of Smyrna and the peasants of Kurdistan, or drive a bargain with European "drummers," hunting for concessions. Sometimes, like members of our own "Indian" list, they enter the back doors of the houses of their European friends to violate the long-observed rule of the Koran, enjoining total abstinence.

For a people which has won empire largely through religious zeal, the Mussulman has become remarkably tolerant during late years. Foreigners are at once admitted into the different mosques. Green turbaned dervishes point out to him the points of interest, and they are many, for, in addition to the relics of bygone ages, Stamboul is the seat of the Kalif, although a

few sects dispute the justice of the claim. The lowest classes of the populace no longer mutter "dog of a Frank, may Ebleez seize him," or finger with the haft of a murderous knife. The days of the janissaries have passed or else one might think that his conversion was being aimed at, prior to his becoming a member of that famous corps. Travellers returned from all parts of the empire report the unfailing courtesy not only of the Osmanli, but also the subject tribes, where the head of the house does not hesitate to eject into the street the usual occupants of the hut to secure greater comfort for the wayfarer. In one sense, the result is disastrous, for the myriads of creatures that torture Westerners, are aroused by the confusion and make night hideous for the uninitiated.

Mr. Gladstone, in the height of the Bulgarian atrocities, called the subject of this sketch, "the unspeakable Turk," and there can be no doubt that the Turk has committed excesses; whether they have been surpassed by those of the Servians in the recent campaigns is a question of doubt. Although not the walking armoury of knives, rifles and cartridges that some would have us believe, the Turk has shown himself to be a better warrior than administrator. The recent campaign has proved that he still retains the martial qualities of his forbears, but these are useless, when supported by official jobbery and corruption in the commissariat department, for a man cannot march very far, much less, fight very well, on a continually empty stomach. It would appear that the Turk of the days of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, tinged, no doubt, with the veneer of a nominal civilization, does not differ very much from the hardy free-booters who followed Ertoghrul and Osman—the bone-breaker—from the defiles of Khorassan.

W. F. HUYCKE, '13.

I Shall Know

Gray, fitful gloom the day's first call awaiting,
 Earth's pulses throb, the shadows come and go;
 I watch and pray, doubt with my faith debating,
 If I some day the all I ask shall know.

Blindly I watch, and voiceless is my praying,
 Tide-waves of longing through my being flow;
 No thought from Thee, Oh Life of thought, is straying,
 Truth's magnet seeks but more of truth to know.

* * * * * * * *

Lo! soft as dawn o'er far-off hilltops breaking,
 Stirs in my breast a sweet and gentle glow,—
 Hope for an hour when, at heaven's fountain slaking,
 My spirit's thirst, life's utmost I shall know.

Hope that my sun shall one day rise in splendor,
 And all his gracious, radiant light bestow;
 Ah then, what thanks my joy-crowned life shall render,
 For heart at rest in faith that I shall know.

C. S.



My Experience With Ants and Indians

INA MCAULEY, '14.

It was one of the hottest days that the summer of '03 had kept in store for us. We were camping at the time on the shore of Rice Lake, but even the joys of camp life were somewhat lessened by the intense heat.

However, the weather could not be allowed to interfere with Duty, and it was Duty that called the others away for the afternoon, while my cousin Jack and I were left in charge. To be sure the responsibility was not a heavy one, although we felt the importance of being left to keep an eye on the cottage and tent, and perhaps more important, the provisions, since they were the most portable of our possessions.

When they had gone we settled down in a comfortable spot where we could keep an eye on things in general and while away the time until their return.

The heat was oppressive and the air was almost solemn in its stillness. Around the cottage the tall dark pines stood like huge sentinels of the forest, and the ground beneath them was thickly carpeted with their slippery brown needles. Before us lay the lake. Not a ripple disturbed its mirror-like surface, and the overhanging bushes, so perfectly reflected in the water, were as motionless beneath as above.

On one of the boughs sat a kingfisher eagerly watching the water evidently in hope that a stray minnow might wander his way. There was nothing but the twittering of the birds and the gurgling of the little spring near by, to disturb this solemn stillness.

In fact it was too solemn for us, and we decided to read. Of late we had been storing our minds with Indian lore and customs, as we found them depicted in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and "The Deer Slayer." Thoughts of Indian warfare, in which scalping and war-whoops figured largely, had been running through my mind all day. I suggested to Jack that we read something less exciting since we were alone for the afternoon. But boy-like he thought it just the time to read of captures, hair-breadth escapes, etc., so I consented, though somewhat reluctantly.

I had been reading aloud for a short time, when I was interrupted by the exclamation "Look at those ants!" Gladly throwing down the book I noticed a number of large red ants, hurrying along in a business-like manner. We thought there must be an ant-hill near, but on searching we found, instead of an ant-hill, a well-beaten path along which the ants were travelling—some going, some coming.

Our curiosity was at once aroused and we were determined to find out whence they came and whither they were going. The ants were about half an inch long, and their highroad was at least three-quarters of an inch in width. For the most part, the path was hidden by the grass, which bent over it and sheltered the ants from the hot rays of the sun. But occasionally the grass did not cover the path, and it was when the ants were hurrying over the exposed part, that Jack had noticed them. We followed their highway along for sixty yards (I may say we took the trouble to measure the distance), and at the end we found their home, a huge, hollow stump. To them it must have been a veritable castle. Now that we had discovered their dwelling place, we were eager to know what they were doing. There seemed to be a regular army of them, bent on some important business we were sure. We selected an intelligent-looking ant that was hurrying away from the castle. It was very difficult to keep track of him, but we watched closely and we didn't have to watch long. Darting out of the path he ran nimbly up a stalk of grass, secured a seed, and then back he ran to the old hollow stump to deposit the booty. Here, then, was the secret. They were storing away food for the winter and perhaps for the rainy days of their life, if, indeed, they had any. We were now intensely interested in these busy little creatures. Everyone seemed to be busy. There was no murmuring, no quarreling among them, at least we didn't hear any.

We were eager to experiment. We wondered if they would like bread, and after securing a generous slice, we crumbled it and scattered it along their path. But every place they saw a crumb they slipped out of the path until past it and then hurried on. Determined that they should notice it, we packed it in the path for some distance and then watched. At first they

abandoned that part of the path, but soon discovered that they could walk over bread without danger to their lives. Apparently they decided that it wasn't a proper food to store away for the winter, for they paid no more attention to it.

They didn't seem to be minding the heat, so Jack suggested that they might enjoy a fight with black ants. After some difficulty he secured half a dozen and put them in the path. One look at their formidable enemies was enough for five of them and they scurried away through the grass as fast as they could. Only one black ant stood his ground, but when he saw four reds making for him—like Falstaff, he must have thought it better to flee, when the odds were against him, for we soon lost sight of him in the grass.

What could we try next? They didn't like bread. They wouldn't fight—just at that moment a bumble bee buzzed over our head. The spirit of mischief was in the air and the bumble bee was the victim. After slightly stunning the bee, Jack put it in the path. To the ants this was a Goliath, and at first they were undecided whether to undertake so formidable a task. Then they seemed to be holding a council, for soon about twenty of the largest advanced, at first rather cautiously, then more boldly, as they saw their enemy was still motionless. Here was a great prize, and they began tugging the bee towards their castle. When they had dragged it about a foot the bee began to regain consciousness. Slowly he got up and walked off, with twenty ants hanging on for dear life, evidently resolved not to lose their prize without a struggle. Jack finally came to their aid and stunned the bee again. Eagerly they recommenced their work of conquest.

We had forgotten the heat—in fact forgotten everything but these interesting little creatures.

Just when our interest had reached the highest pitch, I happened to glance up, and through the bushes I saw a canoe landing and a huge man stepping out. At once I recognized the dusky face of an Indian. Whatever the features lacked in ugliness was quickly supplied by a vivid imagination. Almost too terrified to speak, I touched Jack on the shoulder and whispered, "Oh, Jack, an Indian, quick!" My look of terror would have been sufficient to inspire fear, for without waiting

a moment he followed me through the front door of the cottage, out of the back door and off to the woods. Our only thought was to cover as much ground as possible in as short a time as possible. Nor did we stop until we had put the woods and two fields between us and that Indian. I dared not look back for fear he might be following. I fancied I heard unearthly yells—but it was only fancy.

When we thought we had reached a place of safety we paused. It was only when our terror had somewhat abated, that it occurred to us that we had been left in charge of the camp. Perhaps the Indian would steal all our provisions, burn up the cottage. Oh, we imagined everything terrible! But we really couldn't go back! Not yet, anyway—It wouldn't be safe! Thus we reasoned and waited—waited. It seemed ages before we could pluck up courage to return. Cautiously we made our way back, but when we heard familiar voices we advanced more boldly.

We tried to terrify our hearers with the story of the Indian, but they seemed to doubt that he was as terror-inspiring as I had pictured him. However, he was an honest Indian, and perhaps had only come for a friendly visit. But he never paid us a second visit. The cool reception he received from us may have accounted for this.

When our excitement had subsided we thought of our little friends—the red ants. Hurrying to the spot where we had left them struggling with the bee, we found no sign of the bee, but the ants were still hurrying to and fro. We never could find out whether the bee had again regained consciousness and made his escape, or whether they had succeeded in storing him away in their castle. We had too much respect for the busy little workers to disturb their stronghold, so we were contented to watch them.

When dusk fell they were still working and we wondered if they kept on all night. Late in the evening we took a lantern out and found them still hurrying along in the dark. We decided that they must have a day shift and a night shift, for they were working day and night, early and late.

But we have always been curious to know the fate of the bee, and had it not been for our unwelcome visitor, our curiosity would have been satisfied.

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

BY ARTHUR P. MCKENZIE.

(Continued from page 193.)

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot," she cried piteously, burying her face upon his shoulder. "Oh, how can I? I am to be married to Nomura San to-morrow. My father promised long ago, when I was a child. I never liked him much and now—Oh, I hate him!"

Lloyd's heart sank suddenly, a sickening sense of futility overpowered his mind for a moment; then a new feeling, an instinct long dormant, began to manifest itself, a sudden dogged determination to win, despite the odds that he clearly saw were against him. It seemed to create in him a sublime self-confidence.

"But, Hanako, you love me," he said quietly and earnestly, drawing her to him.

"Oh, Jackiechan," she said passionately, "why do you ask that?"

"If you don't love him, you can't marry him."

"I know, that is the way foreigners look at it. But—oh, I can't marry him!" she wailed.

"When was it arranged for?"

"That is it. It was all arranged for to-night, but I begged to have it delayed till to-morrow because my dearest friend is acting for the first time to-night, and I wanted to help her. My father consented, but Nomura San was very angry and said he would not wait any longer. He is very rich, and owns a lot of ships, and he has to sail the day after to-morrow."

She paused for a moment, sobbing quietly, while Lloyd tried to comfort her, his mind working quickly and decisively, now that an obstacle was to be overcome.

"He is cruel," she continued, "and I never liked him. But we are not free in Japan, like girls in your country. I was resigned to marry him till . . . I saw you again yesterday . . . and then . . . Oh, I couldn't! He said he was going to come here and ask me why I had changed my mind so

suddenly. I was afraid it was he when I heard the noise. You must not meet him. Oh, you must go away. Most of his men are here in the crowd, and if he found you, something terrible might happen."

She pushed him gently away.

"Hanakochan,"—his mind was made up—"if you do not love him you do not have to marry him. Will you be brave for one day more? Will you come away with me to my country, if your father will not be prevailed upon?" She caressed his hand in silent acquiescence.

"You are of age," he continued, "but I think your father will be persuaded. He is kind and loves you very much."

"Murata and I will come to the garden gate between ten and twelve to-morrow night, and if you let us know that the way is clear we will speak to your father."

"Oh, Jackiechan," she said, "I will be brave. I will make some excuse. I could not live with him. I would die."

Suddenly a wooden clog grated harshly upon a stone. The lovers looked up. An obscure figure moved uncertainly before them.

"Hanako!" The voice was gruff. The proprietary tone of it made Lloyd's blood boil. Instinct told him that it was Nomura. The girl shrank back into his arms.

"Who is that?" the voice demanded. They were discovered. Stepping forward, the owner of the voice reached forth a brawny arm and tore away the bamboo lattice work. The light of the little lamp within the enclosure broke full upon them.

A powerful man stood before them, his small eyes wide for a moment in astonishment, then they narrowed with a vengeful glitter in them. Lloyd recognized him as the man in the tea-house, as soon as the light fell upon his face.

He laughed mockingly. "So this is the reason, is it? What! an *Ijinsan*, too?" He feigned surprise.

Lloyd stepped forward, pushing the girl behind him.

"Oh, all right! You need not get angry. Did I say anything?" He was mockingly polite.

Hanako clung to Lloyd's arm.

"Never mind, we will settle our business to-morrow, Han-

ako. As for this gentleman,"—he bowed gravely,—“ I am very sorry to have disturbed him.”

He turned and disappeared.

Lloyd restrained himself with difficulty. He turned. The girl's pale face was set and determined.

“ You must go away at once,” she said. “ Run through the graveyard. You can't get out by the main gate. He has too many men here to-night. I am all right with my friends. Quick! quick!” she urged him.

“ All right, to-morrow night then.” He gathered her in his arms for a fleeting instant, and the next was striding rapidly towards the cemetery.

As he reached the little gateway a man sprang forward out of the darkness with uplifted quarter-staff.

“ You are quick, rival mine,” he said under his breath as he watched his opponent. The blow was aimed and the arm descended. Without a moment's hesitation, crouching low and changing his stride into a spring, Lloyd leaped under his arm, seizing it above the wrist, and took the man off his feet with the impact. A quick turn, and a savage blow with the side of his hand finished the counter, and the man lay stunned with a broken right arm.

Lloyd, as he crouched in the deeper shadow of the wall, fervently thanked Murata for the hours of patient instruction and practice he had spent with his friend, perfecting him in the time-honored secrets of Jujitsu.

Fearing further attack, he stood motionless for a few moments, then stepped softly out into the open and started to follow the little path that led through the grove. He had hardly progressed more than a dozen steps before he was conscious of a distinct rustling in the underbrush behind him, and at the same time a figure appeared at the further end of the little glade. He dropped on hands and knees, and melted into the tangle of tall grasses, and started worming his way back from the path. While cautiously sounding the dark, yielding mass before him, his hand touched a cold stone. He looked up and instantly recognized the outline of the large monument he had examined during the afternoon.

The idea had hardly flashed through his mind than he set about the manoeuvre; creeping up to the side of the tomb he carefully raised himself and stepped inside. At that moment three obscure figures reached the place where he had dropped, and held a muffled consultation.

Two were evidently of the opinion that he was still in the neighborhood, and began circling cautiously about the spot, while the third started for the gateway. Here he found his disabled companion and, returning, informed his two colleagues, whereupon all three followed the path out into the little street beyond.

As soon as they were well out of sight, Lloyd crept out of his hiding-place, and set off in another direction, first ascertaining that there were no watchers at the other gates. Seeking out the more unfrequented streets he zigzagged, first in one direction, then in another, till finally, breathing a sigh of intense relief he came within sound of the frog chorus that nightly rises from the slime-coated ricefields. A moment later he was out under the broad expanse of stars.

"Not quite quick enough that time, Nomura San," he said to himself as he looked behind him, anxiously to discover whether or not he was being followed. The little street from which he had emerged was empty and silent.

The moon had not yet risen, and the long, dusty road lay dimly white down the pine-sheltered vista before him. On either side the rice-fields stretched away until lost in the slight mist. Here and there the trees of a clustering hamlet loomed up like solitary rocks when the tide is at half ebb.

He strode along rapidly, his thoughts still somewhat unsettled. Hanako was his. His heart sang it loudly, triumphantly; the frogs sang it in a mighty reverberating bass; the sea breeze whispered it among the pine needles overhead.

Murata and he could overcome the old man's scruples, and Nomura, well, they would handle him some way. "Profligate, avaricious and cowardly," so he estimated his rival's character.

Hitherto his life had been uncertain. Now success and the fulfilment of those things which make life truly worth while seemed easily within his reach. Hanako had awakened in him dormant faculties and powers. Hitherto he had sensed these

possibilities vaguely, but the inertia of his nature had made their realization impossible. He rejoiced as he strode along. The world could regard him reproachfully no longer. Then the thought of Hanako rushed in upon him again. He raised his eyes to the stars, and unconsciously his arms stretched out into the soft darkness ahead.

Mile after mile he trudged along, calmly surveying his past life with its failures, and confident now of the future.

The moon rose above the mountains, and flooded the landscape with lambent light. About three hours before sunrise he left the main road and began to climb by the footpaths, at first up the bottoms of little valleys beside terraced rice-fields, then up among the eerie night shades of the whispering pines, higher and higher. Their shadows loomed more clearly against the lightening sky. The pale yellow glow in the east became brighter, almost pink, shading off into a mauve that merged in turn into a delicate green, which grew imperceptibly into a deep, fresh azure at mid-heaven, where night and morning met. The black masses of the pines began to take on colour. At length, just as the sun rose, resplendent in a golden haze, Lloyd reached the foot of a mighty buttress of rock, an abrupt spur of the higher mountains. Under its shadow nestled a mountain hamlet. Here at last, in plain sight of his goal, he stopped. For the first time he thought, "How shall I tell Murata?" He felt sure that Murata would be loyal to him—loyal to the last ditch; but——

(To be continued.)

Literary Treasures Trove

THE BALLAD OF THE LADY OF MAYE.

It is the cruel Lady of Maye:

O, but her glance is bold!

She is come to the Hall of Anneslie,

O, but her heart is cold!

A featherlesse fowle her 'scutcheon bears,

A starry crowne has shee,

Each yeare she claims both noble dames

And lords of high degree.

Her lily-white hand is cruel as dethe,

For round her walls at night,

Wan skeleton knights, in the pale moonbeams,

Lie gleaming ghostly white.

Now who be youre knights, fayre ladyes all?

Who be youre knights so gaye?

For all must ride in my grisly traine

To the gloomie Castle of Maye.

Mine is a lernéd clerke, quoth the one,

A clerke of philosophie.

He fears not charms nor spells of thine,

Nor toure of mysterie.

Mine is a knight of high renoune,

His armes are silver brighte,

In gentle sport or warlike field

He fears not living wight.

My love, a third did make replye,

My love is a minstrel wee,

O for the sound of his tuneful harpe

And the glint o' his bonny ee!

O mine, he is a limner skilled!

She shrieked; her face came white,

For the Ladye of Maye . . .

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[Editor's Note.—The manuscript has been mutilated, and the rest of the ballad thus unfortunately lost.]

Eugenics and the School Teacher

The Board of Inspectors in Toronto recently reported to the Management Committee of the Board of Education that in the schools of Toronto there were over one hundred and fifty pupils who could not profit by their attendance at school, owing to mental feebleness. This was only in the schools, and only in the schools of Toronto. Teachers who have had pupils of this type know what trouble they cause, and learn not only to pity them, but also to expostulate against the causes which are blamable for their plight. Those causes are many, one important cause being a certain social law and another cause being the ignorance of parents.

The social law which causes mental (and physical) feebleness is not so much a law as the thwarting of a law. Amongst lower animals in the wild state there are at work the two principles of "struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest," both of which laws tend to evolve more perfect types. But in human society the struggle for existence is not nearly so fierce; and the feeble units of our race, instead of being exterminated, are charitably cared for and allowed to propagate their feebleness. This condition of affairs tends to inferiority; but it is a condition which we could not humanly wish to alter, although biologically, it is a degrading condition.

Reform along this line consists partly in preventing feeble persons from marrying; such measures are being taken in Germany with some success. But it seems necessary to start a new principle in society, viz., the principle that all who *do* marry should marry persons with whom they are mutually fitted to produce sound children. The science which investigates this principle, socially and scientifically, is called eugenics. It is the ignorance which many parents have concerning this great principle that is one of the most vicious tendencies of our day.

The science of eugenics is extremely complicated. It shows the evil consequences of non-eugenic marriages; and it shows the encouraging results of marriages which have been wisely formed. Everyone who studies the subject will confess that the purpose of eugenics is noble and timely. But the question

arises, "How shall we cause such marriages to become the custom in society?" Some suggest that laws be passed to prohibit marriages which are plainly non-eugenic. But in doing so a great difficulty would be encountered. It is just this—man has been accustomed from time immemorial to choose for a wife the woman whom he loves. To be prohibited from marrying her still (just because scientists say he and she are not eugenically mated)—this outrages his sense of personal liberty. It is here that science encounters the soul; this is a great difficulty. All evidence proves that mankind is not yet ready for such legislation.

A good working principle for any person wishing to marry properly is this: choose a partner who resembles you in all essential excellencies but differs diametrically from you in all minor faults; that is, marry a person who in fundamental qualities of character is like you; but if you have a long nose, straight eyebrows, blue eyes, long head and tall frame, then marry a person with a short nose, arched eyebrows, brown eyes, wide head and short frame. This principle has been tried with remarkable results, perhaps the most striking case being that of the parents of Silas Newcomb, the eminent American astronomer. Of course contracting couples should study their ancestors, especially their immediate ancestors. But in a word, the principle is that opposites should marry.

Now the education of society to this law seems to be more practicable at present than the adoption of such extreme measures as legislation. In this process of general education the school teacher has an important part, and perhaps the rôle of the teacher should be to follow a course somewhat as suggested herewith.

If the teacher would, from the first day a pupil comes under his supervision, inculcate into the pupil's mind the love of contrast; if he would teach the pupil the beauty of contrast in such simple matters as room furnishings, personal attire and art work; if by precept and example he would show the pupil that a curved edged picture looks better hung beside a straight-edged window than a straight-edged picture would look there, that with a blue suit a yellowish tie of some sort is more pleasing than a blue tie and that in choosing a group for object drawing

a flat book and a tall vase are more beautiful than two flat books or than two tall vases; if the pupil were thus constantly and systematically trained to love contrast and seek for it, then when he has become a man, will it not be the *natural* thing for him to choose a wife who is his contrast, his opposite, his complement?

What is love of soul for soul? There is something in it which defies analysis; but there is also in it a principle we can understand. That principle is the law of *taste*. One soul loves another soul partly because the tastes of the first individual are satisfied by the qualities which appear in the other individual; and the second soul loves the first because the tastes of the second individual call for just those qualities which appear in the first individual. Taste is never accidental, because nothing is accidental. A man's taste is what it is, because during his life he has been subjected, intentionally or unintentionally, to a process of education which has developed his tastes and left them good, bad or indifferent.

Why, then, cannot the teacher train the pupil's taste so that it becomes of such quality as will influence his marriage destiny and influence it for the good of society; so that his taste will lead him without rupture and in a perfectly natural manner to a eugenic marriage?

BEAUMONT S. CORNELL.

University of Toronto.

Trees

Oh, wonderful forest giants,
Kings of the mighty hills,
Lifting your heads to the cloudlets,
Yet bending to drink the rills!
Where learned ye your wondrous greatness
That stoops from sky to sod,
Receiving earth's stored-up sweetness,
Then giving it back to God?

Oh, fold us close in your shadows,
Children of earth and sky!
Here 'neath your leafy splendor
We feel that heaven is nigh.
We seem to forget our heartache,
And stroke of sorrow's rod,
For here in your soft shade resting
We tell it all to God.

And when, as the years are speeding,
We turn us back again
To the woods we sought in childhood
To soothe us in our pain,
In your tender shadowed stillness
When the soul within us sees,
We shall find, as life-joys fail us,
God's own peace among the trees.

C. S.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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"Acta Victoriana"; business communications to T. E. GREER, Business Manager.
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EDITORIAL

Victoria Students and Politics

If you require information on any political question, go to a freshman, for one of the mathematical laws governing Victoria is that one's knowledge of Canadian public affairs is in inverse ratio to the number of years of attendance. Tell it not in London, lest the suffragettes rejoice, but it is only too true that the average undergraduate here is about as well qualified to reach intelligent conclusions concerning the marriage customs of the late lamented Mound Builders as he is to discuss the vital problems of Canada to-day. In both cases the explanation is that the undergraduate lacks a basis of facts, in the one because of their inaccessibility, in the other because of the limited time at one's disposal and the close proximity of the sporting

pages. If you doubt this premise, organize an impromptu debate in the Lit. on political subjects and be convinced, remembering, too, that one can discuss any subject of which he is ignorant far more intelligently than he can think about it. Now, should the students thus isolate themselves from their country and its concerns for four or more years? We think not. In college, with its non-partizan atmosphere, the national and provincial problems could be discussed on their merits, and the students could be trained to form honest judgments based on higher considerations than those of mere party expediency. Again, the student influence should be felt in politics. A Russian friend told us that almost every Russian student is an agitator. They may be rather extreme in Russia, but the fault in this case shows one of those Goldsmithian failings that lean to virtue's side. Every student should be ranged on one side or other of every great question. University College has partially solved the problem in its introduction of the straight Canadian party divisions. The discussions of political questions is thus provided for, although unfortunately, in such a way as to strengthen the narrow partizanship which the University should help to eradicate. These problems will not be discussed broadly and from conviction when discussed as party issues. Nevertheless, the course adopted by our sister college is infinitely preferable to our attitude of sublime indifference. You study ancient Greek politics, and you are perhaps an authority on the Roman Agrarian Laws and the political situation in Europe in 1789; would it not be well to learn something concerning our own land, compared with whose problems those of Greece and early Rome sink to the level of momentousness of the Locker System Question?

What Does Victoria Foster ?

In seeking an answer to the question which we raised in these columns in our last issue, as to whether Victoria is doing her duty in the training of cultured men and women, we are led to ask ourselves the question which appears above. An eminent divine said very recently that there are three educational ideals, the decorative, the marketable, and the creative. Which

is the ideal of Victoria? There may be cases of deluded individuals whose aim is to secure an education and a degree for decorative purposes, for purposes of display, but we feel quite safe in asserting that to send forth such decorated individuals is not the aim of Victoria as a college. In speaking of the second we feel ourselves on more debatable ground. There can be no doubt that almost all of us are here to fit ourselves for some career. We expect that our education is to help us in giving the fillip to Fortune's wheel that shall send it spinning upward. In other words, conditions in Canada require that our training be largely vocational. Then is the educational ideal of Victoria the marketable one? Again we are convinced that the negative answer may be given. While recognizing the limitations imposed by the necessities of the time in this direction, the ideal of Victoria is not primarily to equip men to become successful, as the world defines that term. No, loyally and heartily we believe that the ideal of Victoria is the creative one. But is Victoria following that ideal broadly and consistently? We must ask to be pardoned for repeating that the attainment of that ideal is dependent upon the harmonious development of the student of the appreciation of the true, the good and the beautiful. Leaving aside the vocational aspect of education here, let us see what Victoria is fostering. By the quest of the true we may understand that reaching out after knowledge, that intellectual curiosity, the striving to set the mental horizon farther out, the peering into the mystery of the universe itself, which should be constantly growing in every student and will be if his mind and spirit are expanding. It includes then the acquirement of increased mental power as well as knowledge. Hence all strictly academic work is of this class. Now, we have some private views on the subject of whether our educational methods will best achieve the results aimed at, but we do not feel in a position to try to expound those views here. In the realm which we have designated the good, and whose limits we shall not pretend to define, both from the difficulty of the task and from the fact that it is quite unnecessary, we find it possible to be more enthusiastic. Victoria is doing good work in developing brain: she is doing splendid work in developing character. No student can pass through this college without

being influenced by its moral atmosphere. Few men can pass through without having their moral life quickened and strengthened, their ideals raised, their responsibility to God and man realized, and their charity widened. Every student is brought face to face in the claims of social service, with his duty to his less favored brother, in the appeal of missions with his obligations and opportunities in the spread of the evangel, in the call of a higher citizenship with his duty to his country. The selfish man, unless he be absolutely obtuse, will have his equanimity shaken. Now all these things are noble, are grand, are of supreme value and importance, but they are not all of the universe. Bound up with them is the third of our trinity. The intellectual man is no less intellectual if he is able to appreciate the glory of a starlit sky; the good man is not depraved if he is able to see the beauty of the setting sun. Rather is the reverse the case. The beautiful is an element in the Universe of God, in the mind of God, and the complete man will be in harmony with that element.

Short Story Competition

We beg to announce that the prize in the Short Story Competition has been awarded to Mr. P. W. Wallace.

Patience Competition

The results in the Patience Competition are as follows:

Gold Medal—Editor of ACTA.

Honourable Mention—Job.

Freshman's Letters Home

Victoria College, 29th January, 1913.

DEAR FATHER:—

There is no ice, so I guess I'll stay in and write to you. The Athletic Executive are so hot over the weather the ice-maker can't do his work. It all comes of starting to flood the rink on Sunday night. I'll bet you they don't do it again next year.

Later, 8th February.

Got interrupted here last month, and lost the sheet of paper. Very sorry.

Say! I guess this Senior Dinner is going to be all right after all. I might just as well be frank about it, Dad. I've found *her*. She's in our year, of course, and she's a *dandy*. I haven't said anything yet, but I've acted a lot, and I think she understands. She blushes anyway. I've got her promise for the Concert, the Refreshments and the last Prom., at the Reception next week, and she ought to know that when a man asks a girl for the last Prom.—and she lives as far out as she does—that either he considers her a “flower in the crannied wall”—or else there's something doing.

At the last Reception I saw a man with his arm along the back of the seat, and the girl didn't seem to mind. I'm going to try it myself next Friday night.

I kind of wish she lived in the Hall. It develops a girl so and makes her so independent and self-reliant to have a lot of rules to live up to, and to have somebody responsible for her all the time. Then, too, even though there are so many girls there, they don't pay any attention to one another. Any tendencies the feminine mind has for gossip remain completely undeveloped. The Hall is just as free of that sort of thing as a small country village. I *do* wish Maucie was there. Yes! that's her name. The “c” is soft, and that makes the name so soft and mushy, just like me—but really, I never felt the same about any girl before—except Susie and Liz. and Belle and Gussie—and they aren't in it with Maucie.

This is the time when the champion fussers win their medals. One of our Profs. says this College is in its kindergarten days, because the fellows take the girls to church. If that makes kindergartners, I know some fellows who must be in long clothes by this time. It's rather pitiable to see some of the "steadies." They have as regular a beat as a policeman, and are far more fatuous looking. Of course, nobody knows where *I* go except Maucie.

But fussing is the chief thing here, sure enough. I went visiting a couple of the clubs lately, and the conversation was limited to *ragging* a fusser. It's the same in the Common Rooms and before and after lectures. "Who was that girl I seen you with last night?" is the way they used to start the conversation at Pumpkinsville Corners, but it's the same theme down here amongst educated (?) men. The girls, so Maucie tells me, are a little worse.

Had another look at the plan of rooms for Burwash Hall the other day. They are being taken up fast. Almost twenty are engaged (provisionally) already. That leaves only ninety-four, and they'll soon go. The arrangements are so definite a man can ask for whatever information he wants and be sure of not getting it. One thing has been settled tho', every inmate must wear a gown—especially at dinner. Special instruction classes will open for prospective inhabitants, Sept. 1st, and lessons will be given on how to keep gowns up at the neck, out of the soup, and off the butter when reaching across the table. Pyjamas are to have sleeves and legs like the sleeves of a gown, with three undergraduate bars, and the resident profs. are to wear their hoods for night-caps.

It's a good thing that all the rooms are not the same price, because then the fellows with lots of "spoof" wouldn't be able to rent better rooms than the boys who are next to "stoneybroke," and of course that wouldn't be just. The fellow who has all the money he wants given to him by his father has a hard enough job to feel just a little above the fellows who haven't. This graded price of rooms will make it a lot easier. A room at \$3.50 will help ever so much.

Heard the other day that the probationers were trying to drown themselves in a vat of hot water labelled "Pseudonyms

for Theological Examinations." Perhaps I should say they were trying to wash off therein certain alleged abuses of former years, and the water got quite heated in the procedure. Well, if I were a probationer, you bet I'd vote for the pseudonyms. The examination system is poor enough, but it's poorer still if men are not judged by what they put down. Any attempt at blocking such a change would seem to me only to render its necessity more evident.

We've been having a lot of Conventions and special meetings lately. I wonder what good it all does. All the enthusiasm is worked up just at the time when the fellows have to settle down to hard work. If I get to be President of the Y. M. C. A. I'm going to have the week of prayer in the Fall term. That's when it would do most good.

The Rink Management have aroused some unfavourable comment upon their otherwise satisfactory service by having closed the Charles St. entrance to the ice. With all the lumber lying around it ought not to be difficult to knock together a little booth on Charles St., to be used as an afternoon entrance. It is a good thing for any Executive to remember that the students who elected them are the ultimate ones to please in all things, and whether it be a students' entrance or planks on the cement floor of the dressing-room, what the students want I think they should get; but of course I'm only a freshman.

The Lit. is coming along fine. Party politics on narrow issues have developed party-ism without the saving strength of a platform worth while. It is a grand success, perhaps (?).

Well, it's supper time, so I'll go and load up. Wish I had some of Mother's mince pie. Say! What's wrong with her having some on hand when I get home in May?

Your son,

BILL.

P.S.—Thanks, dear Aunt Lucy, for that lovely birth-day card; I use it for a book-mark in my Cicero.—B.

Personals ^{and} Exchanges

Personals

THE CLASS OF 1909.

As a result of the activity of the permanent secretary we are enabled to publish the following list of the members of '09. We should be glad to hear from other classes.

Miss C. M. Birnie is at home in Collingwood, Ont.

Miss L. L. Broad is teaching at Picton, Ont.

Miss A. Chubb is also teaching in the High School at Killarney, Man.

Mrs. F. C. Moyer (née Miss E. A. Clark) is now living in Calgary, Alta.

Miss F. A. M. Crane is teaching in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Miss O. M. Delahaze is living at 152 Somerset St., Ottawa.

Miss Lexa Denne is at home in Peterborough, Ont.

Miss J. E. Drew is at home in New Westminster, B.C.

Miss C. B. Dunnett is teaching in the High School at Hawkesbury, Ont.

Miss R. V. Fleming is at home, corner of Bathurst St., and St. Clair Ave., Toronto.

Miss C. E. German is living at 521 Colborne St., London, Ont.

Miss G. I. Grange is at home in Napanee, Ont.

Miss E. M. Hayes.

Miss C. E. Hewitt is teaching Moderns in the Vankleek Hill Collegiate Institute.

Miss I. E. A. M. Hill is teaching in Winchester School, Toronto—address, 7 Fairview Boulevard.

Mrs. G. A. Steele (née Miss L. B. Hill), 5 Fairview Boulevard, Toronto.

Miss Irene Hyland is at her home in Toronto.

Miss G. W. Maclaren is at home, 80 Roxborough St. E., Toronto.

Mrs. R. Page (née Miss M. Philips), Lawrence Park, Toronto.

Miss Ada Smith is teaching in the Collegiate Institute at Barrie, Ont.

Miss N. K. Spence is at home, 84 Huntley St., Toronto.

Mrs. C. Vickery (née Miss A. E. Spencer), 26 Gramercy Park, New York, U.S.A.

Miss M. H. Stevens is teaching in the High School at Medicine Hat, Alta.

Miss M. J. W. Wallace is at her home, 95 Bedford Rd., Toronto.

Mrs. H. Hemmingway (née Miss I. A. Whitlam) is living in Weyburn, Sask.

J. H. Arnup is secretary for the Laymen's Missionary Movement, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

H. W. Avison is preaching in Northern Ontario.

W. R. Baker is teaching in the Morrisburg High School.

G. T. Chenoweth (ob.).

W. P. Clement is with the firm of Clement, Clement & Clement, barristers, Berlin, Ont.

G. A. Cline is a demonstrator in the University of Toronto.

C. F. Connolly is practising medicine at Paken, Alta.

G. G. Copeland, it is believed, is studying medicine in Europe.

G. H. Dix is preaching at Radville, Ont.

A. E. Doan is preaching on the Malahide Circuit (Luton, Ont.).

H. P. Edge is practising law in Toronto.

H. E. Graham is in business somewhere, but has not been located.

J. L. Guinn is preaching at Tapleystown in the Hamilton Conference.

G. E. Gullen is preaching at Farningham, Mich.

R. R. Hawtin is preaching at Taber, Alta.

J. D. Hayes' address is not known to the secretary at present.

A. C. Haynes is engaged in the teaching profession, but his address is at present unknown.

H. E. Hemmingway is in business in Weyburn, Sask.

W. E. Honey is preaching in the Bay of Quinte Conference.

J. E. Horning is practising osteopathy at 80 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

W. M. Howlett is preaching in Hamilton.

C. E. James is also in the ministry (whereabouts unknown).

W. J. Kirby, A. N. Kitt, H. G. Smith, and C. G. Allin are practising medicine, but their addresses are not at present known.

J. S. Laird, when last heard from, was a fellow in the department of Chemistry, University of Toronto.

H. J. Manning is teaching at Lindsay, Ont.

J. C. McClelland is preaching in the Toronto Conference.

J. V. McKenzie is taking M. A. work at Harvard—address,
31 Conant Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

M. A. Miller is practising law at Weyburn, Sask.

H. L. Morrison is at the Union Theological Seminary, New
York, U.S.A.

F. C. Moyer is with the firm of Moffatt & Moyer, barristers,
Calgary, Alta.

J. K. Ockley is managing the business of Seaman, Kent &
Co., at Fort William, Ont.

N. C. Sharpe is at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto.

W. G. Shaw is stationed at Lamont, Alta.

J. T. Shilton is proprietor of a printing office in Toronto.

M. H. Staples is with the firm of Jones, Pescod & Adams,
barristers, Calgary, Alta.

G. I. Stephenson is preaching at Caistorville, Ont.

J. E. Todd is preaching at Mt. Pleasant in the Hamilton
Conference.

T. R. Todd is stationed at Freelon in the same Conference.

William Vance is preaching at Rutland, B.C.

Notice of change of address, etc., should be sent to the class
secretary, M. H. Staples, Box 373, Calgary, Alta.

F. G. McAllister, '12, our late Editor-in-chief, has received
the appointment of secretary of the Good Roads Association.

A. L. Burt, B.A., '10, our Rhodes Scholar, now of Corpus
Christi College, Oxford, has been awarded the Beit Prize, of
the value of £50, which is given for the best essay on some sub-
ject connected with colonial or imperial history. Our heartiest
congratulations!

Births

Arnup.—On December 17, 1912, to Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Arnup, 18½ Waverley Rd., Toronto, a son.

Bryce.—On January 1, 1913, to Rev. Peter and Mrs. Bryce, Earls court, Toronto, a son.

Horricks.—On January 2, 1913, to Mr. H. M. Horricks, B.A., and Mrs. Horricks, Thessalon, Ont., a son and a daughter.

Stapleford.—On Jan. 18th, 1913, to Rev. E. W. Stapleford, '07, and Mrs. Stapleford, '07 (née Miss Maud Bunting), a daughter.

Marriages

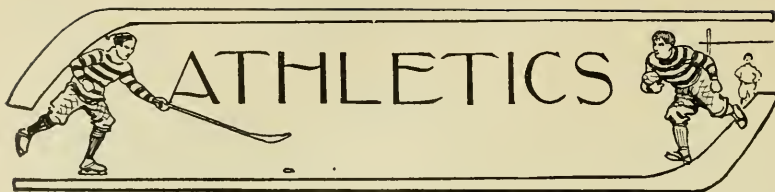
Kearney—Knox.—On January 15, 1913, at the Methodist parsonage, Newington, Ont., by Rev. W. Knox, father of the bride, Mr. Edwin Wilbur Kearney, barrister, of Haileybury, Ont., and Miss Winnie Jessie Knox, B.A., of Newington, Ont.

Moyer—Clark.—On January 22, in Victoria College Chapel, the marriage took place of Miss Elizabeth A. Clark, M.A., and Mr. Fred Clare Moyer, B.A., of Calgary. Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham officiated, Mr. McMillan presided at the organ, and Mr. J. R. Rumball and Mr. J. W. Moyer acted as ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Moyer left for a short trip to New York before leaving for their home in Calgary.

Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Queen's Journal*, *Varsity*, *Arbor*, *Trinity University Review*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Vox Collegii*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Lux Columbiana*, *Collegiate Outlook*, *Argosy*, *The Gateway*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Acadia Athenæum*, *The Mitre*.

Our Toronto contemporaries have hitherto escaped our notice, their proximity causing us to take them as a matter of course and making their arrival an event of less importance than that of an exchange from Vancouver or Edinburgh. Our friend, the *Varsity*, is too well known to need further comment. The new management of the *Arbor* are to be congratulated on the success of their new policy, and we may not be mistaken in looking for something even better in the future. The magazine has kept its essentially literary character, but its relation to undergraduate activities is that, not of the arm-chair critic, but of the active reformer. The January issue contains two articles for and against party politics in the University College Literary Society, in which some questions are raised which might provide food for thought for Victoria men as well. One feature of the old *Arbor* that we have missed is the monthly series of competitions, which in past years were sometimes productive of some really good work. The *Trinity University Review* is a well-written paper, with an occasional slight tendency to Latin quotations. Its articles and editorials are excellent, perhaps the most interesting paragraphs being some in which the writer deplures the anæmic conditions of the Literary Institute, and suggests party politics as a tonic. Apparently the wiseacres who predicted that 1913 would be a year of upheavals are finding some justification for their prophecies, for, as regards our Literary Societies, the present year may be a year of revolutions comparable only to 1848. From St. Hilda's comes a bright and ambitious little paper, the *Chronicle*. Only one number has reached us this year, and we should be glad to receive some more. The *McMaster* monthly contains several features which we like, but we would particularly commend the excellent manner in which the debates, social events, and other college news is recorded.



Owing to procrastination on the part of the Sporting Editor, who arrived with "copy" too late for publication, sporting news that should have been printed in the January number is now putting in a belated appearance.

Never before has the weather been so unpropitious, or the weather man more unrelenting. It is rumored that the Rink Manager intends to visit the Observatory with a sandbag and a couple of bricks. At the time of writing there is little indication of a really cold snap coming our way, so the outlook is rather gloomy. This, of course, comes hardest on the rink management, for every mild day means a considerable loss in gate receipts. At present, however, the rink has taken in enough to pay expenses for the winter, though the management hope and expect to have a good balance on hand by the end of the season.

Hockey

On account of the lack of ice we have had only four or five good practices. The team this year will be minus several of last year's stars. Jewett, the defence man, has finished his post-graduate course. Ken. MacLaren, last year's rover, is at Osgoode. Burt, who played the left boards last winter, is unable to play strenuous hockey, owing to serious illness last summer. Then MacDowell point and captain of the 1912 team, is playing for the Varsity O. H. A. team, and is, consequently, ineligible for Interfaculty Hockey. The freshmen, however, are supplying good men to fill the empty positions. Campbell, Bennett, C. B. Adams and James are all showing up well in practice, and have good chances of making the team. Then Sanderson of the second and Willows of the third year are doing well on the defence. Sanderson especially is showing great improvement over his previous form. He is a hard man

to pass, while his rushing is becoming faster and more dangerous every day. The team will likely line up as follows:

Goal—Brown (who needs no introduction to the hockey public at Victoria).

Defence—Sanderson and Willows.

Rover—Bennett or E. B. Adams, with Jameson as a possibility.

Centre—Captain Burwash, the old reliable.

Left—"Peter" Campbell, who has all kinds of speed and a good shot.

Right—Manager Ray Rodd, the "human dynamo."

On Jan. 10th Vic. and Pharmacy played a practice game, resulting in a tie, three all. Victoria lined up as above, excepting that MacDowell played defence in place of Willows. Bennett and Jameson each played half the game at rover. The lesson to be learned from this game was that Vic. has got to "mix it up." Pink tea tactics won't do against teams like the Vets.

A. Jennings' Cup schedule was published some time ago in *The Varsity*. There were to be home-and-home games. However, on account of the lack of ice there will probably be single games instead of a double schedule, each group being composed by the same teams. Vic. is in Group "B," with Senior U. C., Senior Meds. and Senior School.

Basketball

It was a week after this term opened before the basketball floor in the Gym. was ready, and now everything is finished in the new building. It is evident that basketball is going to be as popular a game at Vic. as handball. There are a lot of men learning the game who never played before. The hockey captain is finding it of great help to keep his men in shape during mild weather. An interyear series will be run off, starting about March 1st, so every year should elect a captain and start to work immediately.

The Vic. basketball team, of course, finds the new floor a great boon. It means that instead of getting in about two

practices a week on strange floors and with poor turnouts, they are able to have a good practice every night against a strong team of scrubs.

On Jan. 23rd, Victoria defeated Education, thereby practically winning their group. The final score—18 to 16—shows the exciting nature of the game. At half-time, Vic. had piled up a comfortable lead—14 to 8; but in the second half the teachers began to rough things up, and managed to tie the score. Then Vic. took a brace, Zimmerman scoring two baskets, while Education annexed one more before time was called. Zimmerman put up the best game for Vic. He scored half the points for Victoria. The others, however, were not far behind him. Mason and Mains did some good shooting; Simpson at centre checked his man to a standstill while Griffiths at guard put up a stonewall defence. For Faculty, F. Elliott was the best. Vic. had the weight, combination and experience, and deserved to win. Jack Goddard did some great coaching from the side.

The line up:—

Education—F. Elliott, Runnings, A. Elliott, Haig, McKay.

Victoria—Zimmerman, Griffith, Simpson, Maine, Mason.

F. O. E. protested Zimmerman, who had played part of a game for the Varsity seconds. Zimmerman, however, played with Varsity only on the assurance from Mel. Brock that it would not affect his playing with Vic. in the slightest. The protest, therefore, is groundless.

On Jan. 21st, Vic. played the Varsity Second a practice game on the Vic. floors, and won, 22-16. At half-time the score was nine to eight in Vic.'s favor, but in the second half our team outplayed their opponents completely. Mason did the bulk of the scoring for Vic. Fawcett, of Varsity, did good work, scoring baskets on fouls. Vic. presented their usual line up, Goddard replacing Griffiths in the second half. Varsity lined up as follows:—

Defence—Levi and Barnes.

Centre—Preston.

Forwards—Park and Fawcett.

Referee—Cooke.

Barnes was on the Vic. team last year.

Before Christmas, Victoria defeated Wycliffe and won from Forestry by default. She has only to win from the Vets. to win the group. This game takes place on Tuesday, Feb. 4th.

The other probable group winners are Senior U. C. in "A" and Junior W. C. or Junior Dents. in "B."

Water Polo

The Water Polo Team is making a great name for itself. The players deserve hearty support. Only three teams remain in the schedule—W. C., School and Victoria. At present there is a three-cornered tie, each team having won one game from each of the others. This was brought about by W. C.'s victory over the School on Jan. 24th. When it is taken into consideration that Vic. has to develop all her players after they come to College, it will be seen how hard it is for the team to compete on equal terms with Science and University College. To play off the present tie, School and Vic. meet on Friday, the 31st of January, the winner to play University College. The team is lining up regularly as follows: Fleming (captain), Malland, Brewster, Clement, Willows, Duggan. Of these men only three played last year. Duggan, Malland and Clement are new men, the last two being freshmen.

Handball

A new group photo will appear soon in the Athletic Building among Victoria's cup-winning teams. This is the picture of the victorious handball team that defeated St. Michael's, and brought back to Victoria the Inter-College handball trophy, which had been collecting cobwebs from time immemorial in the college to the south of us. It is an occurrence unknown, at least within the memory of any present student, for the cup to be occupying its proper place on the shelf among Vic.'s other trophies. It is the second time that it has happened in eleven years. The game itself was without doubt the fastest

and most exciting ever seen on the Vic. alley board. St. Mike's got off to a good start, but Vic. soon passed them. They looked to have the game won when they went in with sixteen. Two, however, was all they got while St. Michael's brought their score up to nineteen. Then Vic. went in to win the game again, but were held to two points. St. Mike's seemed to have the game won, and a loud groan went up from the rooters. They got one point with three men down, and then Ryan, their best serve, got rattled and served three short ones. The crowd howled with delight, and Vic. made the necessary point the first serve. Twenty-one to twenty indicates the respective merits of the two teams. St. Michael's seemed to have a prettier style of play, but, as the result of the game shows, style is not the only thing in handball. They played two men back to cover the long shots, and Vic. gained many points by putting them low down in the centre. McKenzie had a busy time handling the long drives, but he got them all and scored many points by often finding the bottom board. Sanderson played close up in the middle and killed all that came his way with that strong left hand "swat" of his. Bishop and Horner looked after their corners in great shape, and let nothing escape them. They had two pretty hard men to watch. Ryan on fourth board was best for St. Michael's. Now that we have the cup, we must hold it as long as St. Mike's did.

Notes

T. W. MacDowell, last year's defence man on the Vic. Hockey team, is holding down rover with great credit to himself and his College on the Varsity O. H. A. team. Vic. should not let University College, School and Medicine cover every position on the Varsity Senior team. W. W. Davidson, '08, was the last Vic. man to play senior hockey for Varsity. We have one man this year. Let us have three or four a year from now.

The Interfaculty Boxing and Wrestling Tournament will be held shortly. Last year Vic. won two firsts. We should do as well, if not better, this year.

H. H. Malland, '16, won the diving competition at the Interfaculty Swimming Meet. Congratulations. He had a lead of eight points over his nearest competitor. Read the above paragraph; it applies here as well. S. P. S. monopolized the honors.

The annual Athletic Union Skating Party is being held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 5th, *weather permitting*.

It's good to see Harvey Forster around again.

If possible, an interyear hockey series will be run off. '14 hold the cup at present, but the first and second years will put good teams on the ice. All the games should be close and exciting.

DON'T WEAR BOOTS IN THE GYM. (*Ladies Aid please notice*).

The most thrilling—in point of fact, the first—of the series of girls' interyear hockey games was played off between the fourth and third years on the afternoon of the 28th. The result was victory for the Seniors to the extent of 3-0. Miss Cuthbertson, whose efforts on the final team last year are well remembered, played a strong game, and with Miss Henderson to support her, kept the play practically at one end. Several dashes up the boards through flying mud and chips of ice were all in vain; but Miss Luke's attempts for '14 were admirable. The Juniors lacked the reliable help of Miss Burns.

The game was thoroughly enjoyed, and, considering the little practice possible this season, fairly good.

The winners were Misses Cuthbertson, Henderson, Merritt, Kettlewell, Gilroy, Burwash and Clemens; and their opponents Misses McCoy, Luke, Thompson, Cruikshank, Edwards, Dobson and Scott.

During those long days, when our rink was quite under the weather, and we almost despaired of its reappearance, a new form of recreation had to be found. This was made easy by the opening of the splendid new swimming pool in the Household Science Building. Every day in the week there were visitors to this attractive spot, and with the assistance of

an instructor, great progress in swimming has been made by several, who, a month ago, were afraid of the water. Those who have learned the pleasures of swimming before are taking thought for the far-off holidays and learning some new "stunts."

We can hardly say that the swimming pool fills a long-felt want in the College, but it surely does fill a newly discovered one, and there are those of us who make no complaint about "nasty weather," knowing that rain outside and swimming within are quite compatible.





Feby., 1913.

(Extract from the minutes of a recent meeting of the ACTA Board.)

The following resolution was moved by Miss Locals, seconded by Mr. Locals, that

Whereas:—The exclusive game of water-polo has for this winter displaced the plebeian pastime of skating, with its splendid opportunities for Hibernianism, witticism, and other conversational crimes,
and whereas: there have been no functions of importance to bring the student body together, with their similar opportunities,
and whereas: the old “stand-bys” have refused to make any more “breaks” for our amusement,
and whereas: the freshmen have become too wise to say or do anything out of the ordinary,
and whereas: the present policy of ACTA necessitates the exclusion of sentiment and similar degenerating matter (from Locals at least),
and whereas: only contributions can be accepted which show evidence of maturity,
and whereas: it would be unreasonable and almost unpardonable to insert any jokes more mature than some which have heretofore appeared;

Therefore be it resolved that the readers of ACTA for this month of February be recommended to re-read the Locals in January number of ACTA VICTORIANA, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Christian Guardian*, and similar humorous publications.

Hashimuro Togo visits Freshmen Class-Meeting.

To ACTA Editor, who are muchly wise about aidfulness of class-meetings:—

Hon. Netherecott, president of class, says “everybody invited to honor meeting with presence.” I think Hon. Netherecott’s prescription good, and so when Friday night draw toward I take hurried stride to meeting. When I am reached there, I make blows on door, but ones do not arrive, so I elevate chest and meander pathly in and occupy myself in a seat. In a small while one man perambulate shodderingly solemn up to elevation. He say “meeting will now arrange itself.” Hon. Scott to lead in making of intonation with minutes. When this proceeding were quitted Hon. Chair demand his mistakes, he enjoy moan that time are correct and appendix his appelage. Hon. Arnot rise wriggly upwards and make motion to withdraw himself from history of class. “Shall interrogation of Hon. Arnot be for consider.’ Ask Hon. Chair. Holler question everybody. Members make rise and remain rising sufficiently enough for Hon. Scott to solve for number of votes, rise everybody, subside same rise. Hon. Chair he say—Vote transported by two one-thirds majority. Hon. Stratton rise upwards to peak of knowledge to require if new move are in order. Hon. Chair say “New work are in arrange” and call on Hon. Walker for impromptu try at speech. He totter grandly to platform and acquit himself delicious about too much flirtation on Executive meets, then make bend of cranium to class, and utilize seat. Time makes itself vacant in space and mansion stand on the adjourn. Then make all journey to board-houses stilful and in silence of gloom. I travel back home full of still somness and muchly enjoyed with this grandly meeting of Freshmen Class.

H. T.

Mrs. Sheffield (whispering in quiet hour): “Did you have a good time?”

Miss Steadman, '16 (yelling): “Oh, fine!”

Mrs. Sheffield: “Did you notice I was whispering?”

Miss Steadman, '16: “Yes. Have you a cold?”

In response to a request for itemized accounts from Vic.'s representatives to outside functions the following was received:

"My expenses as representative to _____ were as follows:—

Railway fare	\$6 00
Haireut, etc.	35
Dress tie	50
Flowers	2 95
Shoe-shine	10
Chocolates	1 50
Vic. colors and pennant	1 05
Hotel	3 00
Liquid refreshments	1 55
Spearmint with above	10
Tips	75
Dress Suit	1 50
Electric Massage	25
Manicure (including tip)	1 50
Toothbrush	17
Sundries	7 50

\$29 07

Hoping you will favor me shortly with cheque covering this amount,

I remain,

Yours truly,

_____, '13."

Dr. Horning (acting as judge in oration contest): "When I heard that twelve young ladies were going to speak fifteen minutes each, I went down to Eaton's for some counter excitement."

L. Douglas, '13 (when sword-play was going on behind stage): "My! they make an awful racket in the kitchen."

Mr. Auger (reading Pope): "True ease in writing comes from art."

Miss Going: "Art Phelps, the poet, you know."

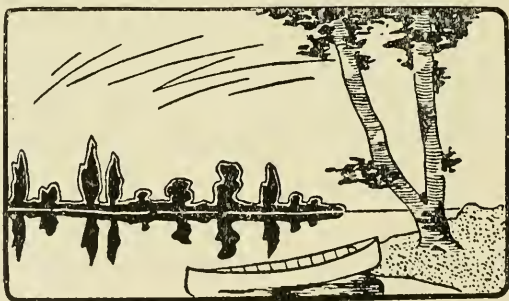
Miss Morgan, '14: "They're serving water ice on the rink to-day."

Miss Meredith, '15 (meeting Salem): "Good afternoon, Chappie."

Mr. Brett (lecturing): "Now this isn't philosophy, it's common good sense."

Miss Kerby: "They'll have to use the centre rink if they don't get the grass cut on this one."

The Oration Contest held by the Women's Lit. a short time ago was unanimously declared a success. The speeches were all of a high order and gave evidence of careful preparation, that of the winner, Miss Grainger, '15, being especially good. After a few remarks from Dr. Horning and Dr. Bell, the evening was brought to a close by Burgess and Manning, '16, who, following an evening replete with richness of thought and diction, furnished in their addresses a pleasing contrast of simplicity and freshness.



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ACTA VICTORIANA



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From the Painting by SCHÖNHERR

Easter Morning

ACTA VICTORIANA

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NO. 6

Easter-Tide

'Tis Easter-tide, and in the brooding earth
Life thrills anew to prophecy of bloom.
All Nature is aglow with guileless mirth
O'er seedlings sleeping in their hidden tomb.
She cries, Come forth! Light is the test of worth,
And God's dear sunlight bids ye quit the gloom.

'Tis Easter-tide, and every thought-pulse beats
To rhythmic cadence of Hope's joyous lays.
God lives in nature, and His lovelight greets
Each germ of life with tender, fostering rays.
Fear shrinks away, and sullen doubt retreats
Before faith's glimpses of Spring's blossom'd days.

'Tis Easter-tide, and every note of song
Soars upward with the birds on joyous wing,
Heaven's gates are open; we to heaven belong;
Let earth and sky with holy gladness ring,—
God's life is ours, and we in Him are strong.
Since love is life, and love has made Him King.

—Allimac.

The Love Lyric of the Troubadours

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW.

I. THE ORIGINS.

I wish in this essay to trace the origins of the courtly lyric of Provence, and of that lyric alone. I shall not here be concerned with epic, dramatic or didactic productions; satire, also, shall be excluded here. The beginnings of the love lyric of the Troubadours, what the late Gaston Paris called variously "*le grand chant*" or "*la grande chanson*," and for which he predicated so vast and far-reaching an influence in Europe,* are to represent the object of the following discussion.

The time of bud and florescence of Provencal lyric literature falls really within the confines of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The tenth century, though vitally important from the standpoint of origins, is, so far as extant material is concerned, unfertile. So, also, the thirteenth, and more especially the following centuries, spell decadence—a decadence prepared and encouraged by the effects of that infamous blot on early French history—the Albigensian crusade. This "holy war" it was that destroyed the political autonomy of the South, decimated her noble families, exiled to the ends of Europe her sweet-voiced singers, thus dealing the lyric muse a fatal blow. The eleventh century then will represent the point of insertion of our compass needle; the twelfth (thirteenth) century the *terminus ad quem* in the description of the periphery of our curve.

That the melodious and artistic lyric of the Troubadours should have arisen specifically on the soil of Southern France is a phenomenon which should occasion surprise to no one who has studied the history of Southern France.

The genius of this Southern people was certainly favored by conditions that prevailed not elsewhere. Here, however, we may at once waive aside, as a scientific *non probatur*, the now

* Cf. the recension by Paris of A. Jeanroy's *Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France*, in the *Journal des Savants*, 1891-2.

antiquated theory emitted by the brilliant if erratic Fauriel in 1846, a theory based on the settlement of Massilia by the Phocæan Greeks six hundred years before Christ's birth.* Subtlety, richness, mobility, creative imagination must certainly have been the heritage of a people who could produce such works. But to the Phocæan Greeks of Massilia is a far cry; and though Greek coins have been found upon this ground, this does not justify us, even though we may admit, in general, the principle of atavistic recurrence, in accepting an ethnological hypothesis based upon premises so remote. Another theory, which finds in the literature of the Arabs a special cause and explanation of this meteoric rise in Southern France of a love-lyric so peculiarly constituted, has been abandoned by the majority of scholars to-day. A third hypothesis, in accordance with which the erotic lyric of the *Vagantes* or Wandering Scholars,—a lyric almost exclusively Latin,—would form the stepping-stone and preparation for the vernacular development, has never, so far as I know, been seriously considered.

Shall we, then, be forced to admit that, like certain sympathetic gases in a retort or crucible, the Provençal lyric was a species of spontaneous explosion, the product of immediate and proximate causes alone? To some extent this may be possible, as we shall see below. On general principles such an assumption is dangerous in the extreme. Over and over again competent critics have insisted that the extant poetic product of Provence shows such linguistic and metrical perfection that it is impossible not to assume a relatively long anterior development. Folk-song, the naïve spontaneous expression of a people's heart, must here, as in Germany (anterior to Romance influence), if only *a priori*, be assumed. Gaston Paris, the great Romance philologist, did, it is true, in his now famous *fête de mai* theory,† assume for the point of radiation of this popular influence, a

*Claude Fauriel: *Histoire de la Poésie provençale*, Mohl, 1846. The only English translation of this work known to me is that by Dr. Felix Adler (*History of Provençal Poetry*, New York, 1860). It is full of inaccuracies and mistranslations.

†*Journal des Savants*, l. c.

specific locality,—the intermediary districts between North and South,—Poitou, Lamarche, etc., whence, in this hypothesis, the various lyric themes spread both North and South. Once established in the latter region, they underwent a very special adaptation, were stamped with the unmistakable imprint of the Provençal love-code, with what has been called “The ‘System’ of Courtly Love.”* Thus adapted, *marquées au coin*, they again radiated Northward. The influence of the conventional Provençal lyric type in North France is indisputable after a certain date. The appearance in old French poetry of all the characteristics of Provençal poetic technique—the principle of strophic tripartition, rhyme-recurrence, poetic conventions—shows clearly an importation from the South. This, however, applies only to the courtly, conventional lyric type. Both North and South, however one interpret the famous *fête de mai* theory, must have possessed a folk-song of definite independent basis. The oldest hymns of the Latin church were in all probability imitations, in octosyllabic quatrains, of those septenary popular poems of the Romans, of satirical and epigraphical tendency, of which some have come down to us. During both the Merovingian and Carolingian periods, the people of both geographical divisions must have preserved dance songs, as well as songs of other types; and certain evidences allow us to control this assumption. This old lyric poetry subsisted without great change, to near the middle of the twelfth century. For the probable characteristics of this popular lyric, we refer those interested to the well-known *Manuel of Mediæval French Literature* by Gaston Paris, and to that indispensable *vade mecum* of the Romance philologist, the *Grundriss* of Gustav Gröber.

According to the Paris theory, however, as I have said, this popular folk influence is localized in a district intermediary between North and South. Here the rustic men and women assembled in the flowery meads and sang popular songs of the coming of the Spring.

Spring—the great mediæval theme—as universal and perennial as that other soul-gripping mediæval *motif* of “Love and Pain.” I am not one of those who sympathize with Vernon

*Cf. L. F. Mott, *The System of Courtly Love*. (Columbia University Doctor's dissertation.) Ginn & Co., Boston and London, 1896.

Lee (Miss Paget) in her attack on the whole mediæval lyric for over-exploitation of this theme.* Monotonous it may be if one read fifty or a hundred poems at a sitting, but who, even in Spring, would deliberately subject oneself to any such *corvée*? To me there is nothing more felicitous—more naively, joyously sweet and graceful than the mediæval Spring *exhordium* and *leit-motif*; that overflow of long-pent emotion; that irresistible gushing forth of joy in the newly-awakened sense of liberation; in escape from dark, damp castle walls, the merry rout out into the shimmering green of mead and meadow,—*verger, baumgarten*,—out into April,—“to live and love and laugh in the sun.” Here we are assuredly on the ground of universal emotion, just as vital now, as then, an emotion of all times and places, as effective in a modern Nekrassov’s *Zelënni shum* as in the Spring songs of a mediæval Walther or Nithart or Guiraut de Bornelh.

And combined with these rustic songs of Spring went the old traditional conception of pagan love, that spirit of antinomianism of which Pater, in one of his charming essays, so legitimately speaks; a convention of the freedom of the individual in matters of love, the relegation of a burlesque and parodic husband to the *dernier plan*,—a convention of hoar antiquity, on which one feels reluctant to dwell. So on the sunlit, earth-fragrant meadows they assembled, these rustic men and women, and played their pantomimic games and danced their graceful dances hand in hand, singing the haunting choros of their choral songs. So, if the Greek hypothesis be recurred to, they sang and danced almost on the same territory many hundreds of centuries before Christ. Love of Spring, love of love, hatred of all restraint—so would run the characteristic of these *fêtes de mai*. So, in this theory, they spread both North and South; so in the South, they induced and conditioned with all its peculiar conceptions of courtly love, the fixed and stereotypic lyric of the South, the lyric of the Troubadours. Then northward, and beyond the borders of France, Spain, Italy, Sicily, Germany, Scandinavia. And all the lyric beginnings

*Euphorion and other Essays. The exact reference is not at present available.

of Germany, Italy and Spain* owe their origin to imitation of this so strangely constituted love-poetry, and from this imitation some of the greatest modern literatures have sprung.

This complex and ingenious theory emitted, after ripe deliberation, by one of the greatest philologists of modern times, cannot be lightly waived aside. I cannot, with the limited space at my disposal, expound my reasons for entertaining doubts—and serious doubts—as to its cogency. In the main, it has been accepted by Alfred Jeanroy, who to-day, as far as replacement is possible, takes the place once held by his revered *magister*.† A French scholar as deservedly famous as M. Joseph Bédier, of the *Collège de France* (I had the opportunity of talking with M. Bédier upon this point some years ago), has for a number of years consistently refused to accept the theory as Paris has formulated it. In my own opinion, first of all, the specific localization of these *fêtes de mai* is unnecessary. Folk-song is everywhere now; it must have been equally ubiquitous then; it bound itself to no geographical distinctions. Furthermore, this element, I am convinced, has been given a weight altogether excessive. Folk-song, I believe, was one element,—one factor,—but only one. A given poetic production is the result of many complex factors. A given poet, or group of poets, are the inheritors of all the traditions, are subject to all the influences of their times. *The element of mediæval reality, above all, has been hitherto only too much neglected.*

On this basis, if we decided to reject the Paris theory of origin, we should explain the rise of the Provençal love-lyric.

The nucleus of this lyric, as I have intimated, lies in an idea to-day essentially inadmissible, the hypothesis that love, true love, can be found only outside the marriage tie.

Whatever fine and filmy webs of mystical fancy have been woven by modern mediæval apologists around this assumption, I hardly need point out the essential inadmissibility of this

*The Galician love-lyric.

†Most of Jeanroy's theories are contained in his epochmaking work, the *Origines de la Poésie lyrique en France au Moyen Age*, Paris, 1889. A second edition of this study recently published offers, so far as I have examined it, no new material. See also Jeanroy's expressions in Petit de Julleville's History of French literature, vol. I., pp. 345-404, "*Les Chansons*."

idea. Let us, by all means, read the codified *principia* of this theory from the culture-historical point of view, the only fair and scientific criterion; let us take the subtle idealism of Andrew the Chaplain at its face value. Let us, also, not forget the rich and fragrant flower of which this idea was the seed and germ; the bland suavity of the early Sicilian and Tuscan sonneteers; the enchanted dream of the *Vita Nuova* as it grew, in pale and mystic beauty, in young Durante's soul; Petrarch's Madonna Laura, standing forth, forever unattainable, forever immortal, in the melodious verses of the *Canzoniere*, that work of "linked sweetness, long drawn-out." But let us, also, not be blinded to one essential fact. It is only love outside the marriage tie which all these Southern poets so ardently exalt; it is to married women only that the incense of their praises mounts.

How, then, if we reject the Paris theory, may the crystallization of this strange poetic canon be explained?

The explanation usually accepted as canonical by the modern critical scholar reduces itself to this. Upon this territory the institution of knightly chivalry, with its jousts and tournaments, first developed. The knightly code, taking on mystical elements derived from the cult of the Holy Virgin, led to an extension, mainly by the knightly class, of this adoration of the blessed Mother of Christ to the whole sex of which she was the supreme representative. Thus the worship of Mary induced the worship of woman in general. Other countries, taking over the institutions and customs of chivalry as it developed on the territory south of France, took over also the lyrical accompaniment.

Attractive as this theory may seem, it is, in my opinion, at least in its first portion, and to some extent also in its latter half, erroneous. A very recent investigator, in the most exhaustive study of this "Code" which has ever been made,* has shown, on the contrary, that the knightly ideal was long opposed to this apotheosis as applied to mere earthly women. The same investigator has, I hope, dispelled for all time the monotonously frequent attacks upon the chivalric Middle Ages for their monstrous iniquity, at least upon this score. Knightly singers, as

*E.g. Eduard Wechssler: *Das Kulturproblem des Minnesangs. Studien zur Vorgeschichte der Renaissance.* 2 Bände. Band 1. *Minnesang und Christentum*, Halle, 1909.

Wechsler has in my opinion cogently shown, were merely carried along upon a stream which was already well started upon its way. The cult of the Virgin did stand out clearly by the eleventh century; as I have shown elsewhere, however,* it was known and flourishing long before; and was undoubtedly one element in the poet's universal heritage.

A study of the history of culture in the Middle Ages extending over a number of years, has convinced me that the criterium of mediæval reality, logically and persistently applied, is the only standard that is universally safe and reliable. I have applied this method to several different problems connected with the study of origins, and have gained what have been considered to be productive results. Wechsler, taking his position wholly upon exhaustive documentary evidence, has, to my mind, at least, settled the vexed problem which for many years had been the occasion of polemic and dispute. He has shown that in order to understand the rise of this love-lyric, so paradoxal and strange in its ultimate reductions, we must look mainly to the institution of marriage as it obtained during the period with which we are concerned among the courtly class.

If we do turn our eyes in this direction, what do we behold? That hallowed, divine sacrament degraded to a mere inter-familiar exchange and barter—power for power, a woman's soul thrown in. The great *seigneur*, beholding the accretions of his fiefs, was satisfied. The family of the girl, made powerful by the alliance, were joyous. The girl, cheated of her birth-right, love, and the free disposal of her hand, was the reverse. Now there is a familiar French proverb which begins thus—*Ce que femme veut*. There are two apodoses to the condition implied. What after all did the rich and noble seigneurial lady wish? Nothing so unreasonable—merely a vestige of self-respect. She had been sold and bartered like a bale of merchandise. Magnificently she took her revenge. She had been made the object of men's contempt. She made of herself an object of men's worship.

*The Symbolism of Petrarch's Canzone to the Virgin. A comparative study. The Romanic Review (Columbia University), Vol. II, No. 1, January-March, 1911. Reprint, Columbia University Library, March, 1911.

To this end the instrument lay near at hand. Every castle of the courtly type was amused and entertained by minstrels, singers who might be of high degree, but who were usually of plebeian origin. These minstrels, it is true, were in the husband's service, dependent on their seigneurs for largesse—*milde*.—to avail ourselves of the rich connotation of the Middle High German term. But when we reflect that exaltation of the wife cannot but tend also to exaltation of the husband—the proud possessor of her whom this poetry so sublimated,—we may easily understand how the *castellana's* longing for praise and love, be it only fictive and illusive in essence—could easily be furthered by the professional poet, who saw therein a fruitful opportunity to feather his own nest. For centuries women have favored the fine arts—and the husbands (alas!) have paid for the Maecenas-like proclivities of their wives. Now from the conjunction of interests emanating from all three angles of the triangle—the desire of the woman herself for love and adoration, be they only lip-deep, and for fame and celebrity abroad; the desire of the *seigneur* to be envied and exalted as the proud possessor of a paragon of wit and beauty; the desire of the poet to receive rich emoluments for his carefully calculated poetic frenzy—from this triracinated bud there bloomed the rich and subtly fragrant flower of the Provençal *Minnesang*. In this conventional lyric the professional poet, only too well aware of the untraversable distance intervening between his seigneur's proud and haughty lady and himself—pours out exalted praises of his mistress' beauty, wit, *sen e cortesia*; exalts her above all other ladies, feigning for her a deep and ardent love, which, as he is always careful to admit, must remain perforce unsatisfied. So grew her fame at home and abroad, more swift in ratio to the poet's fame; so well-content at an exaltation which was purely professional and fictive (the very terminology: cf. *feigner*, (*fenher*), *feignedor*, *wân*, etc., betrays its unreality) and redounded to his own advantage, the seigneur acquiesced complaisantly in a convention which, like most literary movements and *motifs* in the Middle Ages, soon became stereotype.

So the troubadour love lyric of Provence, destined to become so universal and potent an influence abroad, was constituted,

based on an essentially paradoxal and morally inadmissible idea. This is undoubtedly the only true and scientific interpretation of a simple and hitherto grossly misunderstood fact.

As a contributory *secondary* factor may be added the other theory above referred to, the extension of the Virgin-cult in the XI. century and its application to the noble ladies who constituted ostensibly the object of the poet's adoration.

Once admitting that the mediæval man was predisposed to mysticism, the necessity of confining this extension and application to the knightly class seems hardly apparent. I should, indeed, be inclined to attribute the early appearance not only of this, but of other emotional elements in the Provençal love lyric, to the mental and psychological "make-up" of the individual poet. Any careful student of this lyric can easily weed the chaff from the grain; differentiate the natures which, poetically considered, ring false and insincere (and there are many such) from those quickened with the very flame and fire of poetic imagination. The psychological distance intervening between, let us say, a Guiraut de Bornelh and an Arnaut Daniel; between a Walther von der Vogelweide and a Meinloh von Sevelingen, is enormous.

II.—THE POETS.

How widely spread this lyric outburst was may be seen in the large number of those who produced it. Many poems are undoubtedly non-extant; others have come down to us anonymous. Yet lyrics of over four hundred poets of the XII and XIII centuries have subsisted, and the names of almost a hundred more are known to us. Among these poets all ranks and all stations, it is true, are represented, but a comparatively small proportion are of noble or knightly birth—a few kings and princes, counts, marquises, barons or seigneurs. Here may be mentioned the famous Jaufré Rudel, Guilhem VII of Poitou, Guilhem IX, Count of Aquitania; Bertran de Born, Raimbaut de Aurenga. Others, like Uc de Saint Circ, were but poor vassals; many such were there, and among the best, Cadenet, Peirol, Raimon de Miravel, Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Sordello, immortalized by Dante. Others came from the

middle class; no fewer than fifteen such are known. Many trades and vocations are represented. Some, talented poets, as Bernart de Ventadorn; Marcabru, a foundling; perhaps Guirant de Bornelh, the famous troubadour, were from families of low social plane. So great a fascination was exerted by the poet-profession that often individuals gave up other pursuits to wander from court to court throughout the land, to live the life of *joglar* or *troubadour*. Such were Salh d'Escola and Uc de Pena, Elias Cairel, Arnaut de Marnelh, Peire Cardenal, Peire Rotgier, Uc de Saint Circ, Gaicelm Faidit, all recruits from various vocations. More striking and infrequent was such a shift in the case of those who, like Arnaut Daniel, famous chiefly for the obscurity of his style, possessed both noble birth and knightly belt. A few talented women, notably Beatrice, Countess de Dia, Castellosa de Mairona, Maria de Ventadorn, proved then, what many women have shown abundantly in modern times, that creative literature is not exclusively a male prerogative.

III.—THE POETRY.

I shall not here enumerate the various types of verse which these poets cultivated. *Le grand chant—la grande chanson*, and that mainly in its origins, as I stated at the beginning of this essay, is my main preoccupation here. The general trend of this lyric has been already indicated. Not reality, but the conventions of the love "code" must be observed. The main stress came, of course, on the beauty of the "beloved." She is the embodiment of all physical, mental and moral excellences: "God has made nothing fairer," "Your beauty translumes the night," "Your presence dispels all sadness," "My love is infinite—it knows no limits," "I will die before I turn from you," "I am your vassal—let me kneel before you," "All my virtues come thro' you." All a lover's moods are his; he is gay and sorrowful; he laughs and weeps; he sighs and trembles; his sufferings bring him near to death. He asks no return of his love. "Expression is reward enough."

And all the time his tongue is in his cheek, and he thinks only of the material reward expected. And the lady is grati-

fied, and the seigneur content, and the pretty, insincere society game goes on, and everybody's purposes are served, and all are satisfied.

I would not thereby imply that it was always thus. True love is always possible; these mediæval songsters and *grandes dames*, playing with fire, might get their fingers burned. Some of the troubadours' biographies, notably that of Guilhem de Cabestaing, tell us explicitly that between him and the Lady of the Castle of Rossillon there was real love, and the Lord of Rossillon exacted Guilhem's life as tribute. But this is only a troubadour's biography, and troubadours' biographies are now by critics much discredited. A romantic story, of however uncertain veracity, was as eagerly taken up then as it would be at the present day.

So the Provençal lyric was constituted; so it spread abroad—southward into Spain, Galicia and Catalonia; northward into France proper; east to Germany, Sicily, Italy. Bearing their songs the troubadours and joglars wandered from court to court, from land to land; and as though at the touch of a fairy wand, they left a carpet of sweet poetic flowers in their train. Even before the lyric was taken over, courtly and chivalric customs spread abroad; the castellar society of Spain, North France, Italy and Germany rested on the foundation-stone of *cortesía* and "love-service"; the poetry here, as in Provence, served merely to reflect these tendencies.

Unmistakable and incontestable is this early action on the incipient literatures of other lands: no one who has studied these beginnings at all carefully would dream of denying it. Yet, in my opinion, the theory of the influence of the Provençal lyric has in some cases been carried altogether too far. But this is not the place to discuss a point which opens up so wide a field of conflict and of doubt.

The Better Bit

A Story with a Double-Edged Moral.

P. W. WALLACE.

I never knew a man with more bad qualities than George has. I have often told him so, for I believe it is one's duty to open the eyes of a friend to his own deficiencies; but George's worst quality is a lack of appreciation of adverse criticism, so he never improves.

The summer that I first met George, I set out to cure him of the mania for betting. George used to bet on everything, from Dominion elections to laundry bills, and he usually lost, which is degrading. He appeared to take no interest in my missionary efforts, beyond offering to bet me a certain sum of money that I could not extricate betting from his mental machinery. It was evident that sound advice was not sufficient to regenerate him. Some practical, forceful lesson was needed, and I resolved to find one that would impress on him the folly of risking money and reputation on a barbarous and demoralizing pastime.

The opportunity came one day while we were sitting on the verandah of our hotel at Banff, discussing mountains and mountaineering.

"All this talk about the science of mountaineering," said George, "is mere bosh. There is no science in it. Any person with two legs, a heart, and half a lung could climb as well as any of those roped, begoggled, and swaddled alpineers from the Club yonder. I'll bet you——"

"Now, George, if you make any foolish bets, I'll take you up, just to teach you a lesson."

"You take a bet! Why, you'd as soon pick a purse! But betting is my forte. So here goes: I'll bet you \$635.19—as a bargain—that I can climb the famous Mount Bungaboo myself!"

"Within how many years?" I sneered.

"Years!" snorted George. "Why, within two days!"

"George," I replied, with a great smile in my heart, "I entirely disapprove of betting; but I am so anxious to save you

from the habit that I am willing to make a slight breach of principle if only I can impress upon you the foolishness of your conduct, and save you from worse consequences into which further indulgence might involve you. I take the bet."

Thus George was caught, and the wheels of the gods were immediately set in motion. With the help of a Swiss guide named Keinwort, George undertook an attack on Mount Bungaboo, 11,429 feet high. I decided to accompany the expedition because I thought it would be a greater lesson for George if I went along too; and, anyway, he could never make the climb even with my help, because Mount Bungaboo is a difficult mountain, and, as far as I knew, George had never climbed anything higher than Toronto's City Hall tower in his life.

When I had got George all dressed up in proper Alpine clothes, he behaved like a horse that has first felt the saddle, and the things that he said were awful. I had to bring him sharply to time before we started out.

"Keep your temper, George," I said. "You must be patient, you know. You have made a foolish bet, but you certainly cannot win it by growling at your ice-axe and rucksack. Brace up, tie up your puttees again, hitch up your knickerbockers, and sling your rucksack straight, or by all the canons of mountaineering I'll blow you into nothing but a heap of scree!"

George sobered up at that, and, under the influence of my continuous advice, he was able to make a fairly long march that day. We reached the base of Mount Bungaboo before dark, which was rather good for an inexperienced man like George; but it was easy to see that he was well tired out. He offered to bet Keinwort, who was preparing supper over a blazing fire, that he could flip a bannock. Keinwort good-humoredly offered him the pan. George took it, balanced it in his hand for a moment, flipped the bannock into the air, and dropped it into the fire with a yell. Then he came over to where I was putting up our little silk tent, and offered to bet 75 cents that Mount Bungaboo was 31,000 feet high. I informed him that the height was estimated officially at 11,429 feet, whereupon George said:—

“ Oh, yes! I knew there was a 1 in it somewhere.”

I had to expostulate with him again, though I was growing dreadfully tired of acting the schoolmaster. Still, George needed training, and I was the only person who could help him. I did so as follows:—

“ I wish you would show a little more common sense about things, George. You spoil everything you lay your hands on by not thinking. If you had thought to leave Keinwort alone, we might have had bannock for supper; and if you had had sense enough not to rush into a foolish bet about climbing Mount Bungaboo, you would not be so tired and hungry and so severely reprimanded as you are now. It's a lesson to you.”

I thought that would sober him, but it did not. He walked off whistling, tripped clumsily on a tent rope, and pulled down the tent as he fell. George is such a fool.

When we had crawled into our blankets after supper, the last thing I heard was a voice muttering: “ Bet you 50 cents I'll be up by two in the morning.”

George was right for once, because when I got up in the dark at ten minutes to two, I stepped on him and woke him. We ate a silent, shivering breakfast under the stars, then adjusted our rucksacks, and commenced our climb. Even in the moss-carpeted forest of the lower mountain-side, George showed himself a master in the art of bungling. In a sudden moment of inspiration, he rushed up to Keinwort, who was leading, in order to bet him \$5.00 that the sun would not rise before five o'clock, and in his eagerness to press the bet, he suddenly stumbled on a loose stone, knocked over the guide, and smashed our lantern. As the guide remarked, contrary to his silent nature, it certainly was a piece of aggravating “ Dummheit,” for without a lantern we could not possibly proceed in the dark, and dawn would not appear for a full hour.

We all sat down disconsolately on a log and said nothing—all except George. The guide was recovering from the exhaustion of having spoken; I was quietly controlling my anger with the soothing thought of the lesson that was approaching for George; while George himself was unbuckling and rebuckling his rucksack, trying on his snow goggles “ to find out if

you can see any better at night through blue glasses," and cursing "the slippery swaddling clothes that the laws of mountaineering condemn a man to wrap round his legs." I suppose he meant his puttees, for he tried to bet me a dozen dollars that he had wound up one hundred yards of puttees during the last twenty-four hours.

At last a little gray light began to creep through the trees, and we were able to proceed. If George had proved a poor mountaineer in the dark, he proved a very much worse one in the light, for he seemed now to lose all control of his feet. He went pitching and tumbling over every little hole, every loose stone, and every projecting knob that we approached, and at every fresh discharge of his "unequilibrium" he brandished his ice-axe in a manner calculated to rouse in the guide and me the profoundest fears for our own safety.

But George showed pluck, for, despite all his awkwardness and the evident displeasure he was creating, he insisted upon continuing the struggle. I was really growing tired of it, for it is no light matter to take up a mountain a man who combines the intelligence of a monkey with the agility of a rhinoceros. Accordingly, after he had apparently capped the climax by dropping his ice-axe over a small cliff—it might have been a big one—and causing the guide considerable trouble in recovering it, I suggested to him that we had better stop.

"You realize thoroughly now," I said, "the folly of making that bet."

But he would take no advice, and merely remarked that he had "come out to climb Bungaboo, and to *forget* the follies of the world."

(To be continued.)

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

By ARTHUR P. McKENZIE.

(Continued from page 251.)

As he looked towards the little hamlet, a tall figure stepped out into the garden behind one of the thatched roofed houses, from whose gable a thin wisp of pungent smoke was already rising. The figure stopped among a group of morning-glory plants. His kimono was of some plain, dark stuff, tied about with a simple white sash. The simplicity of his dress gave him a sombre, almost priestly appearance. This effect was heightened by the fact that his shapely head was cropped close, after the manner of Japanese students. A damp towel was thrown over one shoulder. Evidently he had just finished his morning ablutions. His hands were adjusted within his girdle, and he was plainly enjoying the spectacle of the rising sun, his fine impassive face turned to the east.

The inspection of the quiet figure inspired Lloyd with confidence. That steadfast, brave young spirit would be loyal in any emergency. A bond of friendship existed between them—a friendship utterly undemonstrative, as became their natures, yet perhaps the more vital and true on that very account.

* * * * *

A momentary silence ensued. Murata sat quietly smoking a cigarette, his eyes bent on the small brazier, standing between them, his face perfectly impassive, almost expressionless. Opposite sat Lloyd, looking soberly across at his companion, determination written plainly upon his keen face.

"That is where I stand, Murata," he resumed. "The riddle of my future, that has been puzzling me for some time is, I feel, about to be solved. For several reasons, as you see, I cannot do this alone. . . . Will you help me?"

Murata carefully flicked the ash off his cigarette, and looking up said simply, "As far as I am able."

"Thank you," Lloyd answered as simply.

For the fraction of an instant the two men looked into one

another's eyes. Lloyd tried to fathom the other's thoughts, but they were veiled behind the inscrutable sphinx-like mask, which is seemingly the birthright of the Samurai.

Murata stubbornly refused to commit himself to any opinion as to his friend's action, and Lloyd felt vaguely that he was reserving judgment.

The two young men decided that Lloyd should assume native costume, and endeavor to get in touch with Hanako at the hour Lloyd had mentioned.

After a brief rest which Murata absolutely insisted upon, the two young friends set out on their long walk.

* * * * *

About nine o'clock in the evening two tall young fellows, presumably students, entered the outskirts of the little town of Awajima. Their clogs and bare feet were covered far above the ankles with soft, yellow dust, but their stride was still strong and purposeful. The taller of the two made rather more slap and clatter with his clogs than his companion. He also took longer strides and seemed in a hurry. They both turned into the little *chaya* of Také Street.

They entered unnoticed among the crowd and sat down in a corner to wait till a favorable opportunity for approaching the hostess should present itself. They did not have to wait long. That worthy lady soon espied them. They desired to be shown upstairs to a room at once.

Having first conducted them to a stone sink where they washed their dusty feet, she led them upstairs, ushering them into the little room at the rear of the house which Lloyd had occupied the night before. She then disappeared, to return a moment later with the inevitable tea.

While she poured it out she looked keenly at Lloyd. Then suddenly assuming an attitude of extreme surprise, she exclaimed, "Ara, if it is not the young *danna* who stayed here last night! Why, how well he looks in Japanese dress." She entered into an admiring scrutiny.

"Did not the *danna* go to Maruyama's house yesterday?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"A very terrible thing has happened. I am almost distracted." Here she put on a very lugubrious expression. "It is very terrible. The young Ojosan—": she paused.

A sudden presentiment contracted Lloyd's heart, but he showed no emotion.

The landlady almost succeeded in extracting a tear. She continued: "The poor Ojosan refused to marry Nomura San this morning. Is not that foolish? He is so rich. Her father was terribly surprised. He made a bargain long ago, and Nomura San swore that he would hold him to it. But he is a very soft-hearted man, and would not force Hanako at first, but Nomura began to threaten, and he said the ceremony would take place at noon to-day. They say the girl cried a great deal. She went into her own room, and when her maid went in to ask her what she should do to get ready she found her lying in a pool of blood on the matting. But they say the matting was not hurt. She had laid down a large piece of oilcloth. Ah, what a good wife she would have made if she had only not been so foolish." The landlady began to sob.

"She had stabbed herself with a dagger; and they say that Nomura San is very angry, and has gone to his own house."

Schooled in the suppression of the East, Lloyd looked unflinchingly at his hostess, an expression of surprise upon his face. During the vulgar narration Murata looked once at his friend and then turned to the garden.

Lloyd steeled himself to ask some inconsequential question. It was, however, merely the outward manifestation of years of training. Within, black darkness of despair yawned all about where everything had been roseate but a short while before. His very soul seemed to have been torn out of its unwilling temple, leaving an empty void behind. So this was the end. It had all seemed somewhat unreal—perhaps too good to be true. After all custom had won a half-victory, but the future had been too unbearable and Hanako had solved the problem in the time-honored Japanese way.

After a seemingly interminable time, and more minute details that were as finest torture to his sensitive nature, the landlady departed.

(To be continued.)

The Scientific Character of Psychology

By E. J. PRATT.

The above title, had it appeared at the head of an article some years ago, might have occasioned a feeling of skeptical surprise, or have been immediately dismissed as a fanciful chimera of the imagination. Such an incredulous attitude might well have been pardoned, because the study of psychology has, until quite recently, followed definite traditional lines and, as if bent upon proving its loyalty to the etymology of its name, has regarded its function as an inquiry into the operations of the soul in its manifold activities.

Every department of human knowledge has in the course of its history undergone more or less radical changes in respect of its method and its point of view. In the transition some of the sciences have abandoned their former titles, and have assumed new names, more in keeping with their change of methods and less suggestive of crude and primitive associations. The Science of the Heavenly Bodies repudiates the ancient term *Astrology*, as well as its assumption of the influence of the stars upon human affairs, and has taken its modern name to indicate its metric and mathematical aims. *Alchemy* in a similar way was superseded by *Chemistry*, and other of the special sciences have revealed in a like manner their break with the past and their new relation with the present.

Psychology, unfortunately, was very late in making an historical readjustment, and the retention of its hoary name still keeps alive the confusion in the minds of many people regarding its purpose and its method. The name with its various cognates suggests to some the idea of the telepathic—the weird, mysterious communication of spirit media, the uncanny results of mental concentration, table-rapping, and all the other hair-raising and nerve-racking accompaniments of the Séance. With such methods Psychology has nothing whatever in common. In so far as phenomena of that nature can be made the subject of careful and exact investigation freed absolutely from duplicity and charlatanism, they may come within the purview of the science, but if so, they stand only upon common

ground with all other phenomena that go to make up our world of direct experience.

The Present age may be pre-eminently characterized by its increasing reverence for the sanctity of facts, and the criterion of progress is becoming more and more identified with that tendency to place the construction of a theory after an exhaustive survey of actual data. Hence the justification of the Scientific claim which Psychology makes is based upon the fact that it enters into the field of Experience with the minimum of Presupposition. It undertakes to study the facts of life at first hand. Any fact which is intrinsically a fact, that is to say, an object of direct knowledge, is claimed by it as a part of its special territory. It approaches the great complex unity of Experience and commences a process of analysis and classification. Into what elements is that Experience resolvable? What is the nature of Thought? Is it ultimately composed of sensational processes and spatial relations, or is it in itself elemental and different *in toto genere* from such data? It inquires into the character of the emotional side of human life, of individual and social morality, of the nature of the moral judgment, the basis of distinction between Right and Wrong, and it asks what are the elementary products which an analysis of such complexities will yield.

In the realm of Aesthetics it takes the pronouncements of individuals with regard to the Pleasant or Unpleasant Tone of artistic combinations and arrangements, and seeks to discover the Uniformities which may run throughout the collective judgments. It stands close to the Medical field in that it is interested in the facts of abnormal mentality, and by tracing genetic influences within the life of a psychopath it offers its illumination to the task of Therapeutics.

Into those difficult problems Psychology has brought the use of apparatus and exact experiment. Laboratories have been in operation in Germany for half a century, and the Western Universities now following Germany's example have been installing their departments with ingenious mechanical appliances, in the effort to place upon a secure and scientific basis empirical conclusions which hitherto had been the subject of

guesswork and airy deductions. The experiments have been of the most varied kinds. Tests have been made for accuracy and strength of memory. Association processes have been observed, and results registered with clock-like precision. Sensations of sight have been patiently explored. Thousands of colors, shades and tints in great varieties of combinations, puzzling anomalies of Color-blindness have been investigated, and Laws of Color-mixture and Contrast formulated. Work has also been done upon the other Senses, and statisticians have been busy compiling and classifying their numerous data. In all this research the experimental procedure of Science has been rigorously followed. As far as possible all uncertain factors have been ruled out. Care has been taken to keep all conditions constant except the one whose effect is desired to be observed in its changing phases.

But it might well be objected that a comparatively small area of the territory covered by Psychology is open to experimental treatment, that there are many important conscious processes that will forever baffle and escape the exactitude of mechanics. What about those soul thrills which the artist experiences as he gazes upon a grand panorama of natural scenery? Are you going, for example, to bottle up the spirit of Beethoven or of Wagner, and draw metric curves around sonatas and symphonies, nocturnes and arias? Is the Lyric to be placed upon the dissecting table, and the stately march of the Epic robbed of its majesty by measuring out the length of its strides and counting the number of its steps? And—worst of all unhallowed attempts—what laboratory is going to fetter with its mechanism the *Grande Passion* and explain its moods and its fancies, its attractions and repulsions, in terms of equations and logarithms? No experimentee has yet been found so devoted to the interests of Science that he is willing to give an exhibition before the eye of his experimenter.

Some of these objections do indeed constitute serious difficulties. Attempts have been made to measure the extent of emotional processes by correlating them with changes in respiration, blood pressure, pulse-beat, etc., and instruments like the Pneumograph and Sphygmograph have been used to register

arterial and muscular reaction under changes of affective stimuli. Such investigations, however, have not as yet been very successful, but even if the Emotional side of life eludes the tangible test of apparatus, that does not deprive it of the possibility of Scientific treatment. The other great method of Inquiry, that of Observation and Analysis, can still be continued and much of the data of other sciences are subject to this test alone.

The other objection is really not so serious as it has sometimes been considered. It indeed requires long and laborious work to take a very complex emotional experience, and to discover the many factors which go to make it up, but it is a false claim to say that such a close and far-reaching analysis has done away with the value of the complexity from which it started. No Psychologist denies the significance of the original experience. Its beauty is still there to be felt and admired, or its ugliness is there to be disliked, as the case may be. Analysis no more derogates from the importance of the initial experience than does the study of Anatomy lessen the worth of the human body.

There has scarcely been any department of investigation whose recent progress has been watched with keener interest than Psychology. The problems facing it are numerous and important. It has abandoned the old methods of inquiry that delighted the heart of the Mediævalist by puzzling his intellect and leading him by circuitous paths and endless labyrinths from which there was little escape except by an uncertain return to the original starting point. In the adoption of a new method which is Scientific in its very foundation, it tries to understand human nature in its manifold phases. No pains are spared in making the examination of facts as comprehensive and as penetrating as possible. The last few years have thrown light upon the attempted solutions of questions that are as old as the history of thinking, by fixing attention upon the inherent nature of the problem to be solved. The Science, indeed, is only in its pioneer stages, but it has the strength and vigor of youth, the faith and hope of a great future development.

The Universities of Harvard, Clark, Cornell, Chicago, Columbia, have strong Departments of Psychology, the equipment increasing in efficiency every year. Of the thirty-two subjects credited with the Doctorate in 1910 in the above Universities, Psychology stood seventh, and ranked fourth among the Sciences which led University Students. It may have been late before it won its title within the classification of the Sciences, but having been kindled by the modern Spirit of Progress, it has justified its claim to the title by its recognition and acceptance of hard and honest toil as the only path to success.

Gladness

Let us be glad, since gladness is of God,
That, on the buoyant pinions of His joy,
Our souls may win those glorious, sunlit heights
Where earth-mists rainbow His rich promises,
And there absorb such ecstasy of bliss
That through these porcelain caskets of our flesh
The light of heaven's most heavenly grace may shine,
Till those who know us best shall love us most,
Since they can see God's love-joy in our lives,
And know they too may soar, be glad, and glow.

C. S.

The Chinese Crisis Which Faces the Christians of Victoria College

China is the youngest and yet the greatest republic in the world to-day, both from the standpoint of its multitudes of active, industrious people and because of its history and resources. The Egyptian, Grecian and Roman empires have come and gone, but China, their contemporary, is still an organized nation, and is as likely to be the contemporary of nations yet unborn as any other republic or empire on the globe to-day. She has enormous latent resources in land and minerals. It has been estimated that the province of Shansi can supply the world with coal for one thousand years. Because of her myriads of cheap, hard-working laborers she can undersell the markets of America after she has paid for transporting her commodities over land and sea.

For four thousand years, shut in by mountain stone wall, she has considered herself superior to the rest of the world. But she is awakening so rapidly that the most optimistic are astonished. Railways are replacing coolies and the wheelbarrow, at the rate of six thousand miles during the past ten years. Her telegraph lines will more than encircle the globe. Her educational curriculum has changed from the Confucian classics to one which is chosen from all the best in the civilized world. To-day only two women in one thousand can read. Ten years from now forty millions of her children will very likely have a free public school education offered them. The opium traffic is being expelled at such a rate that we become ashamed of our feeble attempts at temperance reform. They are doing in ten years what we have only half done in ninety years. Modern science and learning is undermining the old religions. Tens of thousands are becoming weary of contenting themselves with vainly trying to avoid the evil influences and misfortunes caused by a world of "yin," or evil spirits. Many are beginning to wonder if it is worth giving some or all of their worldly possessions to a professional grave-seeker to find a lucky place for the burial of their dead ancestors. The great head of Confucianism no longer rules their empire as the only mediator of

the great God of the "tao" or universe. Instead of Christians being forbidden to hold office in the government, the first emperor of new China was a Christian man himself, and many of her highest officials are active Christians.

The share of the Canadian Methodist Church is the evangelization of fourteen millions in Szechwan, which is in many respects the banner province of China. Her people are unusually intelligent and well-to-do, and are largely cut off from the counteracting influences of western civilization which retards missionary progress nearer the coast. Her resources, also, are enormous. Part of this fourteen million consists of a field recently taken over from the London Missionary Society, with a population of four million. Here should be established five new stations, with seven workers in each, consisting of two evangelists, one doctor, one school teacher, one nurse, and two from the Woman's Missionary Society. This means thirty-five workers among four million, or one station for a city larger than Montreal. If this small beginning is not made now while their ears are open and their minds receptive, they may not be reached for centuries more. In addition to this there are adjoining 2,000,000 which no church is planning to reach, and while so many in our church are dormant, we too must refuse help in response to their great needs. Our church has only seventy-eight native evangelists, and we could use two thousand to-morrow if we had them. The fifteen teachers should be increased to forty at once.

What is the reply of the Canadian Methodist Church to this, her greatest foreign opportunity since John Wesley trod the highways of England? The purpose of this article is to make clear to the students of Victoria the shameful slothfulness and shortsightedness of so many so-called Christian members of our church. Like the rich young ruler, she is turning her back on an opportunity than which there was no greater in the past, and perhaps the greatest she may ever have in foreign lands in succeeding generations.

However, there is one bright side, and this is that some of her sons and daughters are willing to spend their lives and endure any sacrifice for the extension of His kingdom, and we

need more of them. Thanks be to God, some of them are not being drawn in by the clutches of materialism or rendered useless through selfishness.

The fact of China drifting into atheism by the thousand per day because of losing faith in the old religions is not the burden of the prayers of a large majority of our church. If we pray not, we desire not; and if we desire not, how can we have?

But more appalling still is the astonishing fact that Canadian Methodism, sharing the wealth and prosperity of this Dominion, is not giving as much to foreign missions as her people spend on some of the luxuries of life. The average giving per member is \$2.55, only 70c. of which is used for work on the foreign fields of Japan and China. Seventy cents per year per member! We are trifling with missions. Ninety-two and three-quarters per cent. of our membership give nothing or less than \$5.00 per year. Ten young men and women have volunteered to go to do something to meet the unprecedented need, but our Mission Board can send absolutely no one unless there is an increase of some \$60,000 over last year's givings. The present debt to be met is \$40,000.

Although home and foreign missions are all one great work, yet it has been the writer's privilege to live twenty years and travel more than twenty thousand miles in western Canada, and I agree with Dr. Murdoch McKenzie, of Honan, that there is no place in Canada as needy as many fields in China.

This opportunity will not always last. The China of to-morrow will not be the China of to-day. Ninety-five per cent. of the oriental students of Tokio are athiests and agnostics, and so will be the Chinese Empire of the future unless the number of Christian missionaries is greatly multiplied. One consecrated missionary in such a nation can accomplish vastly greater results than the same man in a contented, materialistic, agnostic nation. May Canadian Methodism not fail, like she did twenty years ago in Japan, to strike when the iron is hot, to respond to this urgent opportunity of the hour.

A. N. C. POUND.

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Contributions and Exchanges should be sent to J. D. ROBINS, Editor-in-Chief.
"Acta Victoriana": business communications to T. E. GREER, Business Manager.
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EDITORIAL

Easter

To most of the student readers of ACTA VICTORIANA the mention of springtime elicits something very like a groan, and calls up the vision of a devouring monster, horrible to contemplate; the music of Easter bells partially loses its sweetness and becomes a warning knell tolling a coming doom. But springtime and Easter were not meant to suggest worry and vain regret, but joy and hope, and a renewal in our hearts of that eternal springtime which gives us childhood's calm, delicious dawn again. When earth casts off her shroud of snow, when the crocus lifts its bright face upward to the sun, and the brooklets in the meadows laughingly ripple in reawakened joy,

there must be in our hearts, if they are in tune with all creation, an echo of the robin's song, as it perches on the bare, brown bough and sings of budding trees and blossoming flowers. Of all seasons of the year, the spring is the time when we unconsciously pluck the little wayside flower of happiness and hope and wear it as a talisman against all trials and tribulations.

The Easter celebration, however, does not mean the advent of spring with its greening grass, its snowdrops, its crocuses, and its choirs of birds. There may have been such a celebration in classic lands before the Bethlehem stable was recognized in story and song. But our celebration is religious, and no matter of equator and ecliptic. It means, not vegetable resurrection, but human immortality, prefigured in the resurrection from the dead of Jesus Christ. It means that hopelessness and worry should be banished, because Christ is risen and lives in our hearts to radiate through us eternal joy and eternal love. It is a precious figure that relates the resurrection of our Lord, and our own, to the resurrection of nature in spring, that shows to us in the pure white soul of the lilies the dawn of an eternal spring upon the fields of light, that tells us through the song of the mountain stream that joy and life are waking and Death is king no more; but we must rise beyond the type and metaphor to rejoice in the one blessed hope which has given us life and immortality in the Gospel of Him who carried captivity captive, and assured this chief gift of comfort to man.

The Laissez-Faire of Culture

The aim of an arts college should be to send forth cultured graduates. This, we must be pardoned for repeating, implies the harmonious development of those faculties which make the beauty and worth of human nature, that is, the development of appreciation of the true, the good and the beautiful. In our last issue we dealt with the first two of these. Now, it is on one important aspect of the beautiful that our whole position rests, on the desirability, nay, the necessity, of harmony and right proportion in development. For harmony and proportion

are primal elements of beauty, whether in the character of a Sir Philip Sidney or in the form of a Venus de Milo. He in whom the love of beauty has become a passion of both the emotions and the reason will love harmony and proportion. Loving these, he will crave them for himself: in other words, he will desire to become cultured.

What is Victoria doing to foster a love of beauty? Our literary courses partially serve that purpose in the realms of language and thought; our new college buildings exert a certain influence in the field of architecture; our Glee Club, organ recitals, and other musical activities do noble duty in their sphere—and that is all. Surely no one will maintain that there is adequate provision for the æsthetic needs of the students. Two questions, then, confront us. Can anything be done? If so, what form should our endeavors take?

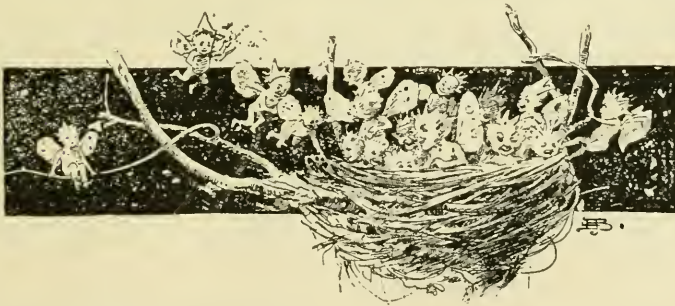
“Mr. Editor,” said a mildly cynical professor (his eyes interpolated “my poor Don Quixote”), “Mr. Editor, culture is an atmosphere. You cannot create it.” True, culture is an atmosphere; in large measure it is an inherited atmosphere. It is a creation, not of one generation, nor of two. We do not know of any book published in Boston under the title “How to Become Cultured in Thirty Days by Our New Method,” nor would we have faith in any such method, nor, indeed, in any method. Nevertheless, if culture be an atmosphere, if it be the purest, best atmosphere of the universe, created, but by us uncreatable, we need not therefore sit still within our narrow, pent-up selves and re-breathe forever the exhausted, vitiated air of our own little personalities. Let us open the windows of our souls. We cannot make ourselves cultured, but we can put ourselves under influences that will tend to that end. He who learns to love the Sistine Madonna will be purer; he who knows the Book of Ruth will be humbler and nobler for that knowledge; he who feels the grandeur of a Gothic cathedral will be more reverent through that feeling. The yearning tenderness of the Moonlight Sonata will woo the hearer out of his petty discontent or his ignorant self-complacency; and the man who has come to love the violet has thereby enlarged himself. It matters not whether this sowing be conscious or uncon-

scious. If the seeds of culture be sown the harvest will not be philistinism.

If, then, we are justified in action, nay, impelled to it, what practical courses of action can be taken? We shall attempt an answer to this question in another issue.

Convocation

We should like to take this early opportunity of reminding our readers of the Victoria Convocation. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be delivered by Prof. Jackson on April 27th, in Convocation Hall. The choice of Convocation Hall is an innovation, and it is hoped by this and other means to make the occasion more strictly academic than has been the case in the past. Prof. Wallace will address the graduating classes, and the Glee Club will assist in the musical exercises.



Freshman's Letter Home

Victoria College, 12th March, 1913.

DEAR FATHER:—

I don't know whether I'll have time to write again before the exams. or not. They're getting very close, and I don't know much yet. However, all the sassiety is over now and I've come down hard with my proboscis over the printed page. By the way, I have to pay my exam. fees by Saturday—and I haven't any money.

The Senior Dinner went off just about as I expected. I sat for five hours trying to amuse my partner and paying as little attention to the speeches as possible. She wouldn't listen, so I couldn't. I hope next year they'll have a dinner for men only, then a fellow could hear what was being said.

It wasn't quite as bad as the Michael Fawcett Oration contest. Each man spoke just as long as he wanted to, with the result that the judges arrived at their decision next morning. To my notion it isn't necessary for a fellow to speak twenty-five minutes to show what he can do. It's a much better test of real ability to cover the ground decently in ten minutes. The kind of speaker I'd like to be is the man who can say what he wants to in the fewest words. This age is in too much of a hurry to waste time on ornate, old-fashioned oratory. A few more such affairs as the Michael Fawcett was this year and there will be nobody brave enough or prodigal of time enough to attend. There were eight or ten out this year.

Our Athletic Society has not done itself much credit in playing a man in one of the series who is known to be a professional. Even though the matter may be whitewashed through some technicality, and though the man personally, I've heard the older fellows say, is a good sport, yet I should like to think of our fellows playing the game absolutely according to the letter of the agreement. Victoria's reputation for clean sport is very valuable—far too valuable to be hazarded for the ability of one man. Better lose the game than the reputation.

Have been hearing some of the Seniors speak of the way some of the girls are treated in some of the language classes.

I suppose a professor has the right to call a girl down if he wants to, but this could be done by a gentleman without insolence. I think some of our girls need a stiff talking to—that's all right—but this is not a country in which men like to see another man treat any woman insolently. In some foreign countries that may pass, but it won't go here. A student who tried it would be tapped *quick*, and serve him right.

By the way, I spoke to you of the Athletic Union—they are going to have their annual meeting sometime within the next two months. I've been wondering since I came down here whether there is not too wide a gulf between the Union and the student body. The Executive is elected and they can do as they please with no need for account till the final meeting. Nor, so far as I have been able to find out, is there any provision for referring in any way to the opinion of the students. That this has gone on so long without any insurrection is a tribute to the beneficent despotism of the Executive. But why might it not be well for the constitution of the Athletic Society to be amended to call for an open meeting of the Executive once a month, to be duly advertised, and at which inquiries and requests might be made by any member of the student body? It is the students who should control affairs, and they have a right to ask questions and to know what is going on.

Well, I guess I have a gronch on to-day. This March weather is very trying. Have had a cold for the last three weeks. Say! let Jimmy come down at Easter. I'll look after him.

Your son,

BILL.

P.S.—I'm sorry, Aunt Lucy, you've had the grippe. It will take you an awful long time to get over it.—B.

To the Editor, ACTA VICTORIANA:

DEAR SIR,—Who is “Your Son, Bill,” in the “Freshman's Letters Home”? Such is the question oft repeated around the halls. The answer is that he is a “freshman” in very deed, for surely none other could show such immaturity of mind and

judgment. No, that is too strong a sentence, for in some things he displays a wonderful depth of knowledge which could only be acquired by deep personal experience; to wit: he is quite sophisticated in matters relating to Annesley Hall, receptions and "fussing" in general. But he shows much immaturity in questions of real importance, namely, in matters of business and in his view of the manners and morals of his fellow students.

He refers to the Rink Committee, as if they were a group of autocrats who had forgotten by whose voice they hold their position, and as if they acted with the officiousness of civil servants or policemen without any respect for the feelings or interests of the students, whereas a little calm thought would have convinced him, or any other critic, that they are hard-working, self-sacrificing, long-suffering mortals, giving the students excellent accommodation at a ridiculously small price, and at the same time struggling with the all-important question of finance. But for the details of finance our "Freshman" has no eye. He would have the Rink Committee pay wages for an extra man sitting at the Charles Street entrance, and all to save the students some three minutes' walk in the fresh air whenever they want to skate.

But he shows still more deplorable "freshmanic" characteristics in his outbursts of moral indignation. Oh, this moral indignation!! Why has someone not commenced an agitation, or formed a society, or drawn up a petition, to have such outpourings of the spirit suppressed? Long-suffering humanity, that it must be abused by people who wake up to find that, in the onward march of events, a part of the world is out of harmony with their religious and moral preconceptions! Why should we hold up our hands in horror when someone breaks loose from the superstitions of the ancients, or is not bound by the rules imposed by the Church, with its superincumbent burden of tradition, struggling in vain to adapt itself to modern conditions? Perhaps someone makes use of the "fragrant weed," goes to a theatre, plays cards, or even works on Sunday, when lo! some prophet (?) stands up and would call him from the error of his ways. "Behold," saith the Freshman, "ye have

flooded your rink on Sunday, therefore shall ye suffer from the righteous wrath of the Weatherman. Behold, ye have played cards on a Y. W. C. A. excursion train: tremble ye in your boots, for I," saith the Freshman, "have been taught otherwise. Behold, there is dancing on the third floor; stamp out this abomination in our midst lest there be evil come upon us."

What is this moral indignation but the lamentations of one who sets himself on a higher pedestal than his fellows, from which he deigns to dispense judgment? And what justification has he for thinking that he is better than another? It is a false estimate of humanity to think you are better than I, our "Freshman" says, because you can afford a \$3.50 room in Burwash Hall. But it is equally to be lamented that anyone should claim to be on a higher moral level, that there should be any spirit of righteous indignation. The perfect equality that we boast of in the College should include moral and intellectual equality as well as material. Such an assumption may not be justified; our clever "Freshman" may have more intellectual power than I, but that is something which neither he nor I should determine. I almost boil with righteous indignation myself when I think of the disgraceful scene in the "Lit," when a number of well-meaning individuals gave vent to their moral indignation at the worthy gentleman who flooded the rink near midnight one Sabbath day. To all "Freshmen," then, I would give this parting advice: Be tolerant, and admit the possibility that the other fellow has as sound a view of life as yourself, however different it may be.

Of course, I am only a

Yours truly,

"SOCIALIST."

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

THE CLASS OF 1863.

Following the now well-established custom, the members of this class, which this year celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its graduation, were invited to attend the annual Senior dinner as guests of honor. This class was considered a large one at the time of its graduation, numbering no fewer than nineteen members. Seventeen of these are still living, and all of these replied to the committee's invitation, the majority, unfortunately, regretting their inability to attend.

A. McLatchie is residing in Belleville, Ont.

Dr. W. F. Morrison is practising medicine in Sydney, Australia.

W. F. Metcalf resides at 16 St. Mary Street, Toronto. He is engaged in the customs branch of the Civil Service.

Rev. W. C. Washington and Rev. W. C. Watson were for some time actively engaged in the ministry, but have since retired.

Dr. Hamilton F. Biggar is a leading physician in Cleveland, Ohio. He is the medical adviser of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

Henry Hough, M.A., LL.D., was the valedictorian of his class. This office was filled by the best orator of the year, as determined by a competition. Dr. Hough was for some time editor of the *Cobourg World*, but has since retired, and is living at 85 Bismark Ave., Toronto.

Rev. Prof. John Burwash, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., the brother of Chancellor Burwash, is well known to most Victoria graduates, having for some time held the position of Professor of the

English Bible and Pastoral Theology in the College. In 1910 failing health obliged him to retire as professor emeritus. Since then he has resided in Calgary.

Rev. Professor J. F. McLaughlin, the vice-chairman of this year's Senior dinner, celebrates this year the twenty-fifth anniversary of his graduation. In his final year with the class of 1888, he held the position of President of the Jackson Society, one of the predecessors of the U. L. S., and of Editor-in-Chief of *ACTA*, and won the golden opinions of his fellow-students by his able work. It is recorded that in his editorial capacity he ventured to criticize the Faculty severely, but respect for the dignity of his present position prevents us from enlarging on this subject.

HON. WM. RENWICK RIDDELL.

Mr. Justice Riddell, the chairman of this year's Senior dinner, is one of the College's most distinguished alumni. He was a member of the graduating class in Arts of 1874. In the same year he also took the degree if LL.B., and two years later that of B.Sc. He subsequently studied in the Ontario Law School, taking first place in all his examinations and winning the gold medal. In 1911 he was honored with the degree of LL.D. by Syracuse University. He became a barrister in 1883 and a bencher in 1891, and was re-elected in 1906. In 1897 he was made a K.C. He successfully practised his profession in Cobourg and in Toronto, enjoying a large counsel practice, civil and criminal. In 1906 he was elevated to the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, and during his tenure of office has shown rare judicial ability and has done much to increase the respect for the Canadian judiciary. He has taken a very keen interest in educational matters. He has been President of the Educational Society of Eastern Ontario, and President of the Alumni Association of Victoria University. At the present time he is a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria and of the Senate of the University of Toronto. Throughout his busy career he has maintained an undiminished interest in the classics and possesses one of the finest libraries of classical literature in Toronto.

Births

Albertson.—At Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan, on January 4th, to Rev. W. B. and Mrs. Albertson, West China C. M. M., a daughter (Mary Eleanor).

Blewett.—On February 4th, to the widow of the late Rev. Prof. George John Blewett, of Victoria University, a son and a daughter.

Honey.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Bobcaygeon, on January 30th, to Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Honey, a son.

Marriages

Ecclestone-Awrey.—On February 15th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 839 Main Street East, Hamilton, by Rev. C. O. Johnston, Maud Havergal, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Awrey, to Mr. Roy Hamilton Ecclestone, formerly of '12.

Stephenson-Locke.—Hope Methodist Church, East Toronto, was the scene of the marriage of two former Victoria students, Miss Dell Kathleen Locke, formerly of '14, and Rev. George I. Stephenson, B.A., ('09), of Caistorville, Ont. The ceremony was conducted by the bride's father, Rev. John Locke, President of the Toronto Conference, assisted by Rev. J. R. Isaac and Rev. W. E. S. James. The bride was attended by her sister. Mr. John Montgomery, '11, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Fred Farrel and Mr. Roy Liddy, '11. Miss Alta Lind Cook, '13, rendered a vocal solo, and Mr. Hubert Martindale presided at the organ.

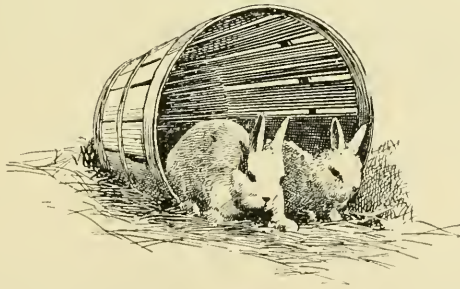
To both of these couples ACTA offers its best wishes.

Exchanges

We have just received a copy of Vol. I., No. 1, of *The Wycliffe Magazine*, which we read almost from cover to cover and greatly enjoyed. If the high standard reached in the initial number is maintained we can predict a most successful career for our new contemporary.

The *University of Ottawa Review* always provides good reading. Polymnia has many gifted devotees among the contributors of this journal, and what is still more remarkable, the muse of the short story (we cannot recall her name just now), is apparently living and inspiring several worshippers with her divine afflatus.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following journals: *Varsity*, *Arbor*, *Queen's Journal*, *Trinity University Review*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Vox Collegii*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Lux Columbiana*, *Collegiate Outlook*, *Argosy*, *The Gateway*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Oxford Magazine*, *The Student*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *Stanstead College Magazine*, *Wycliffe Magazine*, *University of Ottawa Review*.





The "freshman" whose letter home was published in the February number seems to have a peculiar misconception of the policy and ability of the Rink Management. It is a fundamental principle that the students are "the ultimate ones to please in all things." If, however, every individual student is to have his personal wishes satisfied, the Victoria College Athletic Union as an organization might as well cease to exist. Before the season opened the Rink Committee went carefully into the question of having a Charles Street entrance. It was estimated that an alleyway at the east end of the campus would cost at least one hundred dollars, in addition to the expense of renting right-of-way through adjacent private property. As to "knocking together a little booth on Charles Street," this would, besides causing considerable inconvenience to skaters with the students passing back and forth across the rink, necessitate hiring a man to keep at the gate all the time. It does not take three-quarters of a minute longer to go in through the present entrance. Any expense beyond what is absolutely necessary is at present impossible. The majority of the students sympathize with the Rink Management in their present difficulties. It is to be hoped that a little consideration and experience will enable the disgruntled "freshman" to see the matter from a saner point of view.

Hockey

It looked at first as if the Vic team this year was going to win nothing but disgrace. After last year's success something better than this year's showing might have been expected. We had an absolutely new defence. Sanderson was good. He managed to hand out the bumps in good style, while his rushing

was always dangerous. Allen, the other defence man, may be a great hockey player some day. All he has to learn is to skate, stick-handle and shoot. Coaching the ladies' hockey team seems to have a very demoralizing influence, not only on the ladies, but on the coach as well. Brown in goal was better even than a year ago. Burwash and Rodd on the forward line missed Burt at left wing and Maclaren at rover to back them up. The freshmen, however, filled the places well. Adams' stickhandling and shooting were first-class, while Bennett and Campbell were both effective. We had no lack of good substitutes. McKenzie, when he played at rover, strengthened the team greatly, particularly on the large ice at the Arena. What the team lacked, as the games with Senior School showed, was effective combination on the forward line and experience on the defence. Although Vic was beaten by Senior Arts, the fact that they made Senior School, the prospective champions, play four games to beat them saved them from ignominy. Then School can thank Vic for tying the group by defeating Meds, thus keeping the "Toike-Oikes" in the running.

The first Jennings Cup game was between Vic and Senior Arts, and resulted in a win for the latter by the score of 2 to 1. Vic had three-fourths of the play and should have won easily, but Woods in goal for U. C. was invincible. Smith, on the defence for Senior Arts was, next to the goalkeeper, their best man, and was responsible for both goals scored against Vic. Victoria had Bennett at left wing and Adams at rover.

The next game was against Senior School, and resulted in the customary tie, 3 all. Vic was weakened by the absence of Captain Burwash, who was detained in Whitby on "important business." Adams moved up to centre, and McKenzie played rover. Vic, as in the previous game, had the best of the play, but lacked scoring ability. Gouinlock and Cotton were the pick of the School team.

Two days later, when Captain Burwash had returned from Whitby, the tie game with School was played off. The captain, however, seemed to be suffering from an acute attack of pheminitis. This, combined with an utter lack of team play on Vic's part, enabled the School to beat us 5 to 1. Allen, the wooden

man on the defence, had a good deal to do with it, too. Sanderson, who had been playing a great game, was forced to retire through injuries. School had fine combination. Cotton and Gouinlock again starred. Campbell played left wing for Vic in place of Bennett.

On Friday, Feb. 14th, Meds lost to Vic by the score of 3 to 1. Bennett played left wing, while McKenzie took Sanderson's place on the defence. Burwash had recovered from his malady of a few days before, and played a great game. It was Vic's combination that enabled them to win. Brown astonished the fair sex along the boards by getting into a fight. He tried to chop the head off one of the Meds. Allen played goal, while Brown was serving his time, and did not let a shot get past him. (The puck was at the other end of the rink all the time.)

As Gouinlock, of the School, had played two Senior O. H. A. games for Varsity, and was consequently ineligible, the game between Vic and School was ordered to be replayed. On Tuesday, Feb. 18th, a tie, 3 all, again resulted. With Vic it was a case of "do or die." Both teams put up really good hockey, with first-class combination and team work. Adams played left wing, and McKenzie rover. Sanderson was back on the defence. Four minutes overtime had been played when the lights went out and stayed out. It was decided to play off at the Arena.

On Saturday, Feb. 22nd, School finally won, but not until ten minutes overtime had been played. Three all was again the score at full time. Burt made his first appearance of the season by playing half the game on the defence. He made several good rushes, while he was on, and was replaced by Sanderson in the second half. Jeffries played ten minutes at left wing and acquitted himself nobly. Adams replaced him. Both teams put up excellent combination, but School's was more effective close to their opponents' goal. Cotton and Hayman got in some fine two-man rushes. Hutchings, too, was very good. For the Vic team all the forward line played good hockey. McKenzie's individual rushes and shooting were first-class. Rodd and Burwash did some great back-checking.

School, however, were a little more aggressive and effective in their combination. They tied the score, as they had done twice previously, just before time was up. They certainly showed the "come-back" spirit and deserved to win. Here's hoping they win the cup. Vic., in spite of the presence on their opponents' team of the redoubtable Hutchings and Cotton, put up a game fight and were by no means disgraced. The line up:—

School (5)—Goal, Grey; point, Mulqueen; rover, Russel and B. Hayman; centre, T. Hayman; right, Leslie; left, Cotton.

Victoria (3)—Goal, Brown; point, Burt and Sanderson; cover, Allen; centre, Burwash; right, Rodd; left, Jeffries and Adams.

Basketball

The game reported in the February number in which Victoria defeated Education was ordered to be replayed, as Zimmerman was declared ineligible. This was but the first of a number of occasions on which the Varsity athletic authorities have been giving Vic. the worst of it. We do not want to play ineligible men; but when we are told that they are all right, and find after Vic. has won that these men are disqualified, it does not seem fair. It won't be the fault of the Varsity Basketball Club or the Athletic Directorate if Victoria wins the Sifton Cup.

With Zimmerman off, the team at first seemed demoralized and were defeated by the Vets 23-20. The score at half-time was 11-10 in Vic.'s favor. Goddard played guard in Zimmerman's place. Booth was spare.

On February 13 Victoria replayed Education. After having been defeated by the Vets, it was a case of "do or die." Education got off to a good start and had the score 8-0 at half time. Brown replaced Booth on the Vic. forward line and strengthened the team considerably. He livened things up by scoring three baskets in quick succession. At full time the score was eight all. Three minutes overtime each way was played and Vic. scored two baskets in the first period, while

Goddard added another in the second. The final score was 14 to 8. Brown was certainly the star of the game. Vic. lined up as follows: Maines, Booth (Brown), Simpson, Goddard, Griffith.

The victory over F. O. E. created a three-cornered tie in Group C between Education, Victoria and Vets. Vic and Vets were ordered to play off, the winners to meet the Faculty. The game resulted in a win for Victoria, 22-18, much to the disappointment of the Varsity basketball enthusiasts, who did not expect us to be victorious. Victoria started with a rush and had the score at half-time 12 to 5 in their favor. Vets almost evened the score in the second half, but Vic. at length drew away to a victory. Vic. presented their usual line-up. The Vets lined up as follows: Sinclair, Rideau, Zell, Card, Douglas.

On February 27th, in the play-off for the group, Education was completely outclassed with the short end of a 19 to 4 score. The stars on F. O. E. forward line did not shine owing to the vigilance of Goddard and Griffiths, the Victoria guards. Brown was the best forward on the floor. He scored seven points, while Maines, Simpson and Goddard scored two baskets apiece. The Vic. defence showed up particularly well, as the smallness of our opponents' score proves. There is great possibility that the game will be thrown out or ordered replayed. Dr. Barton gave Goddard permission to play, but Victoria won, and consequently the Athletic Directorate may cause trouble. This would merely be on a par with other occasions on which Vic. has got the worst of it. In any case, Victoria can win the group without Goddard. Victoria, if all goes well, is to play Junior Meds in the semi-finals on March 6th. The finals will be played on the 11th with the winners of the O. A. C.-Trinity game.

Mr. W. C. Graham has presented a cup for inter-year basketball. Mr. Graham is a former member of the Athletic Union Executive. No one has the athletic interests of Victoria more at heart. The College extends sincerest thanks.

Notes

We all regret that one game had, of necessity, to be defaulted to St. Hilda's College.

Clement played the final game with an arm that had not fully recovered from an attack of blood poisoning.

The sporting editor has several pages of erudite prose on the inter-year hockey riots. His boss, the editor-in-chief, however, refuses to accept them till a later issue, as he needs the space for something that is really good. The report of the inter-year basketball series, too, will be deferred till next month.

Victoria Senior team met the University team for the second time at Varsity rink on February 13th. This game was chiefly remarkable for the conspicuous absence of any rooters from Victoria. This fact, along with the necessity to play two spares on the team, made difficult work for Vic., and our team is to be congratulated on not allowing the score to run higher than 2-0 in favor of Varsity.

The water polo team was fated to taste the bitter dregs of defeat in the final hour of triumph. February ACTA showed them tied with School and University College. U. C. drew the bye. Vic. defeated School 3-2, Willows scoring the winning goal just before time was called. University College, however, won out in the final 5-2. It has been the fate of a good many Vic. teams during the past two or three years to reach the finals and then lose the championship and with it the opportunity of winning the coveted College colors. It is always a disappointment, but although the glory has eluded their grasp, the credit is none the less theirs. All honor to the polo team.

The Freshettes are proud these days. In two strenuous and well-contested games they have taken the first step toward the cup which they covet. The 14th of February was the date of their first meeting with the Sophomores, which resulted in

the even score 1-1. Miss MacIntosh scored a second point, but in the meantime an offside had been called. Miss Meredith's addition to the Sophomore team gave them added strength and kept '16 busy. A second game was played on the 28th. Miss Walker was exceptionally good defence at the end where the play was cleverly kept. The Sophomores, however, were not allowed to score at all, and the victorious first year came off just one point ahead. The second year team consisted of Misses Meredith, Patrick, Kenny, Walker, Carscaden, Wesley and Junkin. The first year plays Misses MacIntosh, Kirby, Buchanan, Ochs, Ash, Spencer and Hastie.





NOTES OF THE GLEE CLUB TRIP.

Hostess at Beamsville, to Fenton, who has shaved in ice-cold water—"I was almost going to heat a little water for you."

Fenton, politely—"Oh, I always prefer cold water. In fact, the colder it is the better I like it."

Mr. Bowles owed much of the success of his organ solos at St. Kitt's to Mr. Holmes, '13, who kindly offered valuable suggestions on the use of the stops.

At Tillsonburg two members of the club, Messrs. Brett and Rice, set themselves and their hostess quite at ease by mistaking the cream cheese for butter.

Pastor, introducing Glee Club to congregation—"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us to-night this fine looking lot of young students from Victoria, our Methodist college at Toronto. They are all in training for our ministry——"

Bentley, in rear—"Not by a darn sight."

Dr. Snow (antediluvian?)—"I remember that in the sixteenth century the past participle 'ars' was used by the poet Ronsard."

M. de Champ (à Mlle. Dobson qui avait manqué sa classe)
—"Où étiez-vous, ma chérie, sur la glace?"

M. Clipperton—"Non, devant la glass."

Miss Mitchell (in street car, to man getting up)—"Oh, don't stand up."

Man—"Well, I have to get off here."

Miss Morgan, '14—"That's the second needle I've lost."

Miss Almas, '15—"Don't put them in your mouth, then."

Messenger boy (hearing Professor Greaves giving sound demonstrations)—"Is that them students rootin'?"

Miss Hung—"The girls in the upper years seem to be more sensible. I think a college education helps."

Miss Whitney, '13, wandering around before an Italian class like a disembodied spirit, to Miss Allison—"Have you a key to Purgatory?"

Miss Burns, '13 (proudly)—"I was up in time for breakfast this morning."

Miss McCamus, '13—Well, you know what Mrs. Browning says about early rising."

Miss Burns (inquisitively)—"Who is Mrs. Browning?"

Miss H.—"She wears two rubbers and takes three shoes."

Miss Almas—"Well, anybody can wear two rubbers. I always do."

W. J. Ruston, '14, at U.L.S.—"We've no right to buy magazines for the Athletic Union and the women to read. We have nothing to do with them, that is, as a body."

Frenzied Freshman at hockey match—"Stiek to it, Bur!"

Prof. Greaves—"Now, Westaway, speak it out so they can hear it at Annesley Hall."

Westaway, P. G., with fervor—"Ye *sons* of freedom, wake to glory."

Pres. King, at Convocation Hall, Sunday a.m.—"We now seem to be awakening from our sleep——"

O. L. Clipperton, in choir, nods and starts violently.

J. F. Bishop, '14, at U. L. S. meeting—"Mr. Chairman, I understand this question is being discussed for the benefit of the whole House, and not for a few intelligent members."

C. W. Smythe, in the Inter-Year Debate—"A course in military training in the University would provide for the country *assets* which it has not now."

The arguments brought forward by his opponents would lead one to believe that the "t" should be omitted.

Mr. Watson—"He's getting the grippe, but I'm going to check it for him."

Mr. Clipperton—"Do you know this song?"

Miss M.—"No."

Mr. Clipperton—"Well, I thought you'd know it; it's an old, old tune."

Women students wishing early morning hockey practice, apply to Ed. Meredith. Hours, 6 to 8 a.m.

Junior (finding Miss Shourd's room empty when going to pay a fine)—“Do you suppose she'd find it if I left it on the phone?”

Arrangements are being made for Victoria theatre night at our new theatre, Yonge Street, near St. Mary's.

Miss Going, '14 (giving report of Social Committee for Y. W. C. A.)—“We also provided the *amusement* for that meeting.”

We might suggest that any young ladies wishing to sleep in the philosophy lectures pin their hats on first and place their feet firmly on the floor. Miss E—w—s take notice.

Miss Cinnamon, '14, on the rink—“I was thrown into everything that came along.”

Mr. Hamilton—“And I was one of those things that came along.”

The contest for the championship in the women's inter-collegiate series of debates opened with a debate between University College and Victoria College on December 12, 1912. The subject chosen was “Resolved, that every woman should have to equip herself to earn a definite wage.” Miss Clarke, '14, and Miss Edwards, '14, upheld the affirmative for Victoria, while the negative was upheld by Miss Williams, '13, and Miss McKenzie, '13, for University College. Although Miss McKenzie brought out some strong arguments in support of the negative, Miss Clarke in her final reply was able to meet these arguments decisively, and upon the basis of general excellence the debate was awarded to Victoria. Half the battle was won for the championship.

The final debate was held February 13, 1913, between Trinity College and Victoria College, the subject being, “Resolved, that the tyranny of the masses is more dangerous than the tyranny of the man.”

Miss Clark, '14, and Miss Dixon, '15, of Trinity College, spoke for the affirmative, while Miss Morgan, '14, and Miss Clarke, '14, upheld the negative for Victoria.

The contest was keen, for both sides brought forward strong arguments. However, the judges considered that the arguments in favor of the negative were in the majority, and the debate was awarded to Victoria.

The judges remarked upon the high standard of the debate, and complimented all the speakers.

The battle was won, and Victoria, this year, holds the championship in the inter-collegiate series.

I. H. M.

On Thursday evening, January 23rd, a very interesting open meeting of the Women's Literary Society was held, when Alumni Hall was filled to overflowing. The occasion was the "Annual Oration Contest," in which there were no less than eleven contestants. The Literary Society is certainly to be congratulated on being able to supply so many splendid speakers. The subjects were all well chosen, showing much thought and careful preparation, and were especially interesting on account of their variety. No two were alike. That of Miss Granger's on "Tradition" was exceptionally good and well deserving of the first place given to it. Miss Snider made a very strong appeal in her "Call of the West," and Miss McLoughlin rendered a very beautiful interpretation of "Tennyson's Ideal of Womanhood." The heroism of "Grace Darling" was very vividly described by Miss Stedman, and Miss Henry's information with regard to Summer Conferences, and the work they are doing, was exceedingly interesting. Miss Robinson gave us an inspiring talk on "What Toronto University *Should* do for Canada." Miss Henderson, in her oration on "Carlyle," showed not only a thorough appreciation of her subject, but also ability to handle it well. Miss Guest and Miss Junkin gave us two splendid orations on "Success" and "Friendship." Miss McCoy, in her oration on "Universal Peace," gave us a very stirring speech on a most stirring subject. Lastly, "but not least," Miss McCauley, in her speech on "The Permanent Influence of Great Men," showed very careful thought and considerable facility of expression. Indeed, the orations were all so good, each in its own way, that the contest was a close and very exciting one. They kept us guessing till the end!

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ACTA VICTORIANA



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THE SONGSTER

Music, music with throb and swing,
Of a plaintive note, and long,
Tis a note no human throat could ^{sing},
No harp with its dulcet golden string,
Nor lute, nor lyre with liquid ring -
Is sweet as the robin's song.

He sings for love of the season
When the nights grow warm and ^{long},
For the beautiful God-sent reason,
That his breast was born for song.



Calling, calling so fresh and clear
Through the song-sweet days of May,
Warbling there, and whistling here,
He swells his voice on the drinking ^{ear},
On the great, wide, pulsing atmosphere,
Till his music drowns the day.

He sings for love of the season
When the nights grow warm and ^{long},
For the beautiful God-sent reason,
That his breast was born for song.



E. PAULINE JOHNSON

A. L. R. 1895

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ACTA VICTORIANA

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TORONTO, APRIL, 1913.

NO. 7

To Pauline Johnson

Oh, dark-eyed sister, poet-soul abloom!

We hear thy song, but cannot see thy form;
Were these our woodland glens so full of gloom

That thou didst wing thy way through stress of storm,
To some bright, sunny glade "beyond the blue,"
Where life is sweet, and love doth joy renew.

In that bright glade, what makes thy life more true?

What is the meaning of thy spirit-quest?

And what thy joy of service? Is the new

Existence blessed, ever-varying rest?

Or, dost thou journey onward to a goal

Beyond the reach of earth-bound thought's control?

Is earth forgotten as a passing dream?

Is time a legend of a distant past?

Do this life's thrilling joys no longer seem

As ought but pleasing fancies fading fast?

Oh, sister-spirit sing to us again!

Sing of that other life some glad refrain!

Wilt thou not come again, with life renewed?

With lips and pen aglow with heavenly fire?

With power of thought to nourish us with food

Of God's own making, and to feed desire

For all that Life and Love Divine can give,

Or human hearts athirst can e'er receive?

KEESHEGOQUA.

The Weakness of Turkey

BY G. L. HAGGEN.

Turkey, the celebrated "sick man" of Europe, to all intents and purposes, is dead. At least Dr. Horning said so, and Dr. Horning, as a freshman had the audacity to admit, "knows a whole lot about it." But Dr. Horning did not say that the dead man had been buried, nor did he pretend to know, although he ventured to guess who the heirs to the estate would be. The papers are now full of obituary notices and biographical sketches for, after all, nations are like men and get the same kind of treatment. An exceptionally comprehensive and sympathetic biography of Mr. Turk has already appeared in these columns; something remains to be said regarding the nature of the illness from which he had so long been a sufferer.

With the decay of Turkey the present form of constitutional government has had nothing to do. It has only been in existence during five years and if it has failed, its failure has simply been due to its inability to perform miracles when miracles alone could suffice. It was the system which prevailed prior to 1908 that sapped the strength of the Moslem Empire until its power of resistance was utterly gone. The system at the outset was an impossible one. It might serve for a time, as it has done and is doing in many parts of the world, but permanence could have no place in it. The Turks came as conquerors and as conquerors they remained. It is true they married, or rather enslaved, the women of the conquered races until, in later generations, the distinction of nationality had almost disappeared. That of religion, however, remained, and by his religion the Turk was taught that he was the chosen of men. The unbelievers were his *rayahs*, his "cattle." They toiled and what they produced was his. As far as he was concerned he was a soldier. The time did eventually come when the poorer Turk had to condescend to use his sword as a ploughshare, but he never turned it into one. He was hopelessly inferior to his *rayahs* in every field of peaceful and useful competitions; without the sword he could not exist. And it was inevitable that the sword should at some time fail him.

The reason was mainly this. It is impossible for a military government, exercised by a minority people, permanently to endure as such. In the long run numbers are sure to count. The one hope for a minority rule is that by justice and good government the subject majority may be induced to accept the traditions and to continue the allegiance of the rulers. Recognizing that fact the British Government is endeavoring to work out the great problem which confronts it in India. It is the same problem, only in a very much simpler form, that has proven too much for the Turks, although they did not recognize it. They comprise twenty-five per cent. of the population of the Balkan provinces, the provinces with which we are at present concerned. The English population of India, on the other hand, is infinitesimally small in proportion. Then, too, the Englishman is at a still further disadvantage; he has nothing whatever in common with the subject Indian races, not even a drop of blood. Nor has he, any more than the Turk, the saving grace of humility. He also, wherever he goes, is a consciously superior being. But he yet has that which alone can give hope for a successful development from a system of military overlordship. In South Africa he has dealt with this identical problem, how successfully only time can tell. There can be no doubt, however, that he has a genius for government.

The Turk, on the contrary, has nothing of the kind. A consideration of the welfare of his subjects has never entered into his head. He has preyed upon industry until industry has almost disappeared. Tithes and innumerable special taxes go to hamper production in every sphere. The mohair industry has been terribly hampered and thousands of grape vines have been destroyed to escape taxation. The legal exactions are heavy enough, but most of the grievances are due to the methods of collection. It is none other than the farming or contracting system which ruined the Roman provinces centuries ago. The tax-contractors are also the assessors. The policemen, tyranny and corruption embodied, are their instruments. The crop cannot be harvested until the taxes have been paid. There is only one escape from the unjust imposition; a man may starve, and many a man has done it. This is not exaggeration and the instances of fatal misrule are many. We are quite safe in saying that the Turk has no genius for government. Every

province that has come under his control has declined in productivity, but once released has forged ahead again. Of such a recovery Bulgaria furnishes us with a conspicuous example.

Bulgaria was freed of Turkish government in 1878. Sofia was then a city of mud huts. Sir Edwin Pears visited the country in those days and almost the only pleasant memory he brought away was that of a certain room in which he spent a night between journeys. In the room were jars containing attar of roses, a few drops of which will scent a pint of the choicest rose-water. Those jars represented the chief industry of the newly-created principality and contained perfume to the value of three thousand pounds, no less; at least, so the owner, an educated perfume maker, said. And that in poor Bulgaria, the only sweetness there. Bulgaria was indeed poor. She had just been the scene of the terrible massacres which roused Gladstone's honorable wrath. True, she had some forty-two post-offices, but now she has over 2,000. There is scarcely a mud hut left in Sofia. It is one of the cleanest and prettiest cities in Europe. Constantinople, with her heritage of architecture, one of the filthiest. Bulgaria has national and international telephone systems. Turkey has not even the poles. There are no Farmers' Bank tragedies in Bulgaria, because she has an efficient postal savings bank. But there is no need to speak further about her. What government has done for Bulgaria has been done since 1878, since she was freed from the Turk. How much that is the present war has shown. Turkish rule was beyond question her one great handicap.

Some one will object that it is unfair to blame the Turk for the evils of Turkish rule. The objection is perhaps a valid one. The nature of her despotic system made good government impossible. The sultanate was hereditary, but the heir-apparent was not the eldest son. He was the eldest member of the ruling family, brother or son of the ruler, whatever he might be. As one may conjecture there were many possible heirs. Fratricide was legalized and, to prevent civil war, the practice prevailed to our own day of secluding the heir-apparent, never allowing him to see an outsider, or a newspaper, or to hear a word of what was taking place in the world. His mind tended to become a blank, the older he grew the less capable he became of governing. Finally he was brought out, like Plato's man from

a dark cave, into the bright sunlight and he began to rule. Is it any wonder that he could not?

But the Turks as a whole would scarcely have done better. The average man among them is honest and happy-go-lucky. As for his daily conduct, "it is written." He cannot compete with his neighbors because he will not strive. That would be quite useless because "it is written." Everything is pre-ordained. For instance, "it is written" that he shall be better than his neighbor and if there is one thing more than another that makes us dislike the Turk it is this complacent egoism that sits so well upon the shoulders of a lazy fool. He is lazy, no doubt, as a result of centuries of soldiery. Partly for the same reason he is a savage. I use the word "savage" with all deliberation. We have heard a great deal about Turkish barbarity but in our superior way we have put it down largely to missionary enthusiasm. It is, however, a fact, and incontrovertible, that almost 250,000 Armenians perished in the course of the atrocities of twenty years ago, that 3,000 human beings, men, women and children, were burnt alive in one single church, that the resident Europeans saved dozens of women from violence and children from death, while hundreds more they could not save. If any one doubts it let him see the truth in the cold, official documents of the consular service. He need fear no enthusiasm there. Bulgaria, too, has suffered. There is no doubt that the awful memory of Batak burns far more fiercely in the Bulgar's heart than does ever a thought of Kossova. But the significance of it all lies in this, that the Armenian massacres were not the work of the soldiers; the ordinary Moslem peasant was responsible for them. And they have been repeated on a smaller scale since then and in other parts of the Empire. The average Turk, let me repeat, is at heart a savage. If the Serb has retaliated in kind, and it is not yet proven, it does not in the least alter the fact. The main motive for the Turkish atrocities, it may be added, was not religious zeal, but desire to despoil the prosperous, primarily of property, incidentally of life. Islam stood opposed, but the savage was more greedy than religious.

It has been intimated that the Turk is a fool. That is a simple enough term, but it needs in this case some explanation. The Turk has always failed in peaceful competition; he has

no art and no literature. He has as a rule no education, for I am speaking of the average and not the better class. Even when he has a chance to learn he is slow to profit by it. Of course he did not have a chance in Turkey; in free Bulgaria he did. There the education law applies to all, Moslem and Christian alike. In the towns during 1905 statistics were taken which showed that, while 93 per cent. of the Christian children could read and write, only 21 per cent. of the Moslems with the same opportunities could do so.

But why is the Turk such a fool? His Creator alone knows. His training, however, has not improved him. The position assigned to women is generally pointed out as the root evil of Turkey. There is no home life; men and women live entirely apart. The women never have a chance to converse with the men, except their husband, and with him very little. They are in a state of hereditary ignorance. Education through governesses has been introduced but as yet its sphere of influence has been hopelessly limited. As a body the mothers of Turkey cannot train minds, because their minds are even more blank than that of the gentleman who is expected to govern them. The woman passes on no intellectual gifts to her children for the simple reason that she has none herself. Neither is she interested in religion, for Islam teaches that she has no soul. Here, one would think, is a great chance for Christianity. Be it as it may, no wonder the Turk is what he is, born and brought up of such a mother. Simple, foolish and fearless he lays down his life if need be at a Plevna or an Adrianople, but knows not why; an invaluable man in a brutal age, but out of place in semi-civilization. When heads are more than hands, then he must go; a small matter after all for so "it is written." There is one very good thing about him. He is not a hypocrite; he is true to his own nature.

Poor Turk, what a complication of diseases he did have! Who will be his heirs? Who will rule Macedonia? There is not space for a guess, but the predominance of the Slav element in the population which undermined Turkey will undermine any alien race. Austria's hope is hopeless. It is Russia or independence.

Spring Morning after Rain and Frost

This morning all the land is very sweet;
 The dawn has come in hushed and tenderly;
 As, when a maiden, walking silently,
 Smiles, and the snowdrops glisten at her feet,
 Fairer for her spring morning, look on them.
 So came the Dawn to bless what Rain and Frost
 Had wrought in the tree branches as they tossed
 To the wind, encrusting twig and stem.

Song sparrow on his bough in ecstasies
 Sings to the morning; ruddy, opal gleams
 Play all about him as he flings his dreams
 Amid the sunshine and the silvered trees;
 He is the voice of morning, and he tells
 How sweet is earth, as sweet as snowdrop bells.

A. L. P.

Urbs and Oppidum

BY PROFESSOR N. W. DEWITT, PH.D.

The Editor found me one morning in a communicative mood and showed himself such an appreciative listener that I was soon revealing my inmost reflections upon matters of the profoundest importance. I had unburdened my mind upon the question of culture and anarchy, which naturally occurs to one associated with college students, and was proceeding to pronounce solemn convictions upon half the perpetual puzzles of serious-minded people when he suddenly called me to my senses by a request to embody some of my opinions in an article for ACTA. Under such circumstances I could hardly refuse, and was forced to content myself with a determination to be more discreet hereafter in my conversations with editors. For it is needless to remind a constituency of busy students that, whatever exhilaration may be caused by the sight of one's own writing in staring print, it certainly is a labor to clothe one's thoughts in fitting language.

The particular remarks that called forth the Editor's request, (I believe his title must always be capitalized in his own paper), had reference to the question, "What constitutes a city?" This is a term that we constantly use in conversation and could no more define to the satisfaction of all our friends than the man in the fable could so treat his donkey as to please everybody. Yet it is good for the mind when we persevere in spite of our friends and try to define and analyze the most volatile terms of our thought. It matters little that your definition will have to be changed and amended from time to time. This is to be expected, for a definition is not like a precious vase that, once shattered, is forever useless, but rather like the mobile clay that may be moulded now into one form and now into another. Definitions are but a method of attacking the world about us and impressing ourselves upon it; they are manifestations of personality, lacking which, many people are compelled to procure them ready-made or at least semi-ready, along with their political and religious creeds.

A city is an aggregation of citizens. I know very well that this is not the whole truth any more than it is true to say that an army is an aggregation of soldiers, but the statement is good enough for the purpose in hand and I don't want to be bothered with suggestions when the dinner is on the stove. The word *city* is nothing but the Latin *civitas* and denotes the citizens taken collectively, the citizen-body, the citizenship, just as we may say the membership of a society. The citizens give the city its character. If their time and energy be spent in factories and consumed in the struggle for existence, even if the number of souls be half a million, that place is a town, *oppidum*, not *urbs*, and knows nothing of what the Roman called *urbanitas*. Without leisure, though a man may be honest, pious, and altogether admirable, yet he cannot win that flower of civilization which only refined city life confers, and we call culture. Culture is an idea much abused and maligned because it presents so many facets, but it denotes a reality and we will not be discouraged from using it.

It follows from the preceding that, if a place really deserves the name of city, its citizens must possess some leisure and culture, which is as good as saying that they must be gentlemen,

another term admitting of many excellent definitions that satisfy nobody. For my present purpose it will be sufficient to say that a gentleman is known by the way in which he spends his leisure time. If a prince of the local financial world is known to spend his evenings in a tawdry theatre where the patrons burn thick incense to the tobacco trust and the police censor is ever present, such a one, it is needless to say, is no gentleman and, in so far as it lies in his power, prevents his place of residence from becoming a real city. The leaders of a city, those whose opinions are respected by the better classes, must be devoted to worthy and unselfish works, quite apart from their worldly occupations.

To know a real city we must regard its amusements and recreations. In the long run the things that cost much and produce no returns in money are the things that really count. The generosity of the citizens of Chicago in providing a home and endowment for the Thomas Orchestra, now the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, has done more for the good name of that city than its babel of tongues, its multi-millionaires, its factories and railroads, and all the gaudy and gorgeous extremes of high life and low life. The claims of Washington to the name of city are based upon its exclusive devotion to the legislative functions of the federal government, upon its composite society of travelled and cultured people, and upon its freedom from mercantile interests. New York depends upon its leading position in the world of music, art, and letters. Boston relies upon its aspirations to a higher standard in correctness of manners and language than generally prevails, an ideal that is hardly less useful if it should be an illusion. These three, Boston, New York and Washington, constitute a three-fold capital, and have the same relationship to the rest of the United States as Paris or London alone to their respective provinces. Each is a city in the true sense of the term, although each possesses but a fraction of the interest pertaining to a metropolis that is at the same time a literary, legislative, and commercial capital. The claims of San Francisco, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, we shall not discuss, not knowing much about them, but, at the most, not more than six places in the United States deserve the name of city.

In Canada we have only the beginnings of city, which is but natural, since we have only the beginnings of prosperity. Toronto rests her hopes upon her liberal patronage of good music and the Shakesperian drama, the publishing business of the province, such as it is, being mostly busied with trade journals and re-printing books prepared elsewhere, yet promises well for the future; as an educational centre it stands higher than it deserves and far below Montreal for the reason that the city cheers for the University and gives it nothing, while McGill University belongs to Montreal because the citizens maintain it. The University of Toronto, with the exception of the affiliated colleges, in no sense ought to strengthen the claims of Toronto to be called a real city, but stands in its cramped condition rather as a discredit to her affluent citizens.

Of learned or cultured society we have little. We are still in the stage of progress when one season of travel abroad is the event of a lifetime and one gets little culture from a single tour, no matter how great his intelligence and preparedness. Our men of letters, actors, artists, and musicians, as fast as they discover themselves, are forced to migrate to New York and Europe in order to make a living or a fortune by their talent or genius; we are, in fact, doubly colonial, being provincial, both to New York and to London. We are earnest in our ambitions, but not serious in our thought. We worship Mercury, the god of success, but are apt to despise Minerva, as an old maid. We are taken in by the old-new fallacy of the "all-round development," which trims men to an average but moulds none to greatness. We are misled by the so-called practical, which makes all useful things to seem more useful than they are, and subordinates the greater and remoter good to the immediate blessing. It is for these reasons that prosperity comes and culture lingers. Until we are accustomed to the former we shall not gain the latter. We have no reason to be discouraged but we have great need of patience. Toronto, and two or three other places in Canada, may yet become cities. Toronto has some reasons for pride already, but good grounds for anxiety. She will never become a great city so long as rich citizens are "not munificent," as Goldwin Smith expresses it.

Montreal has been more liberal and the western cities, considering their youth, give promise of becoming really munificent.

In the meantime, Toronto is not a bad place to live in and as long as several hundred people expose themselves to the contagion of better things and higher ideals by going to college for four years there is hope that the fires slumbering on the altars of the Muses may some day increase into a steady flame.

To a Song Sparrow

Song sparrow heart, thrilling tempestuous,
Blythe in my orchard tree.
Brown little messenger, sing, for I look to you
Singing to gladden me.

Dun are the skies and April's not over,
Lilacs have not yet stirred;
Song sparrow, quicken them, speak to the heart of them
Yours is the magic word.

Spring air is chill, sturdy heart picketer,
Sing, from your apple bough;
Melody, melody, rising ecstasically
Flying to the garden now.

And, while you sing, over the meadow grass,
Silvery, faint, and clear;
Swift to my garden place comes your mate's answer song—
Sparrow, the spring is here!

Love is a-thrill, you, the sweet herald,
Blythe is my orchard tree;
Waken it, speak of it, fling far skyward now,
Gladdening the world and me.

A. L. P.

An Anglo-Japanese Idyl

By ARTHUR P. MCKENZIE.

(Concluded from page 299.)

Murata looked across at Lloyd pityingly.

He turned fiercely.

"I do not believe it. It is a trick. The sailmaker would not have forced Hanako to do that—marry the man she hated. I know him better than that."

"You heard what our hostess said," answered Murata slowly. "You know the reputation of the people of this coast—kind and hospitable, but quick, and fearless of death."

"Yes, yes, I know all that, but it is not true. I know it is not," he iterated impatiently.

"You know to our minds, things appear different. Her hereditary instincts gave her no choice." A pause ensued.

Murata leaned forward, showing more emotion than Lloyd had ever seen in his face before.

"You are my friend. Take my advice. Go away, and forget that you ever visited this place. Come back to Tokyo with me. If you ever recollect this sad event, it will be merely as a beautiful, melancholy vision, when you are once more busied with your writing. These attachments proceed but from a portion of man's nature. They do not monopolize——"

"No, you cannot understand. I cannot give her up. I know she is not dead. I know this is only a trick. She has brought into my life what it lacked before—that thing that would set my faculties and dormant powers to work. Unconsciously I have been waiting all these years for this. She is mine by the highest destiny. I cannot wait till I have solved this mystery. Let us go at once to the house, and I will throw myself upon the generosity of my old friend."

In his vehemence he had almost risen to put the design in execution, but Murata did not move. Instead he continued calmly, and something in his earnestness forced Lloyd to listen.

"Think," he said, "suppose that she should be alive, and that you could have her. Your people would treat her with contempt perhaps, or at least they would patronize. Could you

subject a fine, sensitive girl to a life in which she would have no social equals?"

"Murata, that is a sophistical argument. Where such unions have been unhappy, it is because they richly deserved to be so. No, that does not deter me. I have thought it all out, and now if I am to lose her the very bottom will fall out of my existence. I have a strange nature, Murata. There is a certain inertia in me that needs stimulus. I feel that I have certain powers, that I possess certain faculties that would command a much greater success than is at present mine. No, this is merely a poor trick of Nomura's." His words were confident, but in his heart there was a gloomy foreboding that his fears might be realized.

"Let me go," Murata said. "I will find out whether the story is true or not."

"Do you think I could stay here and wait till you got back?" Lloyd was pacing up and down.

"All right," said Murata, seeing that argument and persuasion had alike failed, "I am ready."

Carefully avoiding all suspicious haste they sauntered out into the street.

"I think we had better take the quieter streets," remarked Murata. "If Nomura San is the man I have heard he is, and if this is really a ruse of his, you may be sure he will be watching for you."

Lloyd recognized the wisdom of the remark, and they immediately began a detour through the darker streets and lanes.

The sailmaker's house lay in the outskirts of the little town, among tall store-houses and lumberyards, that had been built haphazard, leaving a labyrinth of small sandy lanes that led nowhere in particular.

The two friends were soon beyond the noise of the Matsuri crowds, walking uncertainly through the warm darkness. Their wooden clogs made a hardly audible swish in the deep sand. Once they paused.

"Wait a minute," said Lloyd in a whisper. "I want to get to the garden gate. That is on another lane. Let me see——"

They were standing to one side, in the deep aromatic

shadow of a lumber pile. A blank, white wall faced the end of the little alley up which they had just come. Lloyd, who happened to be looking down the alley, suddenly thought he perceived a figure stepping cautiously around the corner. He touched Murata's shoulder and pointed past his face to the end of the street.

"What does that mean?" he whispered.

"It might mean that we were being followed," answered Murata calmly. "Just step in there," indicating a space between two lumber piles, "and we will see what happens."

Hardly were they ensconced when a deeper shadow marred the mottled blurr of the wall opposite. The shadow moved stealthily and noiselessly. His heart beat loudly, sending the blood surging through his limbs in answer to the primordial instinct of the Celt for battle.

"This is strange," remarked Murata again, coolly. "I think we will go out and stalk this fellow ourselves, as far as he is going our way."

They passed carefully out into the lane again, and examined every corner of the immediate vicinity for a trace of the strange apparition. It had disappeared entirely. Then they proceeded to the end of the lane and examined the converging alleys as well as the meagre light of the stars would permit. Still there was nothing to be seen. Lloyd set out again, every sense alert. Murata trudged stolidly behind.

As they came to the end of the little street on which the garden abutted Lloyd's heart beat loudly again, and he hesitated to go forward.

Murata stopped at the same instant, though for another reason. The street was clear. No light was visible. All was as silent as the night-ridden Sahara. The two friends walked down the street till they stood opposite the tall board fence. In it was a small gateway.

Now that they had reached their destination Lloyd's courage almost forsook him. The huge pine rose black and menacing above the squat gables, and the sea-breeze sang weirdly and fitfully through its top. Reluctance overcame him, a dread weighed upon his heart. Murata waited silently in the shadow of the wall. The moment of indecision, however, quickly

passed, and he strode across the lane and knocked softly, his nerves straining to their utmost to catch a responsive signal. None was forthcoming. The only response was the fitful wail of the great tree above him—inhuman—monotonous.

Hardly daring to dwell upon the thoughts and fears created by his active imagination, he lifted the wooden latch and pushed gently at first, then with all his weight. The gate was fastened on the inside. He looked at the top of the fence. As he had expected he saw the customary spikes set in two rows, one pointing upwards, the other outwards. He motioned to Murata.

"Give me a hand. I can twist those spikes aside."

Murata stood beside him.

"Is not this enough? Will you still persist?" he asked quietly.

"If what the woman of the *chaya* said was true, there would be lights," Lloyd answered impatiently. "Will you give me your shoulder?"

He grasped the spikes and began bending them to one side. Suddenly Murata drew him forcibly to the ground.

"Look," he said.

Half a dozen men had turned the corner and were making for them quietly, following along in the shadow of the wall.

"Nomura, probably," muttered Murata, undecided for the moment what to do.

"We must get out of this. We are unarmed." He turned to examine the other end of the lane. It was closed by a large warehouse. They were in a blind alley!

"Seven men to two," said Lloyd, counting the approaching shadows. "We are not afraid of them, but we can't afford to meet them if we can help it. We can get over the fence now. Here, quick, take my shoulder."

"No," said Murata. "they would get one of us. We must break in the gate. It is not strong."

As he said this he threw his weight against it, but it did not yield, contrary to his expectations.

"Too late," he said; for the men quickened their pace. "Come, we will run down the alley, and see if there is no narrow lane running off at right angles."

They ran quickly down the passage-way. Continuous lofty

store-houses loomed above them. Not a dwelling, not even a lumber yard was visible.

They stopped at the blank wall and faced their pursuers.

"We have got to fight for our lives," Murata whispered hoarsely. "Put your back against the wall, and don't let anyone get in under your left guard. I will stand on your right. Never fear. No trouble at all. We are more than a match for these fishermen. Get a man and secure his weapon as quickly as possible. They probably have nothing but sticks with them."

They stood quietly watching their opponents. Seven men to two! The odds were big. So much the better. The blood pounded exultantly through Lloyd's limbs. He held himself loose and ready, according to the time-honored maxim of jiu-jitsu.

Their assailants hesitated for a moment. A tall man who seemed to be their leader growled something to them, and they followed him.

"Nomura?" asked Murata.

Lloyd nodded.

"Heavy and strong, but slow," muttered Murata. "I will deal with him. Don't waste any words," he added. "The man that speaks is at a disadvantage."

Nomura halted at a little distance. "So you thought you would wait till it was dark before you paid your visit to the Ojosan," he taunted. "You shall never see her again, you cowardly foreigner. She lapped her own blood this very afternoon. But perhaps you will see her sooner than you think. They say ghosts speak with each other. Fight now, like a man."

He raised his heavy stick.

Out of the corner of his eye, Lloyd saw a sudden flash of white. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth, two powerful hands gripped his uplifted arm. A savage kick in the thigh, and a lightning twist, and the stick fell from his grasp. Before it had touched the ground, Murata had it, and had sprung back out of danger.

Nomura staggered back, unable to suppress a cry of pain.

"Now, come on, you worthless dogs, you weaklings," growled Murata.

The cry was the signal for a general *mêlée*. Stung by the

rough treatment he had received, Nomura called his men to the attack, and there was a general rush.

Murata, who happened to be one of the prize fencers of the University, wielded his stick in the manner of the double-handed Japanese sword, springing here and there with tremendous agility. His blows were quick and merciless, and his opponents hindered their own attack by confusedly trying to avoid them.

Lloyd, forgetting his companion's injunction to keep close to the wall, dashed forward to grapple with Nomura. A frenzy of despair redoubled his usual strength. He leaped under the other man's guard and quickly had him in the old grip—right hand on collar and left hand on sleeve.

Though strong, Nomura was no match for the lightning play, which yielded only to take advantage of every brutal rush or kick he made.

A moment sufficed. He was down by a simple trick. Lloyd's legs were twined about his ribs from behind, while his two forearms drew back his opponent's chin, slowly throttling him at the same time. Over and over in the sand they rolled: Nomura biting and clawing like some wild beast.

Lloyd took a grip an inch higher and drew the throttle closer. Nomura's strength seemed to redouble, and he rolled and twisted, foaming at the mouth and tearing at Lloyd's arms.

However, human flesh could not long withstand that double grip. He began to weaken. It was brutal, but the primitive instincts were fully aroused.

A tearing breath wheezed shrilly through Nomura's teeth. Mercilessly Lloyd threw the last ounce of his strength into his legs. There was a dull crack, followed instantly by another.

"That is enough for you," gasped Lloyd, as the other groaned heavily. He loosened his grip a moment and raised his head—but too quickly. One of the men had been watching for this. With a savage shout he aimed a blow at Lloyd's head.

Barely in time Lloyd raised his arm, but the blow crashed through his guard and struck him full upon the side of the head. It stretched him upon his enemy.

There was a brief instant of intolerable fiery glory and then—overwhelming black oblivion.

* * * * *

An oppressive sensation was at the back of his head. Something was bound about it too tightly. He tried to lift his right hand. Somehow he could not. He tried to lift his left, but with no better success.

He directed all his mind to the task—but no.

“Bother these dreams,” he said to himself.

He felt strangely weak. The little exertion he had attempted tired him unaccountably.

“I am not dreaming,” he said to himself suddenly. However, it was infinitely pleasant to lie with eyes closed, thinking.

Suddenly a little breeze fanned his cheek, followed almost immediately by a light ethereal tinkling of glass. Then came the soft glide of a sandal over the matted floor, and the scarcely perceptible grating of a sliding door carefully closed.

He considered a moment, then decided that he might as well open his eyes. This was beginning to get on his nerves. Thereupon he opened them and looked about as far as he could without turning his head.

The tinkling sound of glass was at once explained. The light paper doors were pushed back in their grooves, and from under the eaves of the low roof projecting over the little verandah hung half a dozen glass balls and strips, brightly colored and moving slightly in the draught of air.

Without lay a tiny little garden with a fish pond, and he could just see the trunk of a huge pine.

“Where had he seen all that before?”

Suddenly a thought came into his head and he turned on his pillow.

Sitting with his back to a post and regarding him with a little smile on his lips was a young man.

“Murata!” His voice was barely above a whisper.

Murata raised his hand, commanding silence. But he would not heed. Things were coming back to him now, insistent things.

"Whose house is this?"

Still Murata only shook his head.

"Murata,"—a thought surged uppermost, and all else flowed into the background of his mind. The sick man's heart contracted. With a sudden effort he raised himself on his elbow. "Murata, where is Hanako?"

With a comical gesture of resignation, the young man firmly pushed him back till he lay on his pillow once more.

His head throbbed painfully, his sight grew misty, for a moment he struggled, then everything went out in black night again.

This time he dreamed again. He dreamed that someone was fanning him softly, and the idea grew into a deep conviction.

There was an indefinable odor, delicate and sweet, that he seemed to remember. Suddenly he opened his eyes.

"Hanako!"

All the long pent-up feeling of his nature, the longing of the visions of his delirium, was concentrated in that half-whispered name.

She smiled down at him with eyes that were starry bright with tears, and passed a soothing hand over the space of clear white forehead that showed below his bandage.

"Sssh," she said softly.

"But Hanako, what has happened? Where is Nomura?" he asked, still bewildered.

A shadow crossed her face.

"Nomura San has gone away, and Murata San—has explained." She stopped, blushing.

"Oh, my Hanako," he said softly, and infinite contentment and happiness suffused his whole being with their healing warmth.

But who can tell in halting speech the tales that lips and eyes may and assuredly did speak, till Hanako, suddenly conscience-stricken, placed a very emphatic little finger upon his lips; which remonstrance he treated in the immemorial way of all true lovers.

THE END.

The Better Bit

A Story with a Double-Edged Moral.

By P. W. WALLACE.

(Concluded from page 296.)

We went on for an hour longer, and George grew worse every minute. Every time he fell he stopped to do up his puttees, and every time he put his foot on a rough stone or a smooth bit of rock he fell. The way he used the rope was simply marvellous. Sometimes he got tangled up in it and upset himself, sometimes he got it caught on the rocks and pulled us up with a capsizing jerk. Every variety of fall of which the human frame is capable he executed before our eyes with the velocity of a kaleidoscope, until I grew positively dizzy, and the very mountain seemed to topple whenever George stumbled. Still George insisted upon continuing. One of his worst failings is that he never realizes what a fool he is making of himself, and he won't take a lesson.

So far we had encountered nothing more difficult than slopes of scree and a broad, easy ridge where serious accidents were practically impossible, even for George; but we now approached the difficulties of the ascent where the ridge joined the main peak. The point of articulation was hidden by a sheet of ice that stretched upwards for about five hundred feet and lost itself behind the huge rock tower that forms the conspicuous lower sentinel as seen from below. It seemed to me the height of folly for George to attempt either this ice slope or the still more forbidding cliffs to the left that offered the only alternative route, for any stumble hereafter would almost inevitably mean a bad fall. One might have expected George to evince sufficient mental capacity to recognize the foolhardiness of his proceeding farther, but he did not. He said he could not see it in that way at all. He had come out to climb a mountain and he was going to climb that mountain. If we were afraid to proceed he should make no extra charge to give us reserved seats at the foot of the ice incline, where we might watch him make the glorious ascent alone. That was George all through—thoughtless, foolhardy and illogical. I sometimes think that

all his worst failings might be summed up in the one word "imbecile."

Of course we had to go on after that, and give the lesson a little more time to operate. It would have been dishonest to detain George by force, and cowardly to refuse to accompany him; and any way, Keinwort promised to cut the ice steps so big that nobody could possibly fall out of them. Our progress was painfully slow, for carving arm-chairs out of solid ice does not conduce to an exhilarating rate of advance; but certainly our progress was safe. George, in fact, offered to bet me a shilling that I could not pull him out of any hole if I tried.

We had put about fifty of these deep steps behind us when George suddenly called, "Stop!" The guide and I braced ourselves, expecting danger; but George's trouble was more irritating than dangerous—one of his puttees had come undone again. I don't know why it is that the sight of another man's puttees come undone makes me so wild, but it is a fact that when I see somebody else's puttees flapping loosely on the ice, or coming off in flabby rolls in the bush, I feel a wild madness come over me to seize those puttees, tie them tightly about their owner's neck, and suspend him from the topmost pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains. That is the effect loose puttees have on me. And there was George standing on one leg and fooling with his puttees in an ice saucer ten thousand feet above the sea, with miles of empty space all round him and nothing much but sky to support him if he fell. And there was I standing in another ice saucer fifteen feet below George, watching him twist those clammy bandages about his legs in uneven layers that I knew must come undone again in two minutes. It was too much for me, and I fairly stamped in my impatience.

The next moment I felt the ice shoot away from under me. There was a startled exclamation from George, a belated "Acht!" from Keinwort, a sensation of rapid motion and stinging hands, a few moments of fleeting cloud glimpses, then a sudden jolt on a platform of shale below the ice, and three bodies landed together with three grunts. For a moment I was dazed, but when I heard Keinwort growl something about "Verdamnte Dummheit," and George cheerfully volunteer, "Well, I'll bet you couldn't find a better toboggan-slide than

that anywhere in this Dominion!" I pulled myself together, felt to see that my limbs were sound, brushed the snow off my clothes, and delivered my mind. It was time to speak plainly. I said:

"George, you are a fool. You ought to have known better than to have your puttees come undone on an ice slope. Moreover, you were extremely selfish to let us endanger our lives on this mountain with an incompetent. We were nearly killed. It all comes from your crazy betting; and I hope this will be a lifelong lesson to you."

We sat there for a few minutes thinking about what we would have looked like if the shale had not checked our descent, and we had gone on down in long, parabolic curves, exploring the depths frequented only by avalanches. After a while Keinwort and I discussed plans, and came to the conclusion that we might as well push on for the summit, as there was probably no great difficulty or danger ahead, provided George were left behind. We agreed that George was fit only to be taken home. I must say that George took our attitude very good-humoredly; but how else should he have taken it? When a man has played at monkey, lunatic, and manslaughter all day, has he any right to be peeved when one tells him exactly what one thinks of him, and offers him a little solitary confinement as an antidote for his self-and-everybody-else-destructive-tendencies? I should think not.

Behold, then, Keinwort and myself at half-past eleven reascending the ice slope. George sat at the bottom with a pipe in his mouth and smiled—not a pleasant smile, at all, for one of his worst failings—but we have not time to go into that just now. Well, he sat there and smiled until we reached the spot where his puttees had come undone before, then he suddenly took off his rucksack and his coat, spread them both out on the shale, and called up to us:

"All right, now. Come on!"

I had no retort ready for this insulting insinuation until we reached the top of the ice and were about to disappear behind the tower. Then I turned around and yelled, "Remember your lesson!" and stepped out of sight. I think I heard a faint reply, "What lesson?" but I am not sure.

I need not worry the reader with a detailed description of our climb, for, though it was interesting and required considerable effort, yet it presented no very original features. Behind the gendarme, we found ourselves on a rocky ridge. It was narrow, rotten, and fantastically carved, besides having an average inclination of over thirty-five degrees, characteristics that so delayed us that it was already two o'clock when we reached the juncture with the final ridge that leads directly to the summit. Here, with success almost within reach, we came up against an exasperating obstacle. Scarcely fifty feet below the summit was a deep cleft in the ridge. The steepness and smoothness of the precipices on either hand precluded the possibility of outflanking the difficulty, while the gap itself was too deep and too abrupt to be practicable for two men with only a single rope. One could climb into the cleft, with help from the rope, but it would be impossible to climb out again on the far side. It was a most aggravating disappointment to be within fifty feet of success, yet totally unable to bridge the small gap that deprived us of achieving the ascent. We gloomily discussed our prospects, consulted our watches, and decided to retreat at once lest darkness should catch us before we could reach camp. George had had his lesson all right, but even that cheering thought was swept into the background by the consciousness of my own failure to capture the mountain, so that it was with some strong expressions of disgust that I finally turned my back upon the summit and prepared to descend. Scarcely were those expressions out of my mouth than a sound floated down from the summit that froze my ears with astonishment. The voice from heaven said:

"Keep your temper! You mustn't get impatient, you know. Right about face, hitch up your knickerbockers, and—bless my soul! if your puttees haven't come undone!" When I looked back at the summit, on the very top I saw the ghost of George with a smile on its face and a pipe in its mouth, just as we had left him at the foot of the great tower.

"Why don't you come up and enjoy the view?" the vision said. I explained that the cleft in the ridge made ascent impossible. The ghost clambered down until it reached the other side of the cleft, then stowed its pipe in its pocket and said:

"I'll bet you forty-nine cents you *can* ascend by this cleft." When the apparition spoke in that way, I knew it could not be a ghost, but must be George in the flesh. No ghost would be so unintelligent as to bet.

"What you need is common sense," he continued. "You spoil everything by not thinking. And of course we can't forget that if you had not run into a foolish bet about Bungaboo you would not be so tired and hungry and so severely taken aback as you are now. Ah! I bet you this will be a lesson to you. Now, if you run your rope around that rock, let yourselves into the hole, and fling an end of the rope up to me, I'll guarantee that you get pulled up on this side."

We did as he said, and in fifteen minutes we were all on the summit of Mount Bungaboo, with the world at our feet.

Of course I tried to be nice to George—it is no use showing oneself offended before people like that—but he would not let me say a word.

"Wait till I'm through," he said. "I haven't had half my innings yet. As I was about to remark, you are—ahem!—a fool. Your knickerbockers are torn and your puttees are getting loose. You ought to know better than to have your puttees loose on a mountain top. It is disrespectful. You really ought to be more careful, you know. Furthermore, you were extremely selfish in trying to ascend this mountain without me. Perhaps I never mentioned to you before my fondness for mountaineering. I believe I was just approaching the subject a few days ago at Banff, when I noticed in your eye such a very evident desire for trouble that I felt eager to oblige you, as a friend. I think you once told me that you believed friends should aid each other in such matters. When you made your very, very foolish and unthinking bet—now don't look as if the firmament were about to fall—I might have told you that I had already made the ascent of Mount Bungaboo three times: once by your route and twice by the other. 'The other,' of course, is the one that leads from the base of the toboggan-slide to the left of the great tower. It is a somewhat more strenuous route than yours, but considerably shorter, and is the one that brought me here to-day. I took it because it is so much easier on one's puttees."

I noticed that his puttees were in perfect order. I stooped to adjust mine, without speaking. There was not much to say; the view was very poor. Keinwort said nothing, too; but then he would have said the same if the view had been without parallel.

The lesson, of course, was dead—"victim of another melancholy mountaineering accident," as George said. He gave it what he called an Alpine burial, by building a stone-man as a tombstone.

Since that day, I have given up trying to improve George, because it is quite useless. George says he is glad, which is just like him. It shows, as I said before, one of his very worst failings.

THE END.

A Lesson in Living

Last night, dear love, I held thee in my arms;

And through my veins there crept a madness as of wine;
Wine of the vintage of thy youth's sweet charms

That fired all my strength to claim thee mine.
O, God! Thou whose illimitable mind

Doth know the all of that which we call love,
Look Thou into my soul! Say! Dost Thou find
On this its passion, a stain thou would'st remove?

Not so, dear heart! For even as I thrilled

With passionate delight, deep did I look
Into thine eyes. Saw them tear-filled

With world-old wish to give whate'er I took.
Thus spoke thy soul. "'Tis sweetest love to give."

Thus hast thou taught me, love, to live.

'12.

The Senior Dinner—and After!

There was the Wild Wordy One, the Aesthetic One, and the Plausible Practical One. I sat with them at a table in the College Café and listened to their talk. It was the night of the Senior Dinner and between twelve and three o'clock in the morning. Not having had sufficient food for our bodily needs at the dinner, we had ordered soup and meat and pie and ice-cream and cold tea and cocoa and many other things. When we had almost finished our meal the Wild Wordy One began. I shall suppress the profanity with which he garnished and emphasized his address:

"Well, what did you think of the Senior Dinner?" he asked, sitting back in his chair.

"Splendid!" said the Aesthetic One. "Man, what a sight—the finely dressed girls—the guests' table—the men—though they should all be compelled to wear dress suits—the speeches—and the dinner itself. Say, it was about the best function imaginable. Prestwick makes a pretty good caterer, and the whole thing was well arranged and managed."

"What did you get out of it?"

The Plausible Practical One smiled in contented reminiscence. "A good meal and the pleasure of sitting between two pretty girls, mainly," he said.

The W. W. O. leaned forward, elbows on table. "Do you know what that affair cost? It cost pretty nearly three hundred dollars—perhaps a good deal more. Three hundred dollars blown in on one night to give you fellows and a bunch like you a fussy meal and the society of pretty girls, not to say anything of the money blown in on flowers and rented clothes. The whole thing made a dickens of a big splash and was, I suppose, eminently a success. But, tell me, by what standard are you judging it a success? Come on now, I'm interested. I want to get at this."

The A. O. winked at the P. P. O. and began:

"In the first place you evidently didn't get the girl you wanted for your partner at dinner. But never mind about that. You evidently think the dinner wasn't justified. But you're forgetting. Down here we're a bunch of students. We're the cream of society. That's not boasting at all. We're the top

five per cent. of the social order. It's simply a fact. And that dinner was simply from first to last a ministry to our refined sensibilities and tastes. We need just such. The well-appointed tables, the excellent service, the happy conversation, the speeches, all of it was a proof of our cultured capabilities. And the influences which played upon us there we shall remember all our lives. We were influenced as we could not have been by any other means. We felt ourselves as a unity, as a graduating year. It was an education to the lower years to see us as a unity and to hear our speeches.(!) It gave them ideals. And the sentiment expressed by the professors—we shall always feel their thrill and remember them with benefit to us. The idea of dollars and cents does not enter at all. The affair was necessary to make us feel ourselves members of a year, of a college, of a university, citizens of a country, of the world. The money question should not be mentioned in connection with it at all. The value which we all received cannot be expressed in terms of dollars and cents."

"Then you say it was all necessary? That the flowers, for instance, which you sent, were necessary?"

"Indeed I do. There was an intellectual, aesthetic and cultural stimulus in the very wearing of them which you simply cannot put in terms of money at all. Their presence there meant our tribute to the beautiful—and that is always worth while."

"Oh!" The W. W. O. upset the mustard with a motion of disgust. "You make me tired! Over a hundred dollars is spent that a bunch of girls and fellows may contemplate the beautiful and be aesthetically stimulated! Why can't they look up at the sky? Why can't they pause to be thrilled into awed wonder at the mystery of the stars? Why can't they see the beauty in a snowflake, the marvel of twigs' tracery against their winter sunset as they came to the—(profanity suppressed here)—dinner? Why can't they be thrilled by a thought making a face beautiful? This tribute paid to the Glad Rags god around college makes me sick. A girl must fuss to the last limit of a hair's kink and dress's fashionable flounce and suitable flowers and a man wear a dress suit or they're both out of it. It doesn't matter a hang whether they think at all or talk anything except

vacuous silliness so long as they *look* all right. Mind you, I'm not out against the artistic and aesthetic in life. It has its part, its wonderful part to play. It's that really that I'm pleading for. This gaudy show is not Art. Simplicity and sincerity and truth is Art—in dress as well as in other things. You've talked about the necessity of all these fussy details of the senior dinner because of its cultural, etc., influence. Couldn't most of the fussiness be left out and by very virtue of that fact wouldn't the people who go there think more and wallow less. To spend nearly two hundred and fifty dollars on a night's eating! Carlyle was all right too. But to-night I feel more like saying, "Man is mostly pig," using the term in its generic sense too. . . . Why couldn't this be a possibility? that we sit down to simple service—a decent, necessary, ordinary meal, called by decent, necessary, ordinary names; couldn't we hear the speakers just as well? and think just as much and feel the reality of life and its bigness just as intensely? Yes, and still have the girls there too, there's more of them sensible than you reckon on—"

The A. O. looked thoughtful and said:

"Well, maybe. Some could, but they'd be mighty few."

"Then, I say, analyze that answer—the fact that such would be few and make a logical estimate of the quality of your top five per cent. grade cream A1 humanity—and do it honestly."

The P. P. O. put in a word.

"You're pretty wild, son. Calm yourself a bit and see the thing sensibly. You've been howling about all the money spent. What better use could you put it to anyway?"

The W. W. O. sputtered so that the hovering waiter's eye almost threatened ejection.

"Sometimes I think you preacher fellows are the biggest confounded messes around the college. You talk so much and sermonize so hard and look so earnest. I'm prone to raise the question another chap raised in connection with you. Can there be earnestness without a mental reaction? Listen. You're a minister. A Christian minister (save the mark!). Your work is supposed to be ministry. Did you ever think of the case Ward *vs.* Rosedale in this city? Be earnest about that awhile. Listen. Did you ever hear the howl around this

college for missionary and settlement money? Be earnest about that awhile. Listen. Out at Poppy Meadows, in East Toronto—and this is only one case out of hundreds—I know a little chap named Jimmie Pearson—bright as a dollar he is; he has intellect, also a job out there sorting screw nails in a big concern. Why is he doing that? Because his father drinks and his mother is sick and he can't go to school. Now, he'll eventually marry and breed more laborers like himself (as was said t'other day in Y.M.). But suppose somebody should educate him—the price of a few senior dinners would do it. What then? He'd enter the professions, marry, and give generations of educated children to the world. Ponder that too. What can we do with our money? I don't know exactly what we can do with it. But I know this, that a lot of you fellows need some ideas revised before they run away with you. I——”

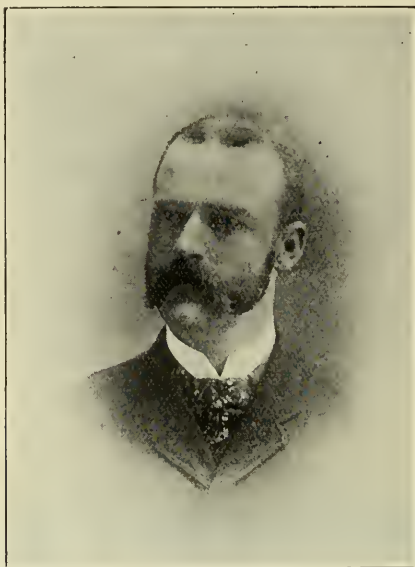
But here the waiter gently approached the Plausible Practical One and with tearful tender eye suggested we leave the café.

A. L. P.



William Stewart Ellis, B.A., B.Sc.

It is not unfitting that we should join a sister University in deploring the loss she has sustained by the death of the Dean of her Faculty of Education, and it becomes doubly fitting when we recall that Dean Ellis was an old and distinguished graduate of Victoria. Wm. Stewart Ellis was born in Megantic, Que., on the 18th of January, 1852. In 1856 the family removed to Perth County, Ontario, and there he became a teacher and so

**William Stewart Ellis, B.A., B.Sc.**

earned the means to advance him in his chosen career. After preparation in Cobourg Collegiate Institute, he entered Victoria whence he obtained his B.A. degree in 1877, with high honors in Mathematics and Science. He took a position in Almonte High School, from which in a few months he removed to Woodstock, where he remained till 1879. In that year he graduated B.Sc. from Victoria, and was appointed Master in Mathematics and Science in the Cobourg Collegiate. He accepted a like position in Peterborough in 1886, returning in

1890 to Cobourg as Head Master, in succession to D. C. McHenry. He was appointed Head Master of the Kingston Collegiate Institute in 1893, and under him that school won and kept a leading place among the schools of this Province. In 1910, when Queen's University was re-organizing her Faculty of Education, she invited Mr. Ellis to fill the position of Dean of that Faculty, and he fulfilled the onerous duties thus assumed with distinguished success till his death on the 29th of March last. He was elected by the graduates of Victoria to represent them on the senate in 1889, and for the ensuing three years was of great assistance to his Alma Mater in that capacity. Queen's has lost in him an unusually efficient teacher, rich in a long experience, and skilled in imparting its fruits to his students. Even more to be deplored by all is the loss of one who, in his devotion to duty, his conscientious regard for right and justice and his scorn for all that was mean or crooked, furnished to the youths of whom he had charge a model more valuable than ever before in these days when the training of our teachers is beginning to be regarded with the interest it merits. He leaves to mourn his loss a widow, a daughter, the wife of Prof. Malcolm of Queen's, and two sons, of whom the younger is just entering on the last year of his Arts course in Queen's, and the elder, Mr. Douglas Ellis, after winning the mathematical medal at graduation has been appointed Assistant Professor in that department.

A. J. B.

ACTA VICTORIANA

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"Acta Victoriana"; business communications to T. E. GREER, Business Manager.
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EDITORIAL

The Conservation of Citizenship

May the Lord have mercy upon the soul of the young Canadian student who does not interest himself in practical politics! Every man who loves the right, every man who loves Canada, nay, every man who loves his own children-to-be, must be a politician. Indeed, every young Canadian nurtured in an atmosphere of reverence for honesty and justice, and living in this year of grace nineteen hundred and thirteen must be either a politician or a traitor!

We have space only to touch on the educational aspect of this question, but here the call is insistent. The urgency of the duty is owing to the necessity, immediate and pressing, of conserving the heritage of our Anglo-Saxon ideals of citizenship, a heritage perhaps even more valuable than our wonderful natural resources. A new and higher conception of patriotism and citizenship is being realized by the Anglo-Saxons. It makes the State an agency of God for good; it will make patriotism a sacred duty. Great Britain and the United States feel the

new impulse, but they are seriously hampered. We in Canada have the opportunity to make real this new ideal, as few other nations can. But at the time when we dream of pressing forward a grave menace threatens us, the menace of an influence which may thrust us back. This is the menace of excessive immigration. Every revision of the voters' lists adds to the roll of electors the names of thousands of European immigrants. Many of these come from countries where responsible government as we have it is almost unknown. Can we expect the grandson of a Russian serf to be an intelligent voter? With the proportion of immigration from Russian and South-Eastern Europe that now obtains it is very possible that within twenty years an appallingly large percentage of the electorate of Canada may not be fit to exercise the powers of self-government. These immigrants must be educated as voters, and the significant fact is that the educators are bound to be the politicians. To them do we all owe our political education, and anyone who is familiar with election methods in the foreign quarters of our cities knows how peculiarly this is true of the immigrant. In other words, the politicians give their ideals of citizenship to the incoming stranger. A great deal, then, depends upon the character of the politicians of the nation. Now it is notorious that, whatever may be the personal characters of our leading men in politics, the great political machines, the organizations that reach the voters individually, are manipulated by the most corrupt men of the country. What is the inevitable result of their tuition? The foreign voter comes to regard his citizenship as a marketable asset, worth perhaps ten dollars, two cigars, and the share of an eight gallon keg. Thus, unless checked, the dreary retrogression will go on.

What then is the duty of the Victoria man? It is first to join his party club here, to become thoroughly familiar with the political questions of the day; then, when he goes out, it is his duty to go into politics, to attend the party conventions, to help the better element to run the party. Above all must he help in the work of eradicating machine corruption and himself become an active political propagandist, thus making politics a beneficial educational agency, whereby the new citizens and their children may be imbued with the idea of their moral

responsibility as citizens. The Victoria man who does not try to work to this end is betraying his country and arresting the advance of humanity.

Victoria and Puritanism

Victoria is the daughter of the Wesleyan Revival and the grandchild of the Puritan movement. It is a lineage of which she may well be proud. So long as men remember the Grand Remonstrance and Milton and Bunyan in Bedford jail, so long as men honour the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers, so long as their blood is stirred by the story of the stern and sublime struggles of the psalm-singing Covenanters, so long will men revere Puritanism! Wherever a Fiji Islander reads his Bible in his own language, wherever a free African blesses unconsciously the name of Wilberforce, or a reformed convict bears unwitting testimony to Howard and Miss Fry, there will the Wesleyan Revival be honored, for these things, outside of and more than the Methodist Church, are its great monuments! Let Victoria pause long before she forswears her ancestry. Is there any fear of that? Perhaps not, yet the spirit of this exuberant age is Cavalier rather than Puritan. The cry is for complete self-expression, too often taken to imply absence of self-restraint. This spirit is like the Arab of the desert, meteoric, free and picturesque. But where are the traces of its gay flight of yesterday over the sands? If the Arab nomad typify the Cavalier spirit, surely Puritanism may be well exemplified in the pioneer who hews a home out of the forest and leaves for all time the impress of his life and labor. That is the true self-expression, and it issues from the recognizing and utilizing of self-imposed restraints. It is this recognition of the necessity of restraint that has made Puritanism stand for so much of solid achievement. It is self-limitation to-day for the sake of higher and broader self-expression to-morrow. It is a self-restraint that has forged iron purpose and strength of character to will and do the hard and noble. What of iron there is in British blood to-day it owes in large measure to Puritanism. Any man, therefore, who will be a strong man must be puritan, and so long as we honor strength, so long must

we honor Puritanism. Its greatest claim, however, to be cherished in our college is for the sake of the high moral tone of which it is the source. There may be times when you feel, or think you feel, its narrowness, but there are always two things to remember. In no way does it hinder the most complete development of all your best possibilities. More important still is it to remember that it has proved a tower of strength to many a young student alone in the city in the crisis of his intellectual re-birth. Let Victoria cherish her bias towards Puritanism, not in blind acceptance of it as traditional, but in clear recognition of it as the tendency most fruitful in character and power.

Ways and Means

"Most of us live in one room; some furnish two or three rooms; but how rare is the man who lives in the whole palace of life."—*Hamilton Wright Mabie*.

In our last issue we laid down the proposition that the appreciation of the aesthetic could and should be learned. Three methods of doing this are possible. It may be cultivated by the individual unaided, it may be acquired in some measure by means of student organizations, or it may be taught by the college. It would be insulting the intelligence of Victoria students to enlarge upon the first of these. To the one who is interested there are many roads open. Nature is always waiting to reveal her mysteries of beauty. A taste for the best music can easily be cultivated in a city with the envied reputation of Toronto, and the splendidly sustained attendance at our University organ recitals is one evidence that the students appreciate their privileges in this regard. Collections such as that at the Normal School afford some opportunity for the study of the plastic arts. Studies in and color reproductions of the great masters in painting, cheap and excellent prints and the annual exhibitions of the work of Canadian artists are among the means whereby one may become, certainly not a connoisseur, but at least an appreciator of painting, even though the great galleries be inaccessible. Stimulating books on any of these subjects may be easily obtained. The chief defect is that appreciation will

be stimulated, but not created. The one who will make these efforts for his own development must already possess this love of the aesthetic. The ones to be reached are those who are lacking in this. Now college organizations, whether it be those whose object is the culture of some special field, such as our excellent Glee Club, or smaller group clubs without these definite limits, may tend to serve this purpose. The small club has undoubtedly wonderful possibilities along this line, as the history of every movement in art amply demonstrates. Victoria's intellectual life even would be immeasurably the richer for the formation of a number of these small, informal groups. Nevertheless, we believe that the initiative really lies with the college. Lantern lectures in art and lecture-recitals in music should be incorporated in the regular curriculum. Less susceptible to the discouragements that invariably attend the efforts and cool the ardor of any club, the college should be able to endure better the testing time of small beginnings.

When Victoria shall have attained to the place where she has recognized that her duty to God and to her students, is not necessarily to turn out intellectual giants, nor future millionaire merchants, nay, nor even powerful preachers, but to send forth graduates who will be trained to know and do the right, to seek and ever follow after the truth, and also to honor the Creator in the knowledge and love of the beautiful in nature and art, when she has recognized that duty, then will she be fulfilling her God-given task of seeking the harmonious development of all that is beautiful and worthy in human nature.

Freshman's Letter Home

12.01 a.m., Sunday, April 13.

Dear Father,—

Was plugging away till the clock struck twelve—but you said I mustn't work on Sunday, so I quit. The letter isn't work, it's conversation on paper.

My! I'm in an awful *slough* of work. Don't know where I'm at at all, but I'm not so badly off as some. Some of the fellows have been doing so much outside work on committees and executives and sidelines of one kind or another that they have all the work of a year to get up before May 1st.

This, I think, is largely due to the system there is here of allowing one man to hold more than one office. It's not a good principle. Already at the end of our first year there is a bunch of fellows practically singled out as being likely office bearers of the year and it's likely—as in other years—they'll get between them about everything that's going. The result is that some few of them will have so much executive work it will become a downright burden and handicap.

The Senior men claim that the social and administrative part of college life is as helpful as the scholastic division. Why, then, should it not be shared among as large a body as possible, so that every man in the year would be given a chance to serve his year or his college and enter into the acknowledged benefits.

I don't think there is a disposition on the part of any to “hog” the appointments, but I'd like to see the rule, “one man, one office,” more strictly enforced throughout the whole four years. By this means the latent activity of lots of the fellows would be brought into use and the burden to the few become a pleasure to the many. They talk about compulsory athletics over at U. C. Why not have compulsory office-holding as well?

Well! I'm down to cramming anyway and a mighty poor piece of business it is. Examination lists are poor enough, but when it gets down to “just how little can I get up and yet get through my exams?” And the system of preparation consists, in part, in juggling old exam. papers to see which questions come up oftenest—the whole business doesn't appeal to my sense of honor. Yet I'm doing it. Most “Everybody's doing it now.”

Surely it is a perversion of university spirit. Men are not here to make a pass; they're supposed to be here educating themselves—and there's growing in my mind a rather wide degree of difference between a B.A. degree or any degree and an education. Yet I wonder if any man were taken out of college on the first of April in any year and—barring out questions on the pure memory work of the languages—were interrogated concerning what he had mastered so far, I wonder what sort of April Fool he would make of himself? Perhaps he would be *ludicrous*—perhaps he would not.

Am very sleepy now. Expect to sleep till noon—then go to bed again at seven get up at three in the morning and start to cram some more. Have some old exam. papers to copy out too. But one month from when you get this I'll be home. Glory!

Your son,

BILL.

P.S.—I'm sorry to hear of Aunt Lucy's departure, but she'll be much warmer there.—B.

Locals

Miss Addison—"I once took Italian lectures from Dr. Horning."

Miss E——s.—"Well, that's one thing Dr. Horning never told us he did."

When Mr. Swan was phoning to Beatrice Wesley, Miss Newton was heard to remark: "A message from the bird to the bee."

Dr. Bell—"Is everything clear now?"

Student—"Too clear! I haven't an idea left."

Miss Goulding and Miss Locke, '15 (bursting into the library)—"No, there aren't any spring hats in here." Exeunt.

Junior to Buchanan, '13, who has just helped him at his prose—"Well, a Senior does know something after all."

Buchanan, '13—"Yes, one year makes quite a difference."

Personals ^{and} Exchanges

Personals

THE SENIOR STICK.

The Senior Stick is one of the oldest surviving institutions of the College. In fact, its early history is so enshrouded in the mists of the remote past as to completely baffle the amateur investigator of archives.

The records are quite clear as to the origin of the first Stick (for the present one is the second of its kind). It was brought to the old College at Cobourg by Richard H. Harper, of Whitby, and was not at first a Senior Stick, but the private property of Mr. Harper. However, on account of its massive size—it was known as the “bed-post”—and the rather small stature of its owner, it achieved considerable notoriety. Mr. Harper carried the stick until he graduated in '67, with the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. Of his subsequent career we have been unable to learn nothing, save that his address is given in the Register of Graduates as Zion City, Ill.

The next owner of the stick was Mr. David Robson, the college chum of the first owner, who carried it till his graduation in '70. After several years of journalistic work, he joined his brother, the late John Robson (afterwards Premier of British Columbia), in the publication of *The British Columbian*. He was later appointed City Clerk of New Westminster and became one of its most prominent citizens.

Of the next few years, we have been unable to find any record in the College archives. At the beginning of the seventies it apparently was handed down from one holder to another merely as a mark of personal friendship, and just when it became an elective honor, we are unable to say. If any of our readers can supply any information on this point and as to the holders of the Stick at this time, we should be very glad to hear from them, as it is unfortunate that no complete record exists in the College.

In '75, we learn that the Stick was held, as a Senior Stick, by F. W. Barret, a law student and one of Vic.'s youngest graduates. He later entered the legal profession in Toronto.

A. P. Coleman, '76, Ph.D., was the next recipient of the honor. He is now Professor of Geology in the University of Toronto.

The next holder was Henry M. Chown, '77, an industrious student and a mighty man on the campus. He is now one of the most prominent surgeons of Winnipeg.

Following Dr. Chown comes Henry L. Rice, '78, son of the Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D. He was a great "Bob" enthusiast, and was chosen as chairman of the Bob of 1912. He is now a prominent business man in St. Mary's, Ont., and the father of an esteemed member of the class of '14.

C. A. Masten, '79, took honor classics and mathematics, and carried off the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. He also won considerable distinction in alley, in which he was famous for his left-handed scoops on the fourth board. Since graduation he has practised law and is now the senior member of the legal firm of Masten, Starr, Spence, and Cameron, Toronto.

Arthur L. Sifton, '80, LL.B., was the last man to carry the old Stick. He was a good student and was highly esteemed by all the College. After graduation he entered law and politics and is now known to fame as Premier of Alberta. He is the brother of Hon. Clifford Sifton.

Here ends the history of the first Stick which was replaced in the next year by a more handsome weapon of very similar size and shape, the handsome ebony gold-headed stick which the present holder carries at receptions and on other festive occasions. The "bed-post" is preserved as an interesting relic and at present stands in a corner of the Chancellor's office.

The new stick bears the names of its holders engraved on a series of gold bands. The first name is that of T. E. Williams, who held the stick in '81. He is now a lawyer in Thessalon, Ont.

P. T. Pilkey was one of the bright lights of his year, and carried off the Prince of Wales Gold Medal and the Gold Medal for Mathematics. He was of a quiet, studious dispo-

sition, but was highly esteemed by his classmates. He went abroad for post-graduate work and died while studying in Breslau. A memorial tablet was placed in Alumni Hall, reading, "Dem werthen Schüler und unvergesslichen Freunde Herrn Peter Pilkey.

E. S. Popham, '83, the next holder, is now one of the leading M.D.'s in Winnipeg. He has also attained some prominence in finance.

W. F. Kerr, '84, is a son of the former Vice-Chancellor, the late Senator Kerr. He graduated in moderns and later studied law. He is now practising in Cobourg.

The next holder was R. P. Bowles, '85, now the Rev. R. P. Bowles, Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology at Victoria.

D. Hooey, '86, is said to have been the backbone of all Bob parties while at College. He is now a merchant in Cobourg.

The class of '87 chose R. B. Steinhauer, a full-blooded Cree Indian to hold the Stick. He took an active interest in the Lit., played alley, and was a good footballer, and a general favorite. He is now preaching among his kinsmen at Battle River, Hobema, Alta.

H. Langford, '88, brother of Prof. Langford was one of the brilliant athletes of his day, and a prominent man in all college life. He was engaged in the legal profession at the time of his death.

E. Pugsley, '89, was an honor philosophy man, who won the Gold Medal in his department and the Prince of Wales Silver Medal. He is now teaching school in Berlin.

R. Corrigan, B.A., '90, B.D., '93, was another philosophy student. He is now pastor of Woodgreen Church, Toronto.

T. B. Carson, '91, died while in his final year.

A. A. Allin, B.A., '92, Ph.D. (Berlin), was one of the cleverest of our students. He won the gold medals in classics and in philosophy, and stood high in his post-graduate work in Berlin. He had entered academic work in the States when death cut short an unusually brilliant career.

George H. Locke, '93, another classics man, was engaged in teaching for a few years, and then entered the publishing

house of Ginn & Co., Boston. He is now head of the Toronto Public Library. He has recently been elected Honorary President of the Lit. for next year.

Two names appear for '94. W. L. Sargent, who was first elected was forced to give up his course on account of illness, and A. A. Shepard was elected to fill his place. The latter is now practising medicine in Sault Ste. Marie.

J. F. Boyce, '95, is now living in Red Deer, Alta.

S. C. Moore, '96, entered the ministry, and is now stationed at Medcalf St. Church, Oshawa.

J. C. Reid, '97, carried the Stick around with him more than most holders, and spent many anxious moments when his friends misappropriated it. He, too, entered the ministry, and is now preaching at Wallaceburg.

R. J. Dobson, '98, answered the call of the West, and according to the last account was engaged in the teaching profession.

T. W. Walker, '99, is now practising medicine in Saskatoon.

W. J. M. Cragg, the representative of the famous "century class" is now a missionary to Japan.

R. J. McCermick, '01, is preaching at Holmesville, Ont.

J. H. Fowler, '02, a famous athlete and athletic editor of ACTA, entered the ministry, but later returned to his first love, and is now sporting editor of one of the London papers.

J. H. Fowler, '03, is a Y.M.C.A. missionary, now on furlough.

F. W. K. Harris, '04, is a Presbyterian minister.

W. A. Walden, '05, is stationed at Point Edward, Ont.

G. A. Archibald, '06, son of Inspector Archibald, is now practising law in the city.

H. W. Baker, '07, is practising medicine at 588 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

A. O. W. Foreman, '08, is preaching at Allenford, Ont.

J. K. Ockley, '09, is now managing the business of Seaman, Kent and Co., at Fort William, Ont.

G. W. Adams, '10, is in a law office in the city.

W. Moorehouse, '11, is Y.M.C.A. secretary at Welland, Ont.

W. W. Evans, '12, is in his second year at Osgoode Hall.

J. D. Robins, '13, is the present holder of the Stick.

Finally, to W. M. Smith, '14, who has been elected to carry the Stick next year, ACTA extends its heartiest congratulations.

This very fragmentary account has been compiled from some old numbers of ACTA, and from information furnished by the Registrar and other members of the staff. In a later issue we hope to publish a list of the ladies who have held the office of Senior Stick.

Births

Jolliffe.—In West China, on Jan. 2, 1913, to Rev. and Mrs. R. O. Jolliffe, a son, Charles Dunfield.

Jolliffe.—In Aultsville, Ont., on Jan. 6, 1913, to Rev. and Mrs. C. J. P. Jolliffe, a son, Richard Orlando.

Pike.—On Feb. 19th, to Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Pike of the Methodist Ruthenian Mission, Edmonton, a W. M. S. missionary (not yet under appointment.)

Aldridge.—On February 8th, at the Methodist parsonage, Elmvale, Ont., to Rev. and Mrs. W. G. Aldridge, a daughter.

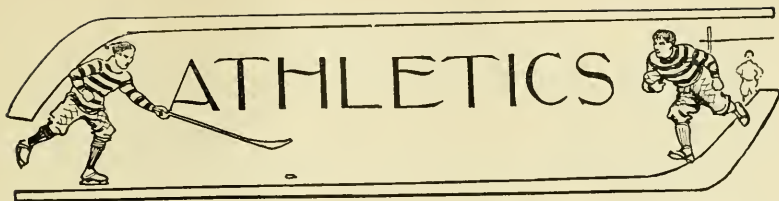
Toye.—At the Methodist parsonage, Hillsdale, on March 2nd, to Rev. and Mrs. E. Harold Toye, a son.

Exchanges

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Arbor*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Western University Gazette*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Queen's Journal*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Gateway*, *The Student*, *O. A. C. Review*, *box Wesleyana*, *Lux Columbian*, *The Mitre*, *Oxford Magazine*, *Trinity University Review*.

Under the heading "What is wrong with our examinations," a writer in the March Number of the *Arbor* discusses an evil which impresses itself upon us with increasing insistence at this time of the year. While agreeing with him in deploring the amount of cramming and useless waste of brain-cells that exists under the present system, we cannot think that the proposed remedy would be productive of a race seeking after knowledge for its own sake. Briefly, he advocates less "cataclysmic" tests at intervals throughout the year, together with a greater number of essays. Such a system, we believe, would seriously interfere with the regularity of our every-day life. If a man has an examination in geology imminent, geology becomes his sole intellectual food for the preceding days; he skips his lectures and, if necessary, foregoes all athletic and social affairs. This is abundantly illustrated by the tests on Summer Reading, for which most people prepare by cramming the subject for the greater part of the first week of term. If anywhere, the remedy is to be sought in the character of the papers set in May, in many of which questions appear which could be adequately answered with ten minutes preparation. Who of us has not experienced a feeling of unholy glee on discovering an important question on some trivial point that he looked up just before starting for the examination hall?

The writer further says that a whole year's work cannot be tested in a single afternoon when the candidate may not be in the best health and spirits. This may be true as regards an individual paper, but we maintain that experience has shown that by adding the results of twelve or fifteen papers together a very fair estimate of the candidates ability may be obtained. Furthermore examinations provide a kind of mental training that no other system could give us. Those of us who go into journalism will not be able to go out for a walk whenever the muse proves elusive; those of us who become K.C.'s will not be able to postpone getting up a case and go off to watch a rugby game whenever we are not feeling in the best health or spirits; so why not get some practise while we are students in keeping our nose to the grindstone and learning to think quickly and clearly when under severe pressure? Long live the May examinations!



Much as we should like to print the whole of the Secretary's report at the annual meeting, lack of space prevents us. The following, however, are extracts of especial interest and importance.

"Taking everything into consideration, the students of Victoria College have no reason to be ashamed of the records achieved by the College teams in inter-faculty sports this year. I think that the high standard set for the past four years has been kept up again. While we have won only one cup, we have been in the finals or semi-finals in nearly every sport, and the team which beat us has almost without exception, won the championship."

"Concerning the financial condition there is nothing for me to say. The report of the treasurer of the Union and of the Rink committee, you have just heard, and it is needless for me to refer to it further. You all know the extent of the burden placed on the Athletic Union by the erection of our new gym. and rink building. Judging from what I have heard it has supplied a long-felt want at Victoria—the use of a proper floor for our teams to practise on and to get into the best physical condition. In my own opinion I feel confident that some of you men here to-day will, before you graduate, see the society free from this indebtedness."

The report then goes on to mention the work done in the various branches of College sport. The following item is of especial interest: "The Executive hopes by next fall (Ladies Aid note this) to have another handball court ready of equal size to the present one."

"The skating party conducted this year by the Union is not so long past as to be forgotten by the majority of you who were there. This is only the second one that the Union has given, and I leave it to you to judge whether it was a success or not."

The following is the Treasurer's report for 1912-13:—

Balance on hand	\$1,909 71	
Total receipts	475 75	
	<hr/>	\$2,385 46
Expenditures		\$2,254 07
		<hr/>
Balance		<u>\$131 39</u>

Rink Committee's report.

Receipts	\$5,316 00
Expenditures:	
Wages	\$625 00
Band	\$391 00
Help	\$234 00
Wiring and Lighting	\$589 00
Sundries	\$524 00
	<hr/>
	\$2,363 00
	<hr/>
Net receipts	<u>\$2,953 00</u>

From these receipts there are still to be deducted outstanding accounts which amount to about \$225.00, leaving a final surplus of a little over \$2,700.00.

The following figures give the financial obligations of the Union for the new building:

Cost of building	\$12,862 79
Paid:	
Borrowed from National Trust Co.	\$8,250 00
Athletic Union	\$2,700 00
	<hr/>
	<u>\$10,950 00</u>

This leaves a balance of \$1,912.79 to be paid out of the Rink receipts. The \$8,250.00 borrowed from the National Trust Company is to be paid off within five years.

In regard to the Rink Committee's report it must be mentioned that over \$600.00 was expended in permanent fixtures, notably the flaring arc lights, of which future managements

will be able to avail themselves. This expense will not be entailed again, so large surpluses may be expected for future seasons.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. H. L. Roberts, who had the misfortune to break his leg some time ago. We trust to see him around again soon.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY.

(Omitted from last month's issue owing to lack of space.)

Owing to the mild weather in January the Inter-year hockey schedule was not played till the end of February. The first game took place between the Fourth and Second years, resulting in a win for the former team by a score of four to two. Ten minutes overtime was required. Sanderson has not recovered yet. He spent all the next day telling everybody how it happened. The teams lined up as follows:—

Seniors: Wheeler, Armstrong, Jeffries, Duggan, Burwash, Huyeke, Birks.

Sophomores: Brown, Sanderson, McKenzie, C. Duggan, Myers, Watson, Courtnage.

The Freshmen surprised themselves and everyone else by defeating the Juniors six to five in ten minutes overtime. The Juniors seemed to have the game won at half-time, with a three goal lead, but the Freshmen outlasted them. The Juniors much-vaunted speed was not apparent on the small ice. It is hard to pick the stars. The Third year did not have any, while the Freshmen had seven. The line-up:

Freshmen: Willmott, Magwood, Campbell, Adams, Bennett, Benedict, Jameson.

Juniors: Jeffs, Burt, Allen, MacDowell, McCamus, Rodd, Willows.

In a burlesque exhibition the Seniors defeated the Theologs. Herbie Latimer was the most strenuous wood-chopper on the Theologs line-up. After the game the fence had to be repaired in several places, where the redoubtable Herb had come in contact with it. Ernie Hunter was the best hockey player on the Theolog's team. The Seniors presented their usual line-up, while the C. T's. were as follows: Campbell, Raymer, Latimer, P. Brown (ringer), Pound, Richardson, Hunter.

The final was played on Feb. 27th, between the Seniors and Freshmen, and resulted in a win for the latter, three to one. This was some consolation to the Juniors. It was the best game of the series and was closely contested, but the Freshmen had more "pep." Marmaduke Pearson wanted to referee but was debarred. He had given great satisfaction in the Junior—Freshmen game (to the Freshmen). Burt refereed, and made them play clean hockey all the time:

Seniors: Wheeler, Armstrong, Jeffries, Duggan, Burwash, Hnyeke, Birks.

Freshmen: Hamilton, Magwood, Campbell, Adams, Bowles, Bennett, Jameson.

The Juniors immediately challenged the Freshmen to a return game for the sake of revenge. They were beaten, however, several days later, as badly as the Seniors.

Our friend "Bill," the Freshman, who has assumed the position of College Censor, would do well to examine closely into the conduct of Herbie Latimer and the Theological team in the Senior—Theolog. game. Such rough play is liable to have a bad moral effect on the students, and drag the fair name of Victoria in the dust.

BASKETBALL.

Victoria lost her last chance for annexing a second cup this year by losing to Junior Meds. in the Sifton Cup semi-finals on March 6th, by the score of 26-17. Vic. was minus Goddard, who was not played as he was objected to by the Meds. We certainly missed him. Victoria began the scoring, but our opponents soon caught up, and passed us. Bragg was especially effective for the Meds. Maines, Simpson and Brown did all of Victoria's scoring in the first half. In the second half Maines got a basket and a foul and things began to look interesting. But the Meds., Bragg and Ireland especially, came back strong, each getting a basket. Brown added a point on a foul, but just before the whistle blew the Meds. ran the score up to 26. The teams:—

Victoria: Griffith, Simpson, Brown, Maines, Booth.

Meds.: Ireland, Bragg, Wigle, Lewis, Hill.

This year with the new gym. we ran off our first inter-year basketball series. Inter-year and inter-club basketball has

brought out more men than any other sport in the college. For this reason it is especially successful and will doubtless continue to be so. There were two groups in the inter-year series. The first group comprised the Seniors, B. D.'s and Freshmen; the second, the Juniors, C. T.'s and Sophomores. Every game was interesting, and the class of basketball shown improved steadily. The final game took place between the Seniors and Juniors, winners of their respective groups. The Seniors had, undoubtedly, the better team, and won 29-10. In the first half the Seniors had nearly all the play, but their shooting was rather erratic. Half-time score, 9-5 for the Seniors. In the second half the Seniors began to find the basket and ran up 20 points to their opponents 4. Slein scored 5 baskets, while Barraclough put in 6 baskets and 3 fouls. For the Juniors Moyer did most of the scoring with 3 baskets and 3 fouls. The Seniors were better in every department. The score indicates the respective merits of the two teams. The teams:—

Juniors: Moyer, Brett, Crow, Horner, Cooke.

Seniors: Barraclough, Slein, Duggan, Burwash, and Armstrong.

The inter-year champions in handball, hockey and basketball have been presented with badges instead of medals or fobs as formerly.

The College "B" handball team not being awarded "V's" will receive shields of some sort, the exact design of which has not yet been decided upon by the Executive.

There will be no organized inter-year baseball series this spring, but there is nothing to prevent the different years from arranging games among themselves.

Prof. De Witt—"Virgil spoke of Venus' neck as being a ruddy hue. It couldn't have been a real red. More likely it was merely a variety of Colgate pink."

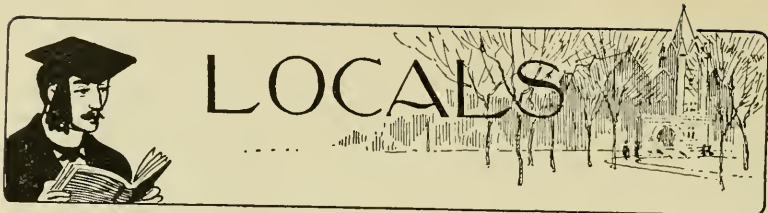
Chorus of Enthusiasts—"Let's all go to the bazaar to-night, fellows."

Southcombe, '14—"Why, that's the *dearest* place in town."

After "The Blue Bird" matinee—

Ch—s—lm—Miss Phonetics?

Cl—p—r—n—No—Miss X.



Mr. Auger—"I hope you're not forgetting your roast beef course. Johnson is the roast beef course and you might call Burns the ice-cream course."

Miss McDonald, '14—"Gee, I'm still in the soup."

Miss Flanders (in the Latin class)—"Is it time to turn the page yet?"

M. de Champ (hearing a great racket in the hall)—"Is that the suffragettes or Monsieur Sissons?"

Miss Morgan, '14 (after tumble on rink)—"That was quite a spread we had."

Mr. Fenton—"Yes, you could almost call it a banquet."

Miss Morgan—"But I'm glad its repast."

Mr. Auger (lecturing on English)—"One thing Richardson did know and that was feminine style, if there is such a thing."

Jack Moyer, '14 (overheard at bazaar)—"I'd never marry a girl for money, and yet rather than have her be an old maid on that account, I'd have her."

Prof. Hume, *re* morality of Crusaders—"I'll venture to say Richard the Lion-hearted didn't wear out the seat of his pants by too much praying."

H. Ford, '13—"I'm just crazy to go to the bazaar."

McCamus, '14—"You certainly are."

Mr. Burt, '14, (reading history essay)—"Stealing was common and also marriage for money."

Mr. Sissons—"Why do you connect those two statements?"

Miss Newton, '15—"Say do you *partir de* anywhere?"

Student (collecting for missions)—"Not till I get the money."

Mr. Auger—"Tony Lumpkin and his companions sing a very rummy song in an inn."

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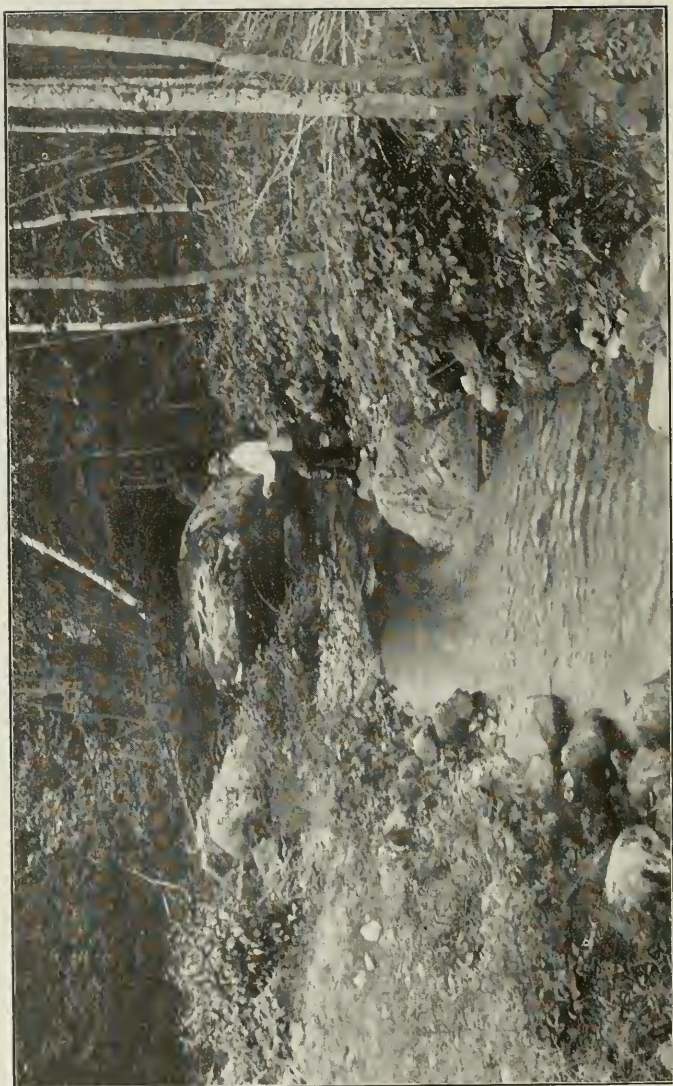
ACTA VICTORIANA



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A Joy Forever

ACTA VICTORIANA

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TORONTO, JUNE, 1913.

NO. 8

If I Could Sing

If I could sing, I would sing like a bird,
Some dear wild bird in its leafy home,
And set its clear notes to thoughts only heard
When night-winds whisper as far they roam
With fairy-like fleetness to drink in the sweetness
Of dew-sprinkled blossoms and earth-scented loam.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the birds,
And set their sweet music to heavenly words.

If I could sing, I would sing like the brook,
Wooing the grasses out in the sun,
With the soft, cool breath of the hillside nook,
Where from its crevice each drop is won
By soft calls to rally and haste to the valley,
When spring's radiant gladness is only begun.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing like the brook,
As it dances in joy from its hillside nook.

If I could sing, I would sing in the night,—
The moonbeams vanished, and stars gone out,—
When the gloom's astir with ghosts of the light,
And creeping stillness is all about;
Then with my glad singing, my spirit outwinging
The forces of evil, I'd put them to rout.
Oh! if I could sing, I would sing in the night,
And triumph o'er darkness with songs of the light.

— C. S.

The Class Prophecy

From Act V. of the Historio-Prophetical Play Presented at the Senior Reception.

Scene—An Ice Cavern in the Far North. Personæ—The Three Weird Sisters.

Altalina Cook will be an ambassador of world-wide reputation,
To be sent from Canada to the Peace Conference delegation,
 The leading genius there she'll be,
 For when all join hands in unity,
A shout will come from King, Kaiser and Shah:
 '13 Victoria. Rah! Rah! Rah!

Bee Crawforth in wisdom's path shall walk,
 A Latin professor she'll be;
On Livy and Horace for hours she'll talk,
 And charm all her students to glee.

And what of Bessie Spence—the brightest light of all?
A Salvation Army lassie of impassioned eloquence,
She'll preach the cause of temperance far and near,
So witty and so winning, is sweet, charming Bessie Spence,
All the toppers from the devil's clutch she'll snatch,
 On Lake Ontario's beach
 She'll make her little speech—
“My father sent me from Victoria,
And resolved that I should make you men,
And so I have come down from my dear old college town,
Oh, wicked liquor never touch again!”

A charming little lawyer will dwell in Baltimore,
Wyn Bunting her name, she'll count her triumphs by the score.
In repartee unequalled, in logic terse and bright,
She'll win in every case, and will always stand for right.
A book she will write of volumes a hundred or two,
Entitled, “You never do anything you don't want to do.”

Jean Burns will be a woman policeman,
 The biggest of heart and readiest of wit,
 Who, when the duties of the day are over,
 With many a ragged urchin down will sit,
 Will help them dress their dolls and think she is in clover.

Wyn Phelps will head in France a dramatic company.
 And be known throughout the land as the queen of tragedy.
 Being swift in composition, she'll write a play a day.
 And act them in the evening, and carry the house away.
 The most famous of her plays will be a tragedy of fate,
 Called "9.30 Cocoa and Biscuits," or "Amesley Night Piece
 for the Great."

Leda Snider, better known to the world as Dr. John Thomas
 Henry,
 A medical missionary in the heart of Africa will be;
 She'll treat the natives' aches and pains, and mix them a dose of
 ethics,
 And teach them better morals, and never to drink green tea.

Beta Kettlewell a paddler and a diver strong shall be;
 In the deep, pellucid waters she will search for mermaids free,
 Embrace them with delight and bring them to the rink,
 And transform them into hockeyites the best that you can think.

Edythe Henderson, believe me,—
 Naught can daunt that cheerful courage,
 O that brave and patient courage,
 I behold thee in a wigwam,
 In a smoky, deerskin wigwam,
 And around thee, rapt, adoring,
 Sit our sisters, the Ojibways;
 And thou teachest them new lessons—
 How to wield woman's gentle sceptre—
 How to fire men's hearts with daring—
 How to melt men's hearts with kindness!
Oh, my stars! how they adore thee!

Miriam Burwash, just for sport one day
 Will skate to the North Pole; then down that Pole
 Will slide, and far away through the earth's core
 Will speed to regions sulphureous and vast;
 Hear Cerberus bark and Orpheus sing, and then
 To the South Pole will come; a Vic pennant will leave there,
 And back home to Liskeard in glee will repair.

Florence Flanagan will invent a ship of ætherium,
 So light it will sail to regions empyrean,
 Or, freighted with air, sink to lowest depths of ocean,
 Or sail along the surface like a liner in motion.
 Thus astronomical phenomena she'll discern in the heights,
 And paleontological researches, when on ocean's bed she lights.

Leila Douglas, being seized with the divinest wanderlust,
 O'er earth and sea will travel in the endless search for truth.
 At last from off the highest peak of the Himalayan range,
 An eagle bold will catch her up and carry her off to the stars,
 And she'll find her precious truth enthroned in the mysterious
 planet Mars.

A professor Teutonic of romantic morphology,
 Belle Clemens so will lecture that students will learn with glee.
 Mittel Hoch Deutch, Old English verbs and French etymology,
 While Messrs. Skeat and Sweet her boon companions will be.

An ideal villa will be seen in the vales of Provençal,
 A scene of Doric grandeur, every heart it will enthrall.
 "Mare Fustes," on the door-post, all who enter in the Hall,
 Will find a charming hostess, the cynosure of all.
 Thora Hutton the presiding genius there will be,
 And will make her guests all happy with some buttered toast
 and tea.

Bessie McCamus, I see thy bright spirit
 Shedding its radiance in China's New Day.
 Pekin University 'll bow to thy merit;
 Thou'lt lead the Celestials in the heavenly way.

Emily Gilroy, your life is a poem;
 You live to bring joy where your shadow shall fall;
 A deaconess bonnet your temple encircles,
 And cheerfulness wraps you around like a shawl.
 In the slums of Toronto you'll make yourself famous,
 Enthusing the wicked with love for all good;
 You will teach the poor ignorant wretches around you,
 To get without trouble a fine B.A. hood.

Dr. Billie Wilson will be the busiest physician in the world;
 In her aerocycle up to Mars in a second of time'll be whirled.
 She'll treat the little Marsites—cut out their brain-pans while
 they wait;
 Pay a flying visit to Saturn, and back to earth gyrate,
 And here she'll be kept at work apace,
 Injecting a larger "humerus" into the human race.

In Florence, Gertrude Cruickshank will have her studio,
 A friend of the shades of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.
 Great works on Titian she shall write—Raphael and Angelo;
 The joy of struggling artists in this world below.

Jessie Clement on Arabian sands will make her Parnassian site,
 To dwell in lonely grandeur there, an athletic eremite;
 Hockey solitaire she'll play, and tennis half the night,
 And in the wee small hours learned treatises will write.

Margaret Owen will be a professional skater,
 To teach hockey to natives down at the equator;
 On artificial ice they'll skate the livelong day,
 With gymnastic monkeys to root and enliven the play.

Nan Merritt will be a sailor in the celestial height;
 With her famous "Flysky" wings she'll soar to realms of light.
 An initial G. B. and she'll soar out of sight.
 Then kind o' careless like 'll go floatin' round and round,
 All day, and hear celestial spheres, with music in their sound,
 Declare she is the brightest thing they'd ever cast their orbs
 upon.

Ida Oldham will found an orphanage,
And poor little urchins of every kind keep;
Every trouble they have and grief she'll assuage,
And pile jam on their bread, and sing them to sleep.

Rennie Evans will instruct them in a university
On the mysteries of physics and of squares.
But her time won't be devoted so exclusively to these;
She'll be busy at most everything in spares.

To every city where she'll come,
Evelyn Cloke will leave not a single slum;
If money she lack as a social reformer,
In comedy she will become a performer,
And so in this way by attracting all eyes,
She'll raise the needed money for every high emprise.

See, there mounts into the rostrum, Louise Cuthbertson, the
bold,
Gleaming eye, and burning rhetoric, Onety-Three entranced
hold.
The dead languages are reeking! Can't you smell them? It's
a shame;
Deep as Erebus let's inter them! Play up! Play up! and Play
the game!

A philanthropist of magic charms and graces,
The Alabama coons Mae Finch will keep in their proper places;
From each a grin she'll gain as they try to pick their cotton,
For she will soothe those precious coons so their troubles will
be forgotten.
When they are tired and weary, and sunshine seems out of
their reach,
A South Carolina break-down she'll take pleasure them to
teach.

Edna Matthews—Hair Dresser and Palmist—so will run her
 sign,
 She'll read your hand and do your hair in a minimum of time.
 In fashion she'll produce a stupendous innovation,
 To be known to all posterity as the Berenician constellation;
 Hair piled on hair so high.
 That the uplifted head-gear will reach unto the sky.

Florence Blatchford will start on a tour round the world;
 In Southern seas will be shipwrecked, and on an unknown
 island hurled;
 Will captivate the natives, who will choose her as their queen;
 A Utopian land she'll make it, such as never before was seen,
 Where people love their sovereign, and dwell in harmony;
 Where women 'll make the laws and vote, and where crime
 you'll never see.

Alma Crawforth will be famous as a civil engineer;
 She will plan to build a mighty railroad track,
 Where a train will cross the Andes to Vancouver and Japan.
 And will do it in five minutes there and back.

Edna Stenton a very great singer will be,
 She'll travel in concerts o'er land and o'er sea;
 She'll be received at courts as a great celebrity.
 And'll run around the world with the queen of Hungary.

Marjorie Colbeck will become a classic excavator,
 Than all the other diggers she'll be a little later;
 Among the ruins at Pompeii she'll find a happy-faced petrified
 youth,
 Clutching at a parchment as though it were the incarnation of
 truth.
 With joy she'll translate it from Latin to find
 It's the thing she's been searching from time out of mind:
 An idyllic work of great erudition—
 A key to all phases of Greek composition.

Ruth K. Neff will be teaching a Household Science Class
How to cook in a most scientific way;
They'll use scientific kettles, and scientific spoons,
And from fright a germ will scarcely dare to stay.

Margaret Holmes will be a spiritualist to call up from realms
of night,
With whisperings weird and witching many a ghostly, ghastly
sprite,
And shades of friends of yore from Whitby O. L. C.
Will spookily glide before her in mystic revelry.

Corra Eakins a militant suffragette will be,
Who'll fight 'gainst all the fossils, and windows will smash with
glee;
She'll never swerve from right, nor look for recompense,
But right will always follow in the scorn of consequence.

Rowena Allison will smile with joy the whole day long,
With the knowledge of a quite perennial youth,
But with no Italian lectures left to skip as heretofore,
Her smile may grow a little forced forsooth.

Vi Whitney of renown
Will settle in a town
That's nameless here,
And modestly await
The nation's delegate,
Who brings her "cheer."

For famous she will be,
A great authority
On birds and things
On this you may rely,
She'll know the name, my eye!
Of every fowl that sings.

And novels will she write—
 We will sit up all night
 To read them through;
 Her characters, it seems,
 Will have *the strangest dreams*—
 They'll thrill you too.

A packet she will keep
 Away where none may peep,
 Or there they'd see
 This "Pome" she holds dear,
 And with it, ah! I fear,
 A French morphology.

Fred Ainsworth still reforms the world,
 Semitic fury from his lips is hurled,
 Nor ever is his banner furled.

And, Sister, how appeareth Armstrong now?

In mien an Esculapius,
 But as of yore pugnacious;
 A mighty man of science he,
 By his scalpel bright
 A thousand, thousand guinea pigs
 The dust did bite.

And Banting?

Oh! still he smiles that quiet smile,
 And trustful patients doth beguile,
 Counting their green-backs by the mile.

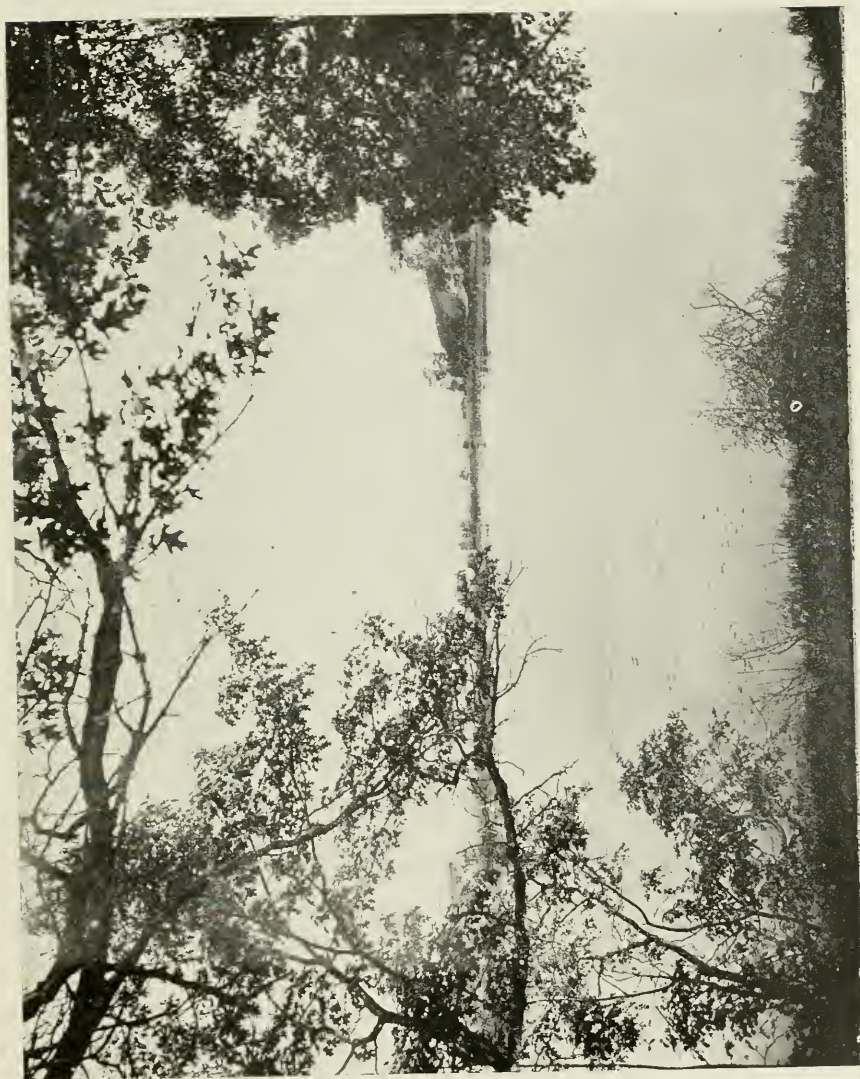
Now Barraclough, tall, grim, I sec.
 Upon Newfoundland's coast he stands,
 The Noëbel prize tight in his hands
 Was won by knife-work on the Cree.

The vagrant winds have tossed before me a copy of the *Christian Guardian*, January 29th, 1939. What saith this glaring caption? "Appointment to Secretaryship of International Association of Federated Missionary Air Ships, united and banded together for the propagation of the Gospel amid heathen breezes—Kenneth J. Beaton, B.A."

Sister, thou hast overlooked yet another scrap of deep moment. Thus speaketh the *Brantford Gazette*: "The Rt. Hon. Justice R. T. Birks, K.C., has been summoned before the Supreme Court of the Methodist Church for breaking into the gravity of the Annual Conference Session. This brilliant leader of the Young Layman's Progressive Movement, affectionately styled "Silver-Locks" by his followers, manoeuvred a clever ruse in the midst of this morning's session, by which he drew the fire of the Militant Fogies upon himself, thus fanning into the flames of actual combat the long smouldering fires of internecine antagonism. The scene was intensely dramatic. Rising to present a motion at 11 a.m. he began to illustrate. Story followed story. The house grew so still that the fall of a peppermint drop on a velvet cushion was distinctly audible at a hundred yards. The hostile chairman, leader of the opposing faction, was held spellbound for an hour; during which time the latitudinal expansion of his mouth continued without intermission till, at the stroke of twelve, at the climax of one of the Judge's inimitable narrations a sudden dry rattle was heard. The Chairman grabbed frantically for his false teeth. Instantly roused to the appreciation of the situation he brought the gavel down with a tremendous crash. As a man the opposing faction sprang to their feet. Wild confusion ensued, but it is predicted that the victory will remain with the younger set.

Sister, through the swirling snows there stalks a mighty form. Ah, it is none other than Cliff Brown. For many a year, by snowshoe, canoe and dog-train he has roamed the vast expanses of the north country. In him that frozen land has found a true benefactor, a Home Missionary—genial, earnest, and devoted. There he goes now with his dog-train.

1907



"Where Smiles the Lake"

On what errand bent?

He is on an expedition to organize an Independent Party among the Fathead Indians. As he strides forward cracking his whip he sings a song, and the dying echoes repeat the refrain, R. P. P., R. P. P., as he slowly disappears to view.

Nay, Sister, but who is this?

Percy Brown, I wist.

Is't possible? How changed! Those flowing silvery sideburns and that plump waistcoat betoken a Philanthropist indeed.

O Sister, thou art right! He has discovered the football gland, the seat of the American Rugby fever. From the Atlantic to the Pacific he tours the continent in a private car. Amid the salvos of a devoted people he removes the wicked gland for a consideration of \$150 from prospective college students that their fond families may pass the nightly watches in peaceful slumber unhaunted by horrid visions of fractured ribs.

Ugh! It's cold! Here's Frank Buchanan on the upper waters of the Peace River organizing Y. M. C. A.'s, Western Clubs, and Democratic Organ Recitals at the Fur Trading Posts. From the Rockies and Alaska to Hudson's Bay he is the prophet and apostle of the Esquimaux, and in the Dominion Parliament as well as on the Western plains he is known and revered as their father.

See, Sister, there's Harold Burwash. He has just got back from Whitby and has accepted a position at the head of a large business firm. As a bye-product they manufacture the "Young Man's Boon," or "A Cure for Excessive Modesty." His largest shipments are to Burwash Hall, where the cure was in great demand among the Freshmen of the year 1933.

Ha! ha!

Will Coutts, of Knox College, is Dean.

His like *there* has never been seen.

He lectures in Greek

But his Theology's weak.

As for handball alone he is keen.

Behold L. C. Cox, the Ultima Thule. He is the greatest living authority on Sanskrit and the whole tribe of defunct languages. Eight months of the year he spends in a secluded monastery in Thibet under the shadow of Mount Kinchinjunga, deeply engrossed in the study of Sanskrit variations on Buddhistic monuments. During the summer months he escapes by a process of re-incarnation known only to himself, and can then often be found at Monte Carlo, where he is the most reckless and daring exponent of the Single Throw System.

After he had finished writing his book on the History of French Literature, which he dedicated to Professor C. G. Bowmanovo, of the University of Venezuela, Professor George Coyne, LL.D., set out touring the world with his Old Boys' Hand Ball Team. They have been victorious everywhere lately, putting it all over the Bedouin Firsts of the Eastern Sahara Club at the Pyramids. The Arabs complained that the victory was due to George's feet, but such contention is ever to be treated as the envious and invidious cry of the defeated.

(Briskly) Davis is a Doctor now,
 And lives in Timbuctoodle;
 He wears a collar like a dude,
 And keeps a cow and poodle.

Professor Davidson has just electrified the whole scientific world by the announcement of a great discovery. He believes that politics and chemistry are closely related, and has spent the greater part of his life in research work in a secluded cell by the mournful waters of Lake Ontario. After a minute investigation of the juices of the turnip he has evolved a serum, which, injected into the base of the aldermanic brain, produces marvellous excitation and activity in municipal corporations. Needless to say, Professor Davidson is in great demand throughout the country.

James Dempster won the Prince of Wales Medal when he graduated. Since then, however, he has changed his mode of life. With the noble aim and intent of becoming a true bene-

factor of mankind, he has retired to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, where he has established an immense bakery. Combining use with true philanthropy, he makes his bread in the shape of miniature men, by which means he hopes to win over the Pigmies, Bushmen, Hottentots and other inhabitants of central Africa from their cannibalistic habits.

Samuel Gervin Devitt, Ph.D., D.D., pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Lindsay, will give a course of lectures for the next three years in Victoria College on "The Value of Classical Embellishments as Illustrations in Sermons to Children." As a result of past efforts in this direction the study of Latin Classics has been greatly emphasized among the theological group at the College, and the Fathers of the Church have witnessed a certain paganistic tendency in the sermons of the younger probationers with much solicitous alarm.

Where is Walter Donnelley?

What! that monstrous encyclopedic Mind! Where can he be? Ah, I see him. He is in the centre of yon sinister crater. In the midst of that circle of threatening cliffs composed entirely of tomes that he has duly synopsisized and memorized he sits secure. With a windy sigh he rises to his feet. He is about to speak. . . . Haste, Sister, who is next?

Sister, R. Broddy Duggan, K.C., D.C.L., doth next appear, with an instrument for the propulsion of the arrant ball clutched tightly in his hand. In his spare moments he is head of the Ontario S. S. Alliance and a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria College. He has at last persuaded Dr. Carman to allow him to introduce a course in dancing for the benefit of prospective preachers.

Harry Ford is still a Grit
 Though he's become a parson.
 To Parliament he's found his way;
 He leads the Clericals, they say,
 And is a puissant garçon.

H. G. Forster's latest work has been hailed with great delight. It is entitled the Fundamental Psychological Treatise on the Essential and Ultimate Religion; or, I Love a Lassie.

H. H. Frost, M.K. (Master of the Kitchen) has charge of the Culinary Department of Belleville College. He obtained the position through the influence of his wife, and seems quite happy. He spends his summer holidays doing missionary work in China.

What! Is that Fryer? Oh, I fear me! I fear me! Will he drown? So small a boat! Only a canoe, and in the Amazon River. What is he seeking? The South American Progenitor of the Canadian Family Cabbage, Garden Variety. Dulce et Decorum est pro Cabbegio Petire.

J. G. Glover runs a Mission
For the poor exiled Galician.
Hebrew made the language easy;
Marrying one, he's no small cheese; he
Likes their gentle ways.

H. J. Goodyear has at last been successful in damming the Straits of Belle Isle. This project, requiring six and a half million dollars, has been floated entirely on bonds guaranteed by Toronto real estate. As a token of gratitude, Newfoundland has sent him as a missionary to Japan.

F. T. Graham, B.A.D. (Business Card). Pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle. Real Estate Bought and Sold. Agent for Thompson's Life Songs. Boys' Camp Bonds at Par. Cobalt Stocks on Margin. Standard Dictionary of Facts.

T. E. Greer, Lieut.-Gov. of the Yukon, has established an alley board in the dining-room of the Parliament Buildings. He is still Corporation Lawyer for *Jack Canuck* and the *Calgary Eye Opener*, and has deep sympathy for all business managers.

G. L. Hagen I see head of a monastery on the top of Mount Sir Donald. Thence he peers upon the petty antics of the human race. He seldom comes below the snow line, and then only to get a fresh set of Carlyle.

Mr. Holmes has constructed an incubator on the back of his 160 h.p. Cadillac. It is heated from the exhaust of the engine. As of old he does his own brooding.

Senator W. F. Huyeke has been Editor of the *Globe* since 1922. He draws freely on Classics for editorials, and explains all crises through Plato. He bought his Senatorship through a lampoon on Sir James Whitney.

W. P. E. James, after serious consideration, left the ministry to go into the manufacture of red ties to serve as illuminators for college men's sermons. He feels he is called to this work.

W. E. W. Hatty. From the Lost and Found Column, Downsview *Mercury*. Lost: Two Jots and one Tittle. Finder please return to W. E. W. Hatty.

H. C. Jeffries. I fear to look upon his face. Judge Jeffries, D.C.L., LL.D., Head of the Supreme Court. His very smile carries with it the issues of life and death.

I hear an aristocratic voice echoing in the corridors of time. Ah, it is the same nose and the same hair-cut. Fletch. Kerr is drawing out a Ciceronian Period to the Temperance Convention in Dawson City. Pax vobiscum.

John Line I see. John did not get by District Meeting, so he has founded a new religious Society Centring in the Ultimate Rationality of all Ratiocination. Kant has been put completely in the shade.

W. J. Little. I see the court of all the nations of the world. There moves a figure with easy grace. It is the great diplomat

W. J. L. He is soliciting votes for the next rally of the Democratic party. . . . Hush!!!

McAndless. A man of science. Now an authority on Household Science. Married and settled down.

Where's Glad McKee?

Oh, he and Joe Stewart and Jimmy Stillwell are out together in mission work. They are a great trio. Glad pulls off the music, Jimmy the athletic stunt, and Joe rounds them up. Their last stand in Mexico City was an all-night stand and a great success.

A. P. McKenzie. I see him head of an Institutional Church in Koshumisco, Japan. His church walls are illustrated with scenery of the Modern Language Club. He never preaches, but has trained a corps of probationers to present each Sunday some phase of truth in dramatic form. This is meeting with wonderful success.

W. J. Mumford, M.A., Ph.D., has recently been engaged in research work in Babylon. He found a Daghesh lene. This proves that Saul consulted the witch.

Professor N. L. Murch, Lit.D., has just returned from his last continental tour. He now advocates the inclusion of Teutonic Philology in a simplified form into the Public School curriculum, by which means he hopes to develop the plastic vocal organs of youthful Canadians and render easy the future assimilation of foreign languages. Though, upon acceptance of a Professorship in the University of Saskatoon Professor Murch retired from active concert work, he is still recognized as a leader in the musical world, and has been lately approached by a group of German diplomats with a view to persuading him to accept at least an honorary position in the National Conservatory of Music in Berlin.

J. R. Peters. Still favorably known as the founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Probationers.

Ah, Sister, how memorable are the times! Canada and the Twentieth Century have produced a second Chrysostom. The Poet Laureate has returned from his Hawaiian winter home, and far and near the churches and cathedrals fill to overflowing at his approach. His Sapphic Rhapsodies few but the elect may understand, yet are the bookstalls crowded with the ardent purchasers. Lady Phelps, the Hawaiian heiress, is this year the leader of fashion at the capital.

J. D. Robins, having at length perfected his electron theory, is now travelling Luther-wise from one stronghold of learning to another boldly facing the gowned Doctors in single-handed debate. Proffered honors and degrees he has disdained by scores. Theology and Science rage unutterably, but through the chaos a calm voice goes evenly forward and declares that the seeming differentiations of the universe are but the variant motions of the vagrant and mystic essence, the All-Pervading, the All-Ruling, the ULTRA ELECTRON. Hitherto the Doctors of all sciences have bit the dust before him with the suddenness of maudlin ninepins, and we predict that this process will continue till he is left supreme monarch of the Valley of Dead Bones.

J. A. D. Slemin. Under his able generalship Canada has defeated the Yankees at their national game and at last leads the world. The King of Siam, and various other potentates, hearing of his fame, have sent their sons to Canada that they may become his disciples. This, though doubtless very flattering, has proved inconvenient, and Mr. Slemin has applied to the Government, who are about to reply to his request by enforcing the immigration laws more strictly.

A. L. Smith, Ph.D., D.D., is pastor of the greatest downtown church in the world, situated in the city of Winnipeg. Every social need is anticipated and provided for in this immense building, which covers nearly three acres of city blocks. From the beautiful day nurseries for the children of the poor upon the ground floor to the lofty astronomical towers fitted up for stray misogenists pining for lunar observations, every legi-

timate want of man is amply met. His success has been so great that whole tribes of Magyars and Lithuanians hearing of it have travelled half-way round the globe to offer themselves as free subjects for experiment.

Sister, where is that great mathematician who calculated the amount of force expended by all the politicians of Great Britain in all the political speeches delivered in the Houses of Parliament from the days of Alfred the Great?

Oh, "Gauley" ("Golly"), he went out fifteen years ago.

What is that verse I hear murmured by the thoughtless winds? Methinks I have heard it before. It soundeth like

Break, break, break,

On thy cold grey stones, O Hazen . . .

But what on earth is he doing, Sister?

He has been digging for the Original Philosophical Fossil near the Mountains of the Moon in central Africa.

And here is Ireland, plugging away as hard as ever. He has absorbed most of the human knowledge in sight and has been plugging away at Mars by the aid of a telescope until the doctors have been obliged to encircle his skull with silver wire.

Reg. Smith, having spent twenty years on a thorough study of Eugenics, has decided to remain single.

J. H. Stoneman is Conservative Whip of the Independent Party in the Alberta Legislature. He spends fifteen minutes of the noon recess training the Members to root. This has kept the party in power for the last twenty-three years.

Thomas and Warriner. I see them. The circumstance is sad. They are alone on a desert island, engaged on research work to find their next meal.

T. D. Wheeler. Winnipeg I see with Dr. Wheeler its pre-eminent physician. He owns and operates a gasoline launch. Still fusses inveterately and indulges in an occasional holiday

selling newspapers. Hitherto his friends have prevented him from solo singing, but alas! I see their influence is on the wane.

Andy Wise. Sh! . . . It is heaven that I see. Oh, wondrous sight, but there is no peace there! All becomes uproar and confusion. The place is frantic and St. Peter woefully flustered. It is nearing the end of the Judgment Day, and Andy has not yet arrived. All the heralds of heaven have been sent out into crying abroad for Andy Wise, late of St. Kitts, later of Victoria, and latest at the Judgment, but lo! rejoice, for he is found. He has been quietly reading a book on the Gehennic Probability and the Logical Impossibility of Heaven.

The Hermit Thrush

Have you heard the note?

There, sweet!

That is our hermit thrush;

Hark, and he will repeat.

You stand so rapt?

There, hear!

That is the purest note

Of our whole singing year.

You have them sweet,

But, hark!

Your skylark in your sky,

Can he so thrill the dark?

Or nightingale—

Her song

Makes laden sweet your dusk—

Say! does it grip so strong?

Hush! stars are out;

All dim

The woodland rooms; and here

Our thrush sings even hymn.

—A. L. P.

Some Impressions of Canadian Student Life

BY MISS RUTH ROUSE.

Federation Travelling Secretary Among Women Students.

My recent visit to Canada, January 19th to April 15th, gave me an opportunity of studying Canadian student conditions in Ontario, Quebec, the Maritime Provinces and Winnipeg. The great Northwest I did not visit, save in so far as it may be seen through Winnipeg, its gate; but the women students in the Northwest are few and scattered as yet, and, so far as the men are concerned, the students of the Canadian West have been ably sketched in *The Student World* more than once recently. Three months is none too much time to get impressions of a country so vast as Canada; still I venture a few.

No country in the world presents such a favourable field for the Student Christian Movement as the Canada of to-day. The students come from strong stock, mentally and physically, as can easily be seen by studying the history of the successive settlements of Canada. Even New Zealand has no sounder ancestry behind her students than Canada. The moral ideals of the Canadian have been and are lofty. The level of their mental work is high, even if they have not as yet produced many distinguished scholars and scientists; the university standards are high, and the Canadian Government and private citizens alike have learned from the United States the lesson of generous endowment of higher learning.

The religious life of Canadian students is healthy and vigorous. The Churches have not lost their hold on the educated young people, and Church-going and sharing in Church work are marked features of Canadian student life. The expression of their religious life takes a very practical turn; they are not interested in ecclesiastical questions neither (curiously enough, considering the strong Scotch streak in most Canadians) are they at all concerned with theological problems. An appeal never raises in them the question, What ought we to think about it? but always, What can we do about it? Foreign missions have a strong hold on their sympathies; the Student

Volunteer Band in Toronto is the largest in any university town in the world; the students constantly turn to one in ordinary conversation with questions about foreign missions; they give more largely to foreign missions than any other students I know. Again social service at home is calling to them with ever-increasing force.

There is no hostility to Christianity or to the Christian Association to be found amongst them, and amongst the women at least curiously little questioning on points of belief. Doubt is much rarer here than elsewhere. The professors and other university and college officials are almost universally favourable to the Student Christian Movement; in no country have I had so much sympathy and help from the Faculty in every college, almost without exception. Even in the universities supported by the Government there is a strong Christian atmosphere, and it is possible to hold regular university services. From many points of view, all this is encouraging, and these favourable conditions both make possible a strong Student Christian Movement, and lay upon the Canadian students a heavy responsibility to discover and carry on the peculiar mission of their Movement.

But to-day is no time for the Canadian Student Christian Movement to rest on its oars. Disturbing winds may be observed ruffling the waters on the horizon, and the Canadian leaders must take account of them. In the West, materialism, not as an expressed philosophy but as a tendency of every-day life, threatens the spiritual life of the students. The extraordinary material prosperity of the Northwest begets indifference to spiritual things. This is less true, perhaps, amongst students than any other class, but in Canada as in Australia, and for the same causes, the fight in the universities will be between materialism and the things of the spirit. Again, along the whole long southern boundary, Canada is in instant communication with the United States; the Student Young Men's Christian Associations of the two countries form one organization; the Student Young Women's Christian Associations of the two countries, though different organizations, are closely in contact with each other; students and professors pass from one country to the other, and the current of thought in the

universities of the United States cannot fail to affect Canadian students. And one of the most marked features of college life in the United States to-day, is a general, if somewhat vague and indefinite, questioning of the historic faith of Christianity.

But from Europe, too, disturbing tendencies are reaching Canada, not only through the natural intellectual intercourse between the universities of the New World and the old, but through the very immigration from Europe which Canada is admitting so freely. The immigrants and their children are bringing into Canada, and will bring later into the universities of Canada, whatever religious preconceptions, prejudices, and difficulties have been bred in them in their own lands. One Canadian professor in a large university told me that he had twenty-five young Russian Jews in his first-year class in political economy. No one who knows the conception which the Russian Jew has of Christianity can fail to see the significance of this entering wedge of a Russian Jewish invasion. In another college the women students raised with me certain intellectual difficulties about Christianity which were obviously Russian, rather than Canadian difficulties—old Kiev or Moscow friends, easily recognizable. I questioned them as to the source of these difficulties and found they had been provoked in their minds through discussions they had had with Russian factory girls, whom they had met through one of the Settlements, and to whom they were teaching English. Certain of these factory girls were evidently educated, speaking several languages, and well read in all sorts of European literature and philosophy.

Another very marked feature of Canadian life, in the universities and elsewhere, is the extraordinary development of the national spirit. Canada is self-conscious as never before, and she has never been backward in ardent patriotism. Her national consciousness is showing itself in religious movements as well as political. The Young Men's Christian Association in Canada is moving toward national organization, national conferences, and its own national secretaries, though remaining in affiliation with the International Committee, i.e., the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association for the United States and Canada. The Canadian Young Women's

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Far from the Madding Crowd

Christian Association, always an independent national organization, has during the last three years, had its own national Summer Conference, at Muskoka, instead of sending its delegates to the American Conferences. All this Canadian national spirit is healthy and natural, and, provided it avoids the snare of provincialism, can only tend to inspire and to prepare Canadian Christian students for the great tests which lie before them. What are these tests?

Canada can take a share in the evangelization of the non-Christian world out of all proportion to the number of students in her universities. It is the hand of God calling the Canadian students to a great foreign missionary task, which has brought the readiness of the Canadian student to study foreign missions, the real widespread interest in the subject, the large number of Student Volunteers, and the really strong Laymen's Missionary Movement, which can furnish the sinews of war to send forth these Volunteers. And Canadian students have proved again and again from the days of Mackay of Formosa that they have in them the stuff which makes the strong missionary. But the men and the women, as the records of student work in the East prove, have shown a particular ability to build up Student Movements among Oriental students.

It is the supreme test of the Canadian Student Christian Movement to keep this missionary fire burning more and more brightly, till the purpose of God for Canada in the evangelization of the world is fulfilled.

Canadian graduates have a task at home which calls for peculiar powers of leadership.

Consider the factors which Canada's immigration policy is calling on her to assimilate. Try to grasp the meaning of a few facts taken from "Strangers Within Our Gates," by James Woodsworth. "During the past ten years Canada has received nearly two million immigrants, of whom approximately 750,000 were from Great Britain and Ireland, and 700,000 were from the United States." Considering what a large proportion of these British immigrants come from the slums of our great cities, the British immigration alone, presents to Canada an enormous task of assimilation. But British immigration is not alone. To quote again from the same source:

"During the past eleven years, of our total immigration over twenty-six per cent. is non-English speaking. Most numerous of these are the Galicians, then the Italians, third the Hebrews, fourth those from Russia. During the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911, over twenty-one per cent. of the total immigration was non-English speaking—one out of every five a foreigner. According to numbers they stand in this order: Austro-Hungarians, Italians, Russians, Chinese, Hebrews, Swedes, Germans. According to religion they are: Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Armenian, Jewish, Protestant, Mormon, Doukhobor, Mennonite, Confucianists, Mohammedans, Sikhs, Hindus. Surely here is food for thought! . . . Our total immigration during the past eleven years has been 1,764,475; over 200,000 more than the population of all Canada with the exception of Ontario and Quebec (1901). Can we picture the rate at which we are growing—311,084 added to our population through immigration in 1910-1911? That is \$52 a day all the year round. . . . The immigration of 1910-1911 was more than double that of 1908-1909, and six times that of 1900-1901."

The assimilation problem is serious enough in the United States; we realize it there, but in Canada where we scarcely recognize its existence, it is already far more serious. To quote again: "In 1906 the immigration to the United States was about 1.4 per cent. of the population. Until recently it has not exceeded 1 per cent. Our immigration in 1911 was about 4 per cent. of our population."

Our Sunday evening in Winnipeg I went to a moving picture function at the "People's Forum," an institution held in a theatre by the "All Peoples' Mission" of the Canadian Methodist Church. There were more than 1,200 people there, almost all men, and it was not Canada, it was Europe, mostly Southeastern Europe. I could almost pick them out—Russians, Poles, Galicians, Hungarians, Greeks, Ruthenians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Armenians, Jews, Italians, Scandinavians—a babel of tongues and nationalities; and they are there, each with their national problems and virtues and vices and political and ecclesiastical preconceptions. It was a Polish night; Polish addresses and songs; a Polish boast from the platform roused a

Ruthenian Greek Catholic priest to fury, and he shouted an insult to the Poles. The row that followed brought certain scenes in Russian and Servian student meetings forcibly to mind.

What is Canada, what is the British Empire, what is the Church of Christ going to do with all these elements?

Already in their student days, young Canadians are called upon to grapple with this task of assimilation, their great "social problem." Not only are they beginning to study this home missionary problem, to share in settlement work during term time, but some of them are giving their vacations to stern grappling with some phases of this task. From Queen's University, Kingston, for example, more than one hundred women students teach school in summer in Alberta or Saskatchewan, away on the prairies; they teach in little schools, in settlements where there are from nine to twenty children all at varying stages. These schools are only open in summer. Their life is always rough, but sometimes the girls have a delightful time and are feted and are made much of. At other times they find themselves in very queer corners. Lots of them do real missionary work by starting Sunday Schools or even holding services, where there is no parson.

Many of the men do likewise in the summer, or "sky pilot" if they are theological students. Getting them to tell you about their work is like reading a chapter out of Ralph Connor's books. Whether the theological student "sky pilots" in the mining districts, or the woman student teaches school on the prairies, or the man "takes to real estate" or agriculture, or practices his profession in a new town, each of them is vitally concerned with the building of a new nation. Towns which spring up in a month or so have most of the social problems of older cities and a few new ones of their own. Overcrowding conditions are as bad in Winnipeg as in London, though, of course, on a smaller scale, and vice takes on new forms. In the Peace River District, absolutely unopened as yet, newly-surveyed, and containing magnificent wheat land, there is room for 200,000 homesteads; the Government will shortly open the district to settlers. Consider the rural problem involved there, the social problem involved everywhere.

Canada should play the role of an interpreter amongst the Movements within the Federation. Canada's great danger is that her intense national spirit may lead her into narrowness and provincialism. Nevertheless, if she can escape this danger, and she can, she has unusual opportunities to develop a Student Christian Movement rich with the stores of other nations as well as her own.

She occupies a peculiar position between the New World and the Old. A Canadian student in Europe told me once that she often found herself in the position of an interpreter between American and British students, as she understood them both better than they understood each other. Not only may Canada interpret the Old World to the New, and *vice versa*, but, if she takes advantage of her opportunities of the closest contact with both Great Britain and the United States, she can draw inspiration from the spirit and methods of work in both countries. But she needs to harvest her opportunities with care, using the secretaries, the text-books, the Conferences of both Britain and America till she draws from them all possible richness of experience, and assimilates it for Canadian use.

Canada, again, has a bit of essential Europe entrenched in her very midst, in her French-Canadian population. Once more, she lies on a high-road between the East and the West, between China and Japan and Europe, while her immigration should give her an insight at close range into the nations both of the Far East and of Europe. She may be driven by such contact into a narrowly Canadian attitude, or she may use such contact to develop a peculiarly rich Canadian life. If she does the latter, nothing Canadian need suffer in the process; it will only be strengthened and deepened, and made more available for the world service of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

—*Reprinted from the Student World.*



"De Ole Place"

An Expatriated Mammy

“ ‘ Oh, dem-ah golden slippahs, oh, dem golden slippahs!
Dem-a golden slippahs dat Ise agwine to weah——’

“ ‘ Git up dere, yo’ lazy ole good-fo’-nothin’ critter, yo’: doan mope along heah fo’-evah!

“ ‘ Oh, dem-ah golden slippahs, oh, dem golden slippahs!
A-climbin’ up de golden staih.’ ”

What vague, uneasy memories were those which stirred in my mind at the high, quavering strains of the old plantation song? Once more I was back in the days of my careless childhood, with the whole world of wonder about me, when the fields of corn engulfed me in their dim, green depths like whispering worlds of forest giants in an enchanted Arden, and whole unexplored continents lay between the old mill and the bush at the back of the farm. I didn’t need the confirmation of my eyes to tell me that the driver of the ramshackly democrat that came slowly around the bend was the old mammy of the settlement. I had heard that voice too often to mistake the soothing comfort of its crooning. She had not changed in the least degree. She had not added one wrinkle in twenty years, and I had my mother’s testimony that she had been just as old since her earliest childish recollections of her. The same stout figure, brawny arms and expansive, leathery face, with its indications of a sharp temper rather accentuated by the sinister appearance which the loss of one eye had lent to her features, concealed a heart that was above all else motherly. I rose from the stump upon which I had been resting, nor was I surprised when I heard her salutation:

“ ‘ Youse ’pear kinder tired like; reckon yo’ come out from Windsor. Would yo’ like a lift?’ ”

I reckoned I would, and the old horse stopped readily enough while I climbed up over the wheel and sat down in the weather-stained spring seat, with its straw-filled oat-sack cushion. Now I was within range of the widowed eye.

“ ‘ Get up, Chawlie, git up! Dis yeah hoss am de laziest critter on de uth, ’ceptin’ its my ole man, an’ he’s dead. Get

up, dar!" Then the black hands went up. "Ah 'clah to gracious, ef yo' ain't Miss Lizzie's boy Johnnie, ain't yo'?"

I pleaded guilty.

"Ah sho is pow'ful glad to see yo', honey! It mus' be mo'n ten yeahs sence I seen yo' las'. An' heah yo' be a growed up



"'Ceptin' it's my Ole Man."

man. Yo' do suttinly favouh yo' pa. An' yo' hai' is jes' as black as mine." The old body burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Ah'll nevah fo'get de time oncet when yo' had de croup an' yo' ma wuz dat skeered! Git up, Chawlie, yo' lazy skin-an' bones. 'Scuse me, ah didn't mean to jab dat ere gad into yo'. Lemme see, how old be yo'? Yo' mus' be—well, yo' wuz bo'n de same yeah we moved into de new chu'ch. Dat's de

same yeah dat owdacious niggah Smith cheated me ouden de co'dwood on de ole place. Doan yo' have nothin' to do with a cheatin' niggah, honey. An' heahs one ob de same fambly stealin' ma chickens dis yeah." The voice was rapidly rising to a shrill scream. " But ah'll coteh 'em yet! Get up, yo' wo'm on de face of de uth—oh! ah'll jes' natally take de hide right off yo'! Dat animal is too plum lazy to eat oats. But de Lawd'll rewahd 'im accohdin' to his resuhts, de lyin', black, sneakin', cheatin' imp ob de Ole Boy hisself, a-stealin' de chickens ob a po' woman like me. But ah wuz tellin' yo' about



Dan'l Cam'ell

de croup. Yo' sho wuz bad dat time an' ef ah hadn't got dere when ah did, in five mo' minutes an' yo'd a-bin in yo' coffin."

My mother had often told me of the timely help of Mrs. Payne in that and similar crises.

"Yo' doan say so!" The old face beamed with pleasure. "Yo' doan say so! Ah tell yo', chile, ah allus did like yo' ma. 'Member de time ah give yo' dat game pullet, an' when Vic used to fill yo' li'l cap with plums? Po' Vic, she's dead, too. Yas, chile, she's dead. Vic thought yo' was a mighty nice li'l boy, but she's dead, too. But ah see her sometimes."

Charlie was quietly cropping the grass by the wayside. The voice had sunk to an awe-struck whisper, and her face was bent close to mine.

"Yas, honey, dey is times, when de moon flies low an' de win' is jes' a moanin' an' a cryin' in the trees, an' de' branches patter on de winders, an' ah gets thinkin' 'bout de ole man an' Vic, an' de dead a-walkin' aroun' in Jerusalem, an' de ole days down south 'fo' we run away, an' den de hants is out an' ah sees Vic lak she was when ah buried her." The tears were streaming down the wrinkled face, and I didn't feel any too steady myself. "De ole man an' Vic was good, an' ah reckon—ah was—purty bahd on 'em—both of 'em—but dey died prepa'ed. And dat ah kin tell yo' honey, is mo' dan dat ole skulkin', thievin', cussin', duhty niggah Smith'll be able to say. Get up, dere; w'at yo' mean, yo' useless crittah, yo', Chawlie. Get up. Jes' wait a minute, honey, an' hole dem lines till ah cut a switch off'n dat bu'teh dar."

"Why is it, Mrs. Payne, that we don't seem to see ghosts?"

"Huh, honey, dat's easy to tell. De fatal truf is dat white folk doan live close 'nough to de Lawd to see hants. Now, heah's dis Dan'l Cam'ell, dat boy ob Susie's. Ah's mos' pow'fully wukked up ovah dat boy. He ain't got no 'ligion, no mo'n dat niggah Smith. Ah's wukked ovah dat boy till ah'm clean outen breff, a-tryin' an' a-strivin' with 'im to mak' 'im see de folly ob his ways, but 'tain't no use. He did get kinder exe'cised at camp-meetin', but he's off shootin' crap an' fishin' with de sinnahs every Sunday ef ah doan ketch 'im in time. Ah's jes' clean 'stracted. An' heah ef he ain't runnin' roun' eftah dat yaller Smith gal. An' dey tell me yo's goin' to college. Ah s'pose yo's out heah to see yo' Uncle Joe's an' yo' Uncle Johnnie's an' de othahs. An' me goin' to eut co'n fo' yo' Uncle Joe to-morra, 'long with Dan'l Cam'ell. Yo' jes' take my 'vice, honey, an' look roun' heah fo' some nice young lady in de country. Doan yo' take up with dese heah college gals. Jes' be a li'l sup'stitious ob dem. Dey's mighty fine an' all dat, but dey's mighty few ob 'em kin bake a lemon pie, an' de Lawd knows, chile, dat yo' sho' do like a lemon pie, 'less'n you changed a heap. So heah's whah yo' git off at. Yo' uncles'll

be glad to see you—an' ah'd be right proud ef you'd come aroun'
an' see me an' Louisa. Oh, doan mention it; yo's mo'n wel-
come."

* * * * *

It was the next afternoon that I was on my way out to catch the car for Essex. As I passed my uncle's largest cornfield, standing out in the dead stiffness of its autumn ripeness, and gleaming with the golden wealth of giant pumpkins, I heard through the rows the dear old voice raised high in earnest exhortation. Then there was a pause, and as I came opposite, the stern mandate fell upon my ears:

"Look a-heah, Dan'l Cam'ell, ef you' doan get 'ligion, ah'll cut yo' in pieces wid dis yere co'n knife." J. D. R.

The Silver Rain

To listening ears in the still night,
When summer burns the hours away,
It comes upon the heat, a fairy sprite,
With breath of rapture soft against the pane—
New life—clean air—the silver rain!

To those who have lain long and tossed,
And waited as the clock clicked on,
By many a heart-sick torment crossed,
It comes—in the blue dawn,
From opening clouds against the day—
In silver furrows down the eastern pane,
The beauty and the quiet of the silver rain.

—A. L. P.

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EDITORIAL

L'Envoi

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." So we, too, lay down the cares of state, and, like a Charles the Fifth or a wise ex-President, retire into private life, prepared to criticize our successors and to take the credit for all that we hope to see them accomplish. For so are they all honourable men and fair co-eds, and we look to see ACTA flourish like the green bay tree in the coming year. We are proud of the calibre of the incoming Board.

Now may we be permitted to express a few personal remarks? If ever an editor-in-chief received loyal support from his editorial staff, and unflinching backing and co-operation from the business manager, the present editor did. He is not an expert at expressing appreciation, but he has infinite capacity for feeling it. The generous interest taken in the magazine this year by students and professors has been a source of joy

and worry, the natural pleasure that comes to anyone when interest is shown in one's attempts, together with the keenest sense of inability to justify that interest or to attain the standard which we set for ourselves. So here we desire to extend our deepest thanks to all who have so nobly stood by us in this year, and to bespeak for our successors a continuance of the same interest.

The Chancellor Elect

A few months ago we heard with deep regret the news of the resignation of Chancellor Burwash. Just a few days ago came the announcement of the election of Prof. Bowles to the position. The choice is such a popular one among the students, and so general is the feeling that a worthy successor has been found for Chancellor Burwash, that, when our own successor gently intimated to us that he would greatly appreciate an opportunity to inaugurate his tenure of office with a write-up of the new Chancellor, we felt that we had been somewhat imposed upon. But we recognized the fitness of the claim, and so we shall restrict ourselves to assuring the Chancellor-elect that he enters upon the duties of his office with the heartiest good-wishes and loyalty of the whole student body, good wishes which have been earned, and a loyalty which has been won through an acquaintanceship of many years.

Retrospect

By the time this reaches the hands of those of our student subscribers who are not graduating, their feelings of retrospection will have given place to anticipation of next year's glowing prospects. But it is not so with the members of the graduating class. The freshman has only turned over a page in one of the chapters of life; the graduate has closed the chapter. No matter how interesting the rest of the story promises to be, he cannot help the feeling of half-regret that comes to one some-

times as he finishes some literary treasure and sighs that he cannot again indulge himself in the luxury of the first perusal.

What has the chapter contained for him, this chapter in the strange book whose Author violates all artistic canons by making him the hero, even though only too often those canons would insist that he could fill only a minor rôle?

He has gathered some information, a store of academic facts, mostly acquired within the few weeks immediately preceding examinations, and ephemeral as the ancient manna. This store, alas, does not bulk so large before his mind now as it did at the close of his first year, when he feared that he would soon be weeping, like Alexander, that there were no more worlds of knowledge to conquer. His mental horizon has been extended, but of this he is only half-conscious now. Indeed, his consciousness of increased mental outlook consists principally in his perception of definite changes of belief. His conception of the God to whom his mother taught him to pray has changed during his college days, and yet even here his views are not nearly so radical as in his sophomore year. His ideas may have changed, but God has not. He may state his views rather differently now, but the love, and holiness, and majesty of God are still real to him, and the grand old virtues of his plain, pious ancestors, unselfishness, purity, faithfulness, piety have not lost their power to call him upward. And so, next to his home, he thanks God for the atmosphere of Victoria. His faith is not now dependent on the historicity of Genesis, the age of the Sussex woman, nor even on the failure or success of the laboratory manufacture of life. Perhaps the side of college with the strongest retrospective appeal to him is the social. He has come to know and honour his professors (the majority of them, at any rate), and is fairly well supplied with anecdotes, mostly apocryphal, illustrating their peculiarities. True, his reverential awe of the erudite scholar may have decreased, but his admiration for the man has grown. He has almost forgotten his just detestation of a dress suit, can talk quite glibly through eight promenades on any subject, from the Mulock cup to Prof. X. or Cubistic art, and has some indelible memories of "Bobs," of senior dinners, of skating parties and of operas, memories that are in

the main delightful; sometimes, however, the opposite; sometimes, perhaps, just a little tender. But what graduate does not feel that he has only in the last year really begun to appreciate the value of college friendships, that he has been wandering in a building filled with rare treasures, with full liberty to take, and has not realized their value until he is being bowed out of the door? How utterly impossible that he should ever again mingle with so many congenial spirits!

However, if our retrospective grad. is ramblingly and interminably garrulous as he dreams over again the incidents and developments of the closed chapter, we, gentle reader, cannot follow him, for there is a stern limit to your patience, and to our space.

Prospect

Surely every Victoria graduate is an idealist, at his graduation. He feels the responsibility that rests upon him to his neighbour, to his country, to his God. We recognize that there is no magic property in the bachelor's sheepskin; we know that a college course does not transform the original owner of Samson's weapon into a Solon; but we know, too, that a university man has had opportunities which should enable him to be a leader of his less favoured fellows. Every Victoria graduate should be a power for good in the little community in which he will find himself. He should be the nucleus of a sphere of influence that will make for culture, for honour, for tolerance and for virtue. He should be a man to whom the young can come with their aspirations towards the ideal, their vague longings for a greater world of thought, their dissatisfaction with the purely material ambitions that are voiced the loudest to-day. Alas! how often we see the university man in a few years forget his journeys among the mountain paths and trudge contentedly with the crowd along the low-lying highway to the Town of Vanity Fair! Let us not do so. Why did we come to college? Merely to enable us to earn a living more easily, or to command a higher salary? Surely not! To help us rise in the social scale, or dazzle our poor neighbours with the splendour

of our intellectual robes and jewels? May the Lord send some plain, practical man to teach us a much-needed lesson if that is so! But we were sent to Victoria, because in the eternal plan of God education is a powerful factor in the upbuilding of the race, and because Victoria is an instrument of education of both mind and soul. We were sent, not that we might be more brilliant, or more materially successful, but that we might be more useful. Let us then retain through all the years the consciousness of a moral responsibility commensurate with our opportunities. There are two pictures in the Bible Gallery of Masterpieces. One is of the sternly sad Master, as He points to the gleaming walls and towers of the proud and faithless Ten Cities, gemming the margin of smiling Galilee. Underneath is the awful judgment: "And thou, Capernaum, which are exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell, for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day." The second is a death-bed scene. The faithful prophet is about to lay down the mantle of Elijah. The gorgeously attired and golden-armored king is weeping at his feet. And the tribute flames below in everlasting light: "O my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

The Inauguration of the New President

The inauguration of Prof. Bowles as President of Victoria University will take place on October 14th next. It is to be hoped that arrangements will be possible whereby the annual field day sports will be held on the morning of that day. At 1.30 p.m. a farewell luncheon to Dr. Burwash will be held in Burwash Hall, when the presentation of the Burwash Lectureship will also be made. At 8 p.m. the formal inauguration of the new president will take place in Convocation Hall. Special seating reservations will be made at this ceremony for the students.

The Book Bureau

Mr. W. C. Graham, under whose able management the Book Bureau has been so satisfactorily conducted this year, wishes to intimate that the Bureau will be open all summer for the convenience of patrons and that the most prompt and careful attention will be given to all mail orders that may be sent in. A somewhat new departure is the stock of gowns. These Mr. Graham is selling at an exceptionally reasonable figure, and he is counting on the loyal support of the students in this venture.

An Ideal

Man! What mean and sordid thoughts
Engross thee! Why carest thou
What the world thinks or says?
Why dost thou basely bow
To wealth, to culture falsely called,
That has no care or thought
For aught but self? Why art thou thrall'd
By tiny man's conventions
So that thou dost consciously dwarf
Thine own great dreams?
Wealth? Preferment? Fling them to the winds!
And losing, gain the wealth
Of giving. Pour out thy treasures,—
Youth, learning, sympathy, health.
E'en life itself. Do this
With simple, unaffected grandeur,
Recking not the frail reward
Of feeble man. Look thou on Christ!
Perchance thy soul may feel
His great, unsearchable, self-reckless love.
Let this be thine ideal.

'12.

“How I Lost the Set”

I picked up my racket, and tightened the net,
She gathered the balls to continue the set;
“ Play ball!” cried the maid, with a smile on her face,
And “ Play!” echoed I as I stepped back to place.
No breath stirred the tree-tops, and far in the west,
In a cloud-couch of crimson the sun sank to rest.

’Twas five-four at starting; she served the ball o’er,
I drove it, she missed, so “ love-fif ” was the score;
I captured the next one, and thought it was mine,
Till she slammed it low just within the back line.
Then followed a double, and I danced with glee,
When after the next serve ’twas forty to me.

“ Well, by Jove!” I gasped out, for after a “ let,”
I dropped her light “ second ” on my side the net,
I muffed her next easy one; “ Deuce!” cried my foe,
And I made it stronger—but whispered it low.
How gaily she called out, “ Ad in, don’t you see!”
When her ball touched the net, rested, dropped down to me!

The last one skimmed over. Great gods of all sport!
I lobbed a return to the dashed double court!
She had won; true, she often had done it before,
So I smiled as I asked her to tell me the score.
“ Love-one!” Oh! the challenge in those eyes of blue!
“ I do, dear,” I answered, “ and that one is you!”

—THE TENNIS LOVER.

A Sample Examination Paper

By S. D. SCOTT, M.A.

It sometimes appears to me that examination papers in English literature do not sufficiently test the student's attention to the salient features of the books studied. Perhaps no better way can be found to show what an examination might be made than the following set of questions on "John Gilpin." I understand that in most English literature classes some attention is paid to Cowper as the pioneer in the natural school of poetry, and this fact is not overlooked in the following questions.

(*JOHN GILPIN. Time, 4 hours.*)

1. John Gilpin and the Olney Hymns were written about the middle of the productive period of the author's life. Show in what respects these poems resemble each other, and how they differ from Cowper's earlier and later works.

2. Trace the influence of Rev. John Newton in the poem of John Gilpin.

3. Biographers state that Cowper was heard laughing constantly in his room during the nights in which he composed this poem. Explain at length what he was laughing at.

4. Compare John Gilpin's ride with other notable rides in literature, *e.g.*, Byron's Mazeppa, Homer's account of the Last Ride of Hector around the Walls of Troy, the final mule-back journey of Absalom.

5. The word "eke" is used in slightly varying senses. Discriminate between the shades of meaning.

6. Show that English classical poetry furnishes exceptions to the two general rules: "Prepositions govern the objective case," and "It is improper to use a noun and its pronoun as a nominative to the same verb."

7. Write a note on the probable size of John Gilpin's head, based on the following passages and their connections:

(a) "I am a linen drapèr bold,
As all the world doth know,"

(b) "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If," etc.

(c) "My head is twice as big as yours,"

8. Discuss the habitual domestic relations between John and his wife as shown (a) in terms of endearment, (b) Mrs. Gilpin's completion of the holiday before she consulted her husband.

9. "Twice ten tedious years." Give the views of various comments on the question whether this implies that life in the Gilpin household was tiresome and wanting in cordiality, or whether the expression was a mere trick of alliterative habit, and by one that it had spread through the family connection.

10. "Six precious souls." Is the exclusion of the driver a reflection on his spiritual condition? Give an example from Nova Scotia history of a similar usage by an eminent divine and college president.

11. Was Mistress Gilpin in fact a "careful soul"? Discuss this question in the light (a) of her forgetting the wine, (b) of the sum of money that she was willing to invest in the recovery of her husband.

12. What lovable quality in Mrs. Gilpin led John to bestow on her the only recorded kiss?

13. Describe in detail the changes introduced into methods of Military equitation between the date of Captain Gilpin's journey and the Charge of the Light Brigade, (a) as to the manner of mounting, (b) in the ordinary speed. (c) in the attitude of the horseman when charging at the double.

14. What are the reasons for supposing that the Gilpins were addicted to smuggling liquor?

15. In the absence of the Telephone how could John borrow a horse at a night's notice from the Calendar fifteen or twenty miles away?

16. Why should a linen draper be bold?

17. Explain the curious phenomenon of the failure of the loop and button, on the supposition that the failures were (a) simultaneous and (b) consecutive.

18. Was John the first husband who threw the wash about?

19. "Basted." Does this refer to a sartorial or culinary operation?

20. What game did the Edmonton Wild Goose play?

21. Discuss the ethical issue involved in staying the coach at an innocent neighbour's door, thus misleading the public and causing the neighbour to be misunderstood.

22. Since John gets safe to town was the boy entitled to the half crown? Did he get it?

23. "Soon did meet." How long did this imply that the post-boy was getting out of the house and starting?

24. Give the exact meaning and derivation of the following: "All agog," "good lack," "neck or naught," "merry pin," "forbode," "running such a rig."

25. Compare the toilet preparation for dinner suggested by the Calendar with these now customary in polite military society.

26. Did John's wife and her retinue dine at Edmonton?

—*Reprinted from The Argosy.*

Unforgotten

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

I know a garden where the lilies gleam,
 And one who lingers in the sunshine there;
 She is than white-stoled lily far more fair,
 And, oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with dream.

I know a garret, cold and dark and drear,
 And one who toils and toils with tireless pen,
 Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary—then
 He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.

And, ah, it's strange, for desolate and dim
 Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;
 Yet he is in the garden by her side,
 And she is in the garret there with him.

Latin Version.

PAUL MCD. KERR, '03.

Hortulus est niveus qua lilia aprica relucet
 Floribus et cessat saepta puella suis
 Lumine quod Cytherea dedit quam splendit ocellus!
 Lilia quam superat candida candidior!

Scribentem cohibet domus arcta malignaque luce
 Frigidaque haec: currit pinna tamen celeris
 Mox acies curis cedit ceditque labori,
 Jam tacitus vates pallidus astra petit.

Pontus eheu quamquam vasta caligine amictus
 Dividit atque undae semita longa furit
 Huic tamen asque redit dilectae dulcis imago
 Illius atque illi semper amantis adest.

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Acta Victoriana

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